SKETCHES,

LEGAL AND POLITICAL,

BY

THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

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IN TWO VOLUMES

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POLITICAL SKETCHES.

STATE OF PARTIES IN DUBLIN.

[April, 1824.]

I concluded my last letter with the achievements of Lord Wellesley at the Beef-steak Club, and turn from the noble Marquis to a person who has not long since enjoyed much more substantial power that the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Mr. Saurin, who for more than fifteen years had exercised an authority little short of absolute dominion, had been removed from office with such peremptory haste, as almost amounted to disgrace. The support given by Mr. Plunket to the Six Acts made the cabinet over-willing to accede to the stipulations of the Grenville party, that he should be restored to the situation for which he had displayed so many unequivocal requisites. Saurin was promptly sacrificed.

Few men are more sensitive than this virulent politician, who carried into his retirement those deep and dark emotions which, however hidden by a superficial

congelation in characters so externally cold as his, do not boil and fret with the less vehemence from being secret and unheard. Even in prosperity his mind had manifested its vindictive tendencies. All the long sunshine of fortune could not make it completely bright, or divest it of its gloomy and monastic hue. When placed upon the top of provincial power, and virtually the Proconsul of Ireland, he exhibited a strange inveteracy of dislike to all those who attempted to thwart his measures. If this spirit could not refrain from showing itself, when every circumstance contributed to allay it, his political disasters impelled it into new activity and force. Yet he endeavoured to carry a sort of dignity into his retreat, and, wrapping himself in the cloak of principle, exclaimed, "Meâ virtute me involvo." The mantle was a little tarnished, nor was it difficult to discern the writhings of the wounded politician underneath.

Even this thin and threadbare covering was soon after torn away. His famous epistle to Lord Norbury was discovered.* There is in Ireland a kind of Spartan notion of criminality. It is not so much the perpetration that constitutes the offence, as the discovery. The detection of this document, in which an Attorney-General had taken upon himself to exhort a Chief Justice to employ his judicial influence in the promotion of a political purpose, created universal surprise. This unfortunate disclosure of the system upon which his government had been carried on, tended not a little to augment the gall which so many circumstances had conspired to accumulate; and when the *ex-officio* proceedings were instituted by his successor, no man was

* See the sketch of Lord Norbury, where this letter will be found inserted.

more vehement than Mr. Saurin in his reprobation of the high prerogative proceeding.

He protested (and he is in the habit of enforcing his asseverations by appeals to the highest authority, and by the most solemn adjurations) that in his opinion the conduct of Mr. Plunket was the most flagrant violation of constitutional principle which had ever been attempted. He seemed to think that the genius of Jeffries had by a kind of political metempsychosis been restored in the person of William Cunningham Plunket. He became so clamorous in his invocations to liberty, that he almost verified the parable in the Scriptures. The demon of Whiggism, after a long expulsion, seemed to have effected a re-entry into his spirit, and to have brought a seven-fold power along with it. He was much more rancorously liberal than he had ever been, even at the period of his hottest opposition to the Union. Little did he think, in this sudden but not unaccountable paroxysm of constitutional emotion, that his own authority would be speedily produced as a precedent, and that his great rival would find a shelter under the shadow of so eminent a name. It was not, however, to convivial declamations that his invectives were confined. The press was resorted to, and a pamphlet entitled "A year of Lord Wellesley's Administration" appeared. It was written with skill, but without power. It was destitute of real eloquence, but exhibited that species of dexterity which a veteran practitioner in Chancery might be expected to display. It was believed that if not actually written by Saurin, he supplied the materials. The poison was compounded by other hands. This book was a good deal read, but

owed its circulation rather to the opinions which it inculcated, than to the language in which they were conveyed.

Having succeeded in exciting the public mind to an adequate tone of irritation, Mr. Saurin resolved to push his attack into his enemy's territory, and to invade him in the House of Commons. The selection which he made of one of his instruments for this purpose was a little singular. His oratory illustrates a phrase of the satirist, "tenero supplantat verba palato." The spirit of Saurin, however, breathed some of its masculine nature into his soul, and he exhibited a sort of Amazon intrepidity in his encounter with Mr. Plunket. His coadjutor was more appropriately chosen, and a certain noble lictor was felicitously selected for the scourging of the Attorney-General.* That the latter was guilty of some indiscretion in revenging the affront which was offered to the vice-regal dignity, his firmest advocates do not now dispute. He was probably actuated by an honest desire to pierce into and disclose the penetralia of Orangeism, but this object he might perhaps have attained without committing the rioters for high treason against the representative majesty of the noble Marquis. He lent himself not a little to the personal exasperation of that distingushed nobleman. Lord Wellesley regarded the bottle affair not only as a violation of his honour, but as an attempt upon his life.

* Mr. Charles Brownlow (the late Lord Lurgan) was the leader of the parliamentary attack upon Mr. Plunket. The "noble lictor" was Colonel Barry, an officer of militia, and representative of the county of Cavan. He succeeded to the barony of Farnham upon the death of his cousin, the fourth baron, in July 1823.

It has been happily observed in a very excellent pamphlet, written by Mr. Æneas M'Donnel (the author of the Letters of Hibernicus, in the Courier), that in the year 1817 Lord Wellesley had, in a speech in the House of Lords, expressed a hope that the Ministers would not allow themselves to be frightened with *glass bottles.* He now looked with no ordinary awe upon these vitreous engines of destruction. Death appeared to have been uncorked, and like Asmodeus in Le Sage's novel, who rises in smoke from the mysterious phial of a conjuror, the king of terrors ascended upon the imagination of his lordship in the foam of porter and the exspuitions of ginger-beer.

Mr. Plunket accordingly undertook a task, to which, with all his talents, the event proved him to be unequal. He had not only to contend with a certain rashness that constitutes a predominant feature in his character, but with a previous indisposition, which was fully as much personal as political, that was created against himself He has no party in the country. He has not the talent of attaching men to his interests by the strong ties of individual regard. Saurin is in this particular essentially his superior. The unaffected affability of the latter, which is wholly free from "enforced ceremony," has secured to him the strict adhesion of his political partisans, and tended in some degree to mitigate the hostility of his opponents. The manners of Mr. Plunket are peculiarly impolitic and unhappy. It is said that the authoritative frigidity of his demeanour is the result of mere heedlessness. But what business has a statesman to be heedless? The austerity of his occasional recognition is not a little annoying to the self-

respect of the individuals who chance to fall within the scope of his unobservant vision. It may be figuratively as well as literally said, that he is short-sighted. It was the sagacious Alva, I think, who said that he could purchase a man with a touch of his bonnet. Mr. Plunket seems generally indisposed to pay even this low price for a commodity which is at once so valuable and so cheap.

Yet upon occcasion, and when he has some immediate object in view, he assumes a sort of clumsy condescension. His temporary politeness is like a new garment that sits uneasily upon him. At the approach of a college election the film is gradually removed from his eyes. He kens a voter at a mile's distance, and acquires a telescopic vision. He is no Coriolanus in his candidateship. It was quite pleasant to see him during the last election standing upon a wet and drizzling day on the steps of the college examination-hall, with his hat in his hand, and while the rain fell upon his broad and haughty forehead, soliciting the glance of every scholar that happened to pass him by, and congratulating the students upon the premiums which they had obtained, and for which they were no doubt indebted to the inestimable instructions of their tutors, who united to their great talents the no less valuable faculty of having a vote. I am far from meaning to say that at an election the very extravagancies of courtesy are not almost legitimate. It is the subsequent and almost instantaneous contrast that renders these caprices of demeanour so ridiculous. A week or two after his return, the sight of Mr. Plunket becomes impaired. The dimness increases in a month, and in a

year he is stone-blind. This infelicity of manner is a great drawback upon his many excellent qualities, and has produced no little alienation. His advocates are influenced in their support, rather by a sense of duty than by any individual partiality.

It should be added, that he has been guilty of a grievous mistake in the distribution of his patronage. In place of endeavouring to extend his influence among those who had already rendered and who were still able to confer upon him political services, he gave places to his sons. This was an error (for it deserves no stronger designation) which Saurin did not commit. The latter commanded all the patronage of the government at the Bar. His spirit was felt in every appointment. He sat in the centre of the system which he had himself elaborated, and "lived in every line." But Plunket, after having indulged in his parental partialities, allowed the Solicitor-General to supersede him at the Castle. The latter who, although a recruit from the Saurin faction, often casts "a lingering look behind," has made good use of the official nonchalance of his confederate, and snatched the horn of plenty from his hands. It was matter of universal surprise, that when recent vacancies in the situation of assistant-barrister had occurred, Mr. Plunket had not exercised his influence in the nomination of some members of the liberal party. His friends apologized for him by alleging that he was relaxing from his political labours at Old Connaught (his country residence), and listening to the cawing of the rooks in the avenues of that magnificent villa, while Mr. Joy was busily employed in feathering the nests of his partisans, and turning the reveries of his absent friend into political account.

I mention these circumstances, because they afford an insight into the character of this very able man; and although they do not fall into the natural order of events, explain the absence of sympathy in the great emergency into which he was suddenly thrown. He had, indeed, a few old and staunch supporters, the friends of his youth, and to whom he is most honourably and immutably attached; but they were lost amidst the crowd of railers who triumphed in the anticipation of his fall; and that he would have fallen is most likely, but for a discovery which produced an immediate and powerful revulsion in the public mind.

It occurred to a professional gentleman, Mr. Foley, whose recollection was less evanescent than the memory of Mr. Sealy Townsend (the gentleman who had actually drawn the *ex officio* informations for Mr. Saurin as well as for his successor), that a precedent might be found for this stretch of the prerogative even in the constitutional dictatorship of the ex-Attorney-General. It is indeed a matter of surprise that Mr. Sealy Townsend should not have remembered so important a fact.* In no less than two instances had Mr. Saurin resorted to the exercise of this formidable authority, and employed upon both occasions the pro-

* Mr. John Sealy Townsend (afterwards a Master of Chancery) held the office of law-adviser to the Castle at the period of these prosecutions. Though not the "Devil to the Attorney-General," as Mr. Sheil supposed, it was part of his official duty to aid the law officers of the Crown. When Mr. Plunket electrified the House of Commons by the production of Mr. Saurin's *ex officio* proceedings, severe remarks were made by Mr. Abercromby "upon the way the Attorney-General for Ireland was served in the discharge of his duties;" and a motion was even made by Mr. Calcraft, that Mr. Saurin himself should be summoned before the House.

fessional labours of Mr. Townsend, who is what is generally called "Devil to the Attorney-General." So distinguished is Mr. Townsend for the permanence of his recollections, that there are those who insinuate that even its failings lean to memory's side, and that his very oblivion is the result of reminiscence. Whether he remembered to forget I shall not venture to decide, but certain it is, that in this important conjuncture the integrity of his recollection was like the chastity of Haidee, and

> "he forgot
> Just in the very moment he should not."

Mr. Foley, having ascertained by an inspection of the records that Mr. Saurin had fulminated two of the prerogative bolts, where the bills of indictment had been ignored, hastened to communicate the discovery to Mr. Plunket, who is said to have been overjoyed at the intelligence. He felt like a man who had been fighting without arms, and in the very crisis of the combat was supplied with weapons of irresistible power.

The effect produced in the House of Commons is well known. The disclosure struck the ascendancy faction in Ireland like a palsy. The hopes of the liberals rose in proportion to the declination of the opposite party; and when soon after Sir Abraham Bradley King was produced at the bar of the House of Commons, it was expected that Orangeism would be at length unmasked, and that its sanguinary turpitude would be left without a veil.

The examination of the "Pro Patriâ" baronet (this person had been originally a stationer) was watched

with the most intense anxiety. He had been hailed by Lord Sidmouth as the chief conciliator of Ireland, was created a baronet by His Majesty for the getting up of a convivial amnesty, and immediately after the departure of the King poured out a libation to "the glorious memory," and, as he elegantly expressed it, "threw off his surtout." It was now anticipated that he would be obliged to divest himself of his inner Orange garment, and disclose all the loathsome rags that were concealed beneath. But these expectations were blasted in the bud. Sir Abraham, who had received a wholesome hint, made a mock tender of martyrdom, and furnished, in the impunity of his defiance, matter of astonishment to the empire, and of indignation to Ireland. He returned in triumph to Dublin, with Mr. Plunket bound at his chariot-wheels.*

I saw the Attorney-General in the Four Courts shortly after his arrival. His face was full of care, and haggard with disappointment and self-reproach. There was a lividness in his eyelids, and a wanness in his cheek, which denoted a spirit pining under the sense of

* It is not easy to discover in what took place on the examination of King, the Dublin stationer, any triumph obtained over Mr. Plunket. King alleged his oath of secresy as an Orangeman to justify his refusal to answer a question put by Sir John Newport as to the use of certain scriptural phrases (about Joshua and the Amalekites) in the initiation of members of the Orange Lodges. The Committee seems to have attached more importance to the question than was expedient; and by pressing the witness after they had substantially arrived at what they wanted to learn, they put an obscure individual in a position to claim a victory over the House. But there was no defeat of Mr. Plunket; on the contrary, the incredible virulence with which he was assailed by the faction in Dublin proved what a formidable enemy they had found him in parliament.

an unmerited humiliation, which he vainly struggled to conceal. How unlike he looked to the distinguished person, who, a little while before, unpensioned and unplaced, was in the full enjoyment of that high renown, for the diminution of which no emoluments can compensate, and who, instead of being the provincial utensil of the British cabinet, was almost the foremost man in the first assembly in the world.

The next public event of sufficient importance to take a place in these epistolary annals, was the first of that series of alleged miraculous interpositions of which England as well as Ireland has heard so much. You will scarcely expect that I should enter upon a discussion of their authenticity. The subject is too sacred to be lightly treated; and for a grave and detailed discussion what limits would suffice? I shall therefore pass on at once to the notice of a person, certainly of no ordinary kind, whom they have been the means of calling forth to public view, and who has in consequence acquired a degree of general notoriety, and of importance among his own persuasion, unenjoyed by any Catholic priest or prelate of Ireland since the days of the celebrated O'Leary. You anticipate that I must be alluding to Doctor Doyle, the titular bishop of Leighlin and Kildare.*

This gentleman is descended from one of those respectable families in this country that have, as to the worldly attribute of wealth, been irretrievably ruined by the politics of Ireland. So recently as in the lifetime of his father, the penal code laid its vulture-grasp upon the patrimonial inheritance, and wrested it for

* See note (1) to the subsequent paper entitled *Exorcism of a Divine.*

ever. Upon approaching to man's estate he found himself in education and alliances a gentleman—in prospects and resources an Irish Catholic. To a person so circumstanced exile had its charms; so, shaking the dust of his natal soil from his feet, he passed into Portugal, where he perfected his education in one of the universities of that country, and became an ecclesiastic. He returned to Ireland about —— years ago. His learning and talents, both of which are great, procured his nomination to the Professorship of Logic in the Catholic college of Carlow, and subsequently to the titular bishoprick which he now enjoys. In this country, where the deepest and most frequent crimes of the peasantry have a State-origin, a Catholic pastor, who regards his flock, cannot abstain from intermingling political allusions in his public exhortations; and however resolutely it may be denied, it is an unquestionable fact that many an insurgent congregation is tamed into submission to their destiny by the voice of peace and warning that issues from the altar. In this part of his religious duties Dr. Doyle was long remarkable for his moderation. Upon the last general commotion in the South, about sixteen months ago, he published a pastoral address, so adapted to his object by the spirit of Christian eloquence and charity which it breathed, that Mr. Plunket did not hesitate to pronounce it a masterpiece worthy of the meek and virtuous Fenelon. It was calculated to be of equal service to the government and the established church; but a hierarch of the dominant faith was untouched by its merits, and in one of *his* addresses, or as it was more correctly entitled, his *charge*, responded

by a puerile and blundering insult upon the religion of a man whom he should have embraced as a brother, and might in many points have studied as a model.

This unprovoked anathema, combined with the various exciting events that followed in rapid succession, roused Dr. Doyle to a vindication of his creed, and (a still more popular theme) to some elaborate and cutting retorts upon the most precious and vulnerable attribute of Irish orthodoxy—its temporalities. He has boldly denied the divinity of tithes, and has brought to bear a most provoking array of learning and logic upon their *Noli-me-tangere* pretensions. A deadly controversy has ensued, and still rages. I. K. L. (the signature which Dr. Doyle has adopted), has been answered and denounced by sundry beneficed alphabetical characters, and tithe-loving anagrams, for these champions of the church seem reluctant to commit their names, and deep and wide-spreading is the interest with which the combat is observed. Upon the merits of questions so entirely beside my pursuits I cannot venture to pronounce; but as far as the mere exhibition of wit and knowledge and controversial skill is concerned, it seems to me that I. K. L. has hitherto continued master of the field. "You are a Jacobin and a Catholic," cries the Rev. F. W.—"You are too fond of gold and silver," retorts I. K. L.—"Would you plunder the established church of its vested comforts, you Papist?" exclaims T. Y. X.—"Would you drive a coach and six along the narrow path that leads to Heaven?" rejoins the pertinacious I. K. L.—"Where are your authorities for your monstrous positions?" demands a third adversary, muffled up in an aboriginal

Irish name turned inside out.—"I refer you (replies I. K. L. here evidently quite at home) to the Fathers, whom you clearly have never read, and in particular to St. Augustine, who wrote the book *De Doctrina Christiana,* which you have blunderingly attributed to Pope Gelasius, and which book contains no such passage as you have cited from it, the said passage being in another book, to wit, that against the Eutychian heresy, which in the opinion of Baronius and M. Cano was never written by Pope Gelasius; and for further illustrations of my views, *vide passim,* Erric, Prosper, D'Marea, Cardinal Lupus, Cervantes, and Fijo, if you know anything of Spanish; Illiricus, Vincent of Lirins, Pallivicini, Vigilantius, Œcolampadius, and the Fudge Family." Here is a good six months' course of reading for I. K. L.'s biliteral and triliteral opponents; and the happy results will, no doubt, be communicated in due season to the public.

The profusion of erudition and contempt with which Dr. Doyle plies his adversaries, led me to imagine before I saw him that he must be a man of pompous and somewhat overbearing carriage, but his appearance and his manners (which I am told are courteous and playful) have quite a different character. He is not more, I understand, than forty years of age, and does not seem so much. He is indeed the most juvenile-looking prelate I ever saw. His smooth round face and ruddy complexion, and his slender and pliant form, seem to belong rather to a young recruit of the church than to one of its established dignitaries. His face has a very peculiar expression—intelligence throughout, strength and an honest scorn about the mouth and lips, and in

the eyes a mingled character of caution and slyness, produced by their downcast look and the overhanging of thick and shady lashes, as if he made it a point of prudence to screen from hostile observation the light and indignation, and, perhaps, now and then the triumph, that glow within.

The remark may be fanciful, but it struck me that I could discover in his controlled and measured gait the same secret consciousness of strength, and the same reluctance to display it. Perhaps I might extend the observation to the entire of the Catholic hierarchy. How different their air and movements from those of corresponding rank in the more favoured sect! See in the streets a prelatical sample of ascendancy, and with what a buoyant and lordly swing, like a vessel laden with worldly wealth, and wafted before a prosperous trade-wind, he rolls along! With what pride and energy, and deep-seated reliance upon the eternity of tithes, he thrusts out one holy and pampered leg before the other! He tramples upon Irish ground with the familiar superiority of one who feels that an ample portion of its fertile soil is irrevocably dedicated by divine conveyance, collaterally secured by common and statute law, to the uses of his sacred corporation. But the bishop of the people—how dissimilar his attitude and gesture! He picks his cautious steps as if the way were lined with penal traps, and checks the natural impulse of humanity to appear abroad with the firm air and carriage of a man, lest a passing alderman, or tutored parrot from an Orange window, should salute his ears with some vituperative cant against his politics and creed. I would suggest, however to Dr. Doyle

that he need not fear to throw out his limbs as he has done his mind. The enemies of his country have already tendered him the homage of their hatred; that of their fear and respect will inevitably follow.

THE CATHOLIC DEPUTATION.

[MAY, 1825.]

THE Roman Catholic Association having resolved to petition the House of Commons against the Bill which was in progress for their suppression, requested Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Sheil to attend at the bar of the house, and prayed that those gentlemen should be heard as counsel on behalf of the body in whose proceedings they had taken so active a participation.* They appeared to undertake the office with reluctance. It involved a great personal sacrifice upon the part of Mr. O'Connell; and independently of any immediate loss in his profession, Mr. Sheil could not fail to perceive that it must prejudice him in some degree as a barrister, to turn aside from the beaten track of his

* At the opening of the session of 1825, the King's speech called the attention of Parliament to the existence of organized meetings in Ireland calculated to endanger the peace of society; and a measure to suppress the Catholic Association was immediately introduced. The Catholic leaders petitioned to be heard by their counsel against the bill, and sent a deputation to London to manage the opposition to it. The petition was presented by Mr. Brougham, and the question of hearing the petitioners gave rise to a spirited and acrimonious debate. The motion was rejected by a large majority.

profession, in the pursuit of a brilliant, but somewhat illusory object.

It was, however, next to impossible to disobey the injunction of a whole people—and they accepted this honourable trust. At the same time that counsel were appointed, it was determined that other gentlemen should attend the debates of the House of Commons in the character of deputies, and should constitute a sort of embassy to the English people.

The plan of its constitution was a little fantastic. Any person who deemed it either pleasurable or expedient to attach himself to this delegation was declared to be a member, and, in consequence, a number of individuals enrolled themselves as volunteers in the national service. I united myself to these political missionaries, not from any hope that I should succeed in detaching Lord Eldon from the church, or in banishing the fear of Oxford from the eyes of Mr. Peel, but from a natural curiosity to observe the scenes of interest and novelty, into which, from my representative character, I thought it not improbable that I should be introduced. I set out in quest of political adventure, and determined to commit to a sort of journal, whatever should strike me to be deserving of note. Upon my return to Ireland, I sent to certain of my friends some extracts from the diary which I had kept, in conformity with this resolution. They told me that I had heard and seen much of what was not destitute of interest, and, at their suggestion, I have wrought the observations, which were loosely thrown together, into a more regular shape, although they will, I fear, carry with them an evidence of the haste and heedlessness with which they were originally set down.

The party of deputies to which I had annexed myself, travelled in a barouche belonging to Mr. O'Connell, of which he was kind enough to offer us the use. I fancy that we made rather a singular appearance, for the eyes of every passenger were fixed upon us as we passed; and at Coventry, (a spot sacred to curiosity,) the mistress of the inn where we stopped to change horses, asked me, with a mixture of inquisitiveness and wonder, and after many apologies for the liberty she took in putting the interrogatory, "who the gentlemen were?" I contented myself with telling her that we were Irish—"Parliament folk, I suppose?"—to which, with a little mental reservation, I nodded assent.

Mr. O'Connell, as usual, attracted the larger portion of the public gaze. He was seated on the box of the barouche, with a huge cloak folded about him, which seemed to be a revival of the famous Irish mantle; though far be it from me to insinuate that it was ever dedicated to some of the purposes to which it is suggested by Spenser that the national garment was devoted.* His tall and ample figure enveloped in the trappings that fell widely round him, and his open and manly physiognomy, rendered him a very conspicuous object, from the elevated station which he occupied. Wherever we stopped, he called with an earnest and sonorous tone for a newspaper, being naturally solicitous to learn whether he should be heard at the bar of the

* "It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, an apt cloak for a thief. When it raineth, it is his pent-house, when it bloweth, it is his tent, when it freezes, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it; never heavy, never cumbersome."—*View of the State of Ireland as it was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.*

house; and in invoking "mine host" for the parliamentary debates, he employed a cadence and gesture which carried along with them the unequivocal intimations of his country.

Nothing deserving of mention occurred until we had reached Wolverhampton. We arrived at that town about eight o'clock in the morning, with keener appetites than befitted the season of abstinence, during which we were condemned to travel. The table was strewed with a tantalizing profusion of the choicest fare. Every eye was fixed upon an unhallowed round of beef, which seemed to have been deposited in the centre of the breakfast-room with a view to "lead us into temptation," when Mr. O'Connell exclaimed "recollect that you are within sacred precincts. The conqueror of Sturges, and the terror of the Veto-ists, has made Wolverhampton holy."* This admonition saved us on the verge of the precipice—we thought that we beheld the pastoral staff of the famous Doctor raised up be-

* Doctor Milner, Roman Catholic Bishop of Castabala, and Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District in England, was equally eminent as a polemic and antiquarian. Among numerous other works he wrote a history of the antiquities of Winchester, in which he displayed both his antiquarian research and his controversial furor. Among other things, he treated the character of Bishop Hoadly with a provoking freedom. The Rev. Doctor Sturges, a dignitary of Winchester, replied in a book called *Reflections on Popery*. Milner rejoined in *Letters to a Prebendary*. Other divines mingled in the fray, some on one side, some on the other; and, as usual in such contests, the victory was claimed by both parties. On the question of the *veto*, Doctor Milner was the stubborn advocate of ultramontane opinions, holding the largest measure of Emancipation to be no equivalent for the concession to the Crown of any control upon the appointment of the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church. This position made him at one time exceedingly unpopular with a powerful section of the Catholic party.

tween us and the forbidden feast, and turned slowly and reluctantly from its unavailing contemplation to the lenten mediocrity of dry toast and creamless tea.

We had finished our repast, when it was suggested that we ought to pay Doctor Milner a visit before we proceeded upon our journey. This proposition was adopted with alacrity, and we went forth in a body in quest of that energetic divine. We experienced some little difficulty in discovering his abode, and received most evangelical looks and ambiguous answers to our inquiries. A damsel of thirty, with a physiognomy which was at once comely and demure, replied to us at first with a mixture of affected ignorance and ostentatious disdain—until Sir Thomas Esmonde,* who is "a marvellous proper" man in every sense of the word, whether it be taken in its physical or moral meaning, addressed the fair votary of Wesley with a sort of chuck-under-the-chin manner (as Leigh Hunt would call it), and bringing a more benign and feminine smile upon a face which had been over-spiritualized by some potent teacher of the word, induced the mitigated methodist to reply: "If you had asked me for the Popish priest, instead of the Catholic bishop, I should have told you that he lived yonder," pointing to a large but desolate-looking mansion before us. We proceeded, acccording to her directions, to Dr. Milner's residence.

It had an ample, but dreary front. The windows were dingy, and covered with cobwebs, and the grass before the door seemed to illustrate the Irish impreca-

* A Catholic gentleman of the highest respectability. He represented the county of Wexford in the last parliament, and is an Irish Privy Councillor.

tion. It is separated from the street by a high railing of rusty metal, at which we rang several times without receiving any response. It was suggested to us, that if we tried the kitchen door, we should probably get in. We accordingly turned into a lane, leading to the postern gate, which was opened by an old and feeble, but very venerable gentleman, in whom I slowly recognised the active and vigorous prelate, whom I had seen some years ago in the hottest onset of the Veto warfare in Ireland. His figure had nothing of the Becket port which formerly belonged to it. A gentle languor sat upon a face which I had seen full of fire and expression—his eye was almost hid under the relaxed and dropping eyelid, and his voice was querulous, undecided, and weak.

He did not recollect Mr. O'Connell, and appeared at a loss to conjecture our purpose. "We have come to pay you a visit, my lord," said Mr. O'Connell. The interpellation was pregnant with our religion; "my lord," uttered with a vernacular richness of intonation, gave him an assurance that we were from "the Island of Saints," and on the right road to heaven. He asked us, with easy urbanity, to walk in. We found that he had been sitting at his kitchen fire, with a small cup of chocolate, and a little bread, which made up his simple and apostolic breakfast. There was an English neatness and brightness in everything about us, which was not out of keeping with the cold but polished civility of our reception. The Doctor was, for a little while, somewhat hallucinated, and still seemed to wonder at our coming. There was an awkward pause. At length Mr. O'Connell put him *au fait*. He told him who he was, and that he and his colleagues

were going to London to plead the cause of their holy religion. The name of the counsellor did not give the Doctor as electric a shock as I had expected—he merely said, that we did him very great honour, and wished us every success. He requested us to walk up stairs, and welcomed us with much courtesy, but little warmth. Time had been busy with him. His faculties were not much impaired, but his emotions were gone. His ideas ran clearly enough, but his blood had ceased to flow.

We sat down in his library. The conversation hung fire. The inflammable materials of which his mind was originally composed, were damp by age. O'Connell primed him two or three times, and yet he did not for a long while fairly go off. I resolved to try an expedient, by way of experiment upon episcopal nature, and being well aware of his feuds with Mr. Charles Butler, (the great lawyer and profound theologian of Lincoln's Inn), asked him, with much innocence of manner, though I confess with some malice of intent, "whether he had lately heard from his old friend, Charles Butler?"*

The name was talismanic—the resurrection of the Doctor's passions was instantaneous and complete. His

* This eminent and learned man was Secretary to the Committee of English Catholics, and in that capacity came into collision with Milner. Mr. Butler and Wilkes, a monk, were the joint writers of the tracts that issued from the Committee, and were called *The Blue Books*. Butler tells us in his reminiscences, that these were called in Italy *Libri turchini*, and that an English divine, not well acquainted with Italian, mistook the word for *torchini*, and translated it "Torches of heterodoxy." There were also red books and buff books, proceeding from the same source. The polemical spirit was busy in those days, and the press teemed with controversy; the Catholic divine belaboured the Catholic lawyer, and the Protestant doctors fell upon both.

face became bright, his form quickened and alert, and his eye was lighted up with true scholastic ecstasy. He seemed ready to enter once more into the rugged field of controversy, in which he had won so many laurels, and to be prepared to "fight his battles o'er again." To do him justice, he said nothing of his ancient antagonist in polemics which a bishop and a divine ought not to say; he, on the contrary, mentioned that a reconciliation had taken place. I could, however, perceive, that the junction of their minds was not perfectly smooth, and saw the marks of the cement, which had "soldered up the rift." The *odium theologicum* had been neutralized by an infusion of Christianity, but some traces of its original acidity could not fail to remain. He spoke of Mr. Butler as a man of great learning and talents; and I should mention parenthetically, that I afterwards heard the latter express himself of Doctor Milner, as a person of vast erudition, and who reflected honour, by the purity of his life, and the extent of his endowments, upon the body to which he belonged.

The impulse given to his mind by the mention of his achievements in controversy, extended itself to other topics. Cobbett had done, said Doctor Milner, service to Ireland, and to its religion, by addressing himself to the common sense of the English people, and trying to purge them of their misconceptions respecting the belief of the great majority of the Christian world. The Doctor spoke with a good deal of energy of the contests which had been carried on between the clergy and the itinerant missionaries of the Bible Society in Ireland, and congratulated Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Sheil on their exertions in Cork, from which the systematic

counteraction of the new apostles had originated. Mr. O'Connell expressed his obligations upon this occasion to Dr. Milner's celebrated, and, let me add, admirable work, which has been so felicitously entitled "The End of Religious Controversy." "Oh!" said the Doctor, "I am growing old, or I should write a supplement to that book."

After some further desultory conversation, we took our leave. Doctor Milner, who had been aroused into his former energy, thanked us with simple and unaffected cordiality for our visit. He conducted us to the gate before his mansion, (in which I should observe that neither luxury nor want appear) with his white head uncovered, and with the venerable grace of age and piety bade us farewell.*

We proceeded upon our journey. No incident occurred deserving of mention, unless a change in our feelings deserves the name. The moment we entered England, I perceived that the sense of our own national importance had sustained some diminution, and that,

* Doctor Milner died in the following year (1826). He was a remarkable man in his day. The mere enumeration of his works would fill a pamphlet. One of his early treatises was, *An Historical and Critical Enquiry into the Existence and Character of St. George, patron of England, of the Order of the Garter, and of the Antiquarian Society.* He discusses the observations of Gibbon and others, and proposes to prove that St. George the Martyr was neither an imaginary being, nor the infamous Cappadocian of the same name who in the fourth century usurped the see of Alexandria. In 1807 Doctor Milner visited Ireland, and produced a work on its religion and its antiquities, which embroiled him with Dr. Ledwich. But the *End of Religious Controversy* was his most important work. Dr. Parr replied to it in a letter which did not appear until after his death. Milner did not leave his posthumous opponent unanswered, proving that religious controversy, like a circle, has no end.

however slowly and reluctantly we acknowledged it to ourselves, the contemplation of the opulence which surrounded us, and in which we saw the results and evidences of British power and greatness, impressed upon every one of us the consciousness of our provincial inferiority, and the conviction that it is only from an intimate alliance with Great Britain, or rather a complete amalgamation with her immense dominion, that any permanent prosperity can be reasonably expected to be derived. In the sudden transition from the scenes of misery and sorrow to which we are habituated in Ireland to the splendid spectacle of English wealth and civilization, the humiliating contrast between the two islands presses itself upon every ordinary observer. It is at all times remarkable. Compared to her proud and pampered sister, clothed as she is in purple and in gold, Ireland, with all her natural endowments, at best appears but a squalid and emaciated beauty. I have never failed to be struck and pained by this unfortunate disparity: but upon the present occasion the objects of our mission, and the peculiarly national capacity in which we were placed in relation to England, naturally drew our meditation to the surpassing glory of the people, of whom we had come to solicit redress.

An occasional visit to England has a very salutary effect. It operates as a complete sedative to the ardour of the political passions. It should be prescribed as a part of the antiphlogistic regimen. The persons who take an active part in the impassioned deliberations of the Irish people, are apt to be carried away by the strength of the popular feelings which they contribute to create. Having heated the public mind into an

ardent mass of emotion, they are themselves under the influence of its intensity. This result is natural and just: but among the consequences (most of which are beneficial) which have arisen from this habitual excitation, and to which the Catholics have reasonably attributed much of their inchoate success, they have forgotten the effect upon themselves, and have omitted to observe in their own minds a disposition to exaggerate the magnitude of the means by which their ends are to be accomplished. In declaiming upon the immense population of Ireland, they insensibly put out of account the power of that nation from whom relief is demanded, and who are grown old in the habit of domination, which of all habits it is most difficult to resign.

A man like Mr. O'Connell, who, by the force of his natural eloquence produces a great emotion in the midst of an enthusiastic assembly of ardent and high-blooded men, who is hailed by the community, of which he is the leading member, as their chief and champion; who is greeted with popular benedictions as he passes, whose name resounds in every alley, and "stands rubric" on every wall, can with difficulty resist the intoxicating influence of so many exciting causes, and becomes a sort of political opium-eater, who must be torn from these seductive indulgences, in order to reduce him into perfect soundness and soberness of thought.

His deputation to England produced an almost immediate effect upon him. As we advanced, the din of popular assemblies became more faint; the voice of the multitude was scarcely heard in the distance, and at last died away. He seemed half English at Shrewsbury, and was nearly Saxonized when we entered the

murky magnificence of Warwickshire. As we surveyed the volcanic region of manufactures, and saw a thousand Etnas vomiting their eternal fires, the recollections of Erin passed away from his mind, and the smoky glories of Wolverhampton took possession of his soul. The feeling which attended our progress through England was not a little increased by our approach to its huge metropolis. The waste of wealth around us, the procession of ponderous vehicles that choked the public roads, the rapid and continuous sweep of carriages, the succession of luxurious and brilliant towns, the crowd of splendid villas, which Cowper has assimilated to the beads upon the neck of an Asiatic Queen, and the vast and dusky mass of bituminous vapour which crowns the great city with an everlasting cloud, intimated our approach to the modern Babylon.

Upon any ordinary occasion I should not, I believe, have experienced any strong sensation on entering London. What is commonly called "coming up to town," is not a very sublime or moving incident. I honestly confess that I have upon a fine summer morning stood on Westminster Bridge, upon my return from the brilliant inanities of Vauxhall, and looked upon London with a very drowsy sympathy in the meditative enthusiasm which breathes through Wordsworth's admirable sonnet. But upon the occasion which I am describing, it needed little of the spirit of political romance to receive a deep and stirring impulse, as we advanced to the great metropolis of the British empire, and heard the rolling of the great tide—the murmurs, if I may so say, of the vast sea of wealth before us. The power of England was at this moment presented to us in a more distinct and definite shape, and we were more

immediately led, as we entered London, to bring the two countries into comparison. This, we exclaimed, is London; and the recollection of our own Eblana was manifest in the sigh with which the truism was spoken: yet the reflection upon our inferiority was not unaccompanied by the consolatory anticipation that the time was not distant, when we should be permitted to participate in all the advantages of a real and consummated junction of the two countries, when the impediments to our national prosperity should be removed, and Ireland should receive the ample overflowings of that deep current of opulence which we saw almost bursting through its golden channels in the streets of the immense metropolis.

Immediately after our arrival, we were informed by the agent of the Roman Catholic Association in London, Mr. Æneas M'Donnel (and who, in the discharge of the duties confided to him, has evinced great talents, judgment, and discretion), that Sir Francis Burdett was desirous to see us as soon as possible. We accordingly proceeded to his house in St. James's Place, where we found the Member for Westminster living in all the blaze of aristocracy. I had often heard Sir Francis Burdett in popular assemblies, and had been greatly struck with his simple, easy, and unsophisticated eloquence:—I was extremely anxious to gain a nearer access to a person of so much celebrity, and to have an opportunity of observing the character and intellectual habits of a man who had given so much of its movement to the public mind.

He was sitting in his study when we were introduced by Mr. M'Donnel. He received us without any of that *hauteur* which I have heard attributed to him, and for

which his constitutional quiescence of manner is sometimes mistaken. We, who have the hot Celtic blood in our veins, and deal in hyperbole upon occasions which are not calculated to call up much emotion, are naturally surprised at what we conceive to be a want of ardour upon themes and incidents in which our own feelings are deeply and fervently engaged. During my short residence in London, I constantly felt among the persons of high political influence whom we approached, a calmness, which I should have taken for the stateliness of authority in individuals, but that I found it was much more national than personal, and was, in a great degree, an universal property of the political world.

There was a great deal of simple dignity, which was entirely free from affectation, in the address of Sir Francis Burdett. Having requested us to sit, which we did in a large circle (his first remark indeed was, that we more numerous than he had expected) he came with an instantaneous directness to the point, and after a few words of course upon the honour conferred upon him by being entrusted with the Catholic question, entreated us with some strenuousness to substitute Mr. Plunket in his place; he protested his readiness to take any part in the debate which should be assigned him; but stated, that there was no man so capable, and certainly none more anxious, than the Attorney-General for the promotion of our cause. But for the plain and honest manner in which this exhortation was given, I should have suspected that he was merely performing a part;—but I have no doubt of the sincerity with which the recommendation was given.

He dwelt at length upon the great qualifications of Mr. Plunket as a parliamentary speaker, and pressed us

to waive all sort of form with respect to himself, and put him at once aside for an abler advocate. We told him that it was out of our power to rescind the decision of an aggregate meeting. This he seemed to feel, and said that he should endeavour to discharge the trust as efficiently as he was able. His heart, he said, was in the question—he knew that there could not be peace in Ireland until it was adjusted; and for the country he professed great attachment. He loved the people of Ireland, and it was truly melancholy to see so noble a race deprived of the power of turning their great natural endowments to any useful account. These observations, which an Irishman would have delivered with great emphasis, were made by Sir Francis Burdett almost without a change of tone or look. He made no effort at strong expression. Everything was said with great gentleness, perspicuity, and candour.

I thought, however, that he strangely hesitated for common words. His language was as plain as his dress, which was extremely simple, and indicated the favourite pursuit of a man who is "mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate." I watched his face while he spoke. His eyes are small and bright, but have no flash or splendour. They are illuminated by a serene and tranquil spirit: his forehead is high and finely arched, but narrow and contracted, and although his face is lengthy, its features are minute and delicately chiselled off. His mouth is extremely small, and carries much suavity about it. I should have guessed him at once to be a man of rank, but should not have suspected his spirit to be a transmigration of Caius Gracchus. I should never have guessed that he was the man whose breath had raised so many waves upon the public mind, and aroused a

storm which made the vessel creak. I saw no shadow of the "tower of Julius" in his pure and ruddy colour, and should never have conjectured that he had inhaled the evaporations of its stagnant moat. At the same time I should observe, that if there were no evidences of a daring or adventurous spirit about this champion of the people, there are in his demeanour and bearing many indications of calm resolve and imperturbable determination.

I was a good deal more occupied in watching this celebrated person, than in observing my companions. Yet I at once perceived that we were too numerous and gregarious a body for a council of state, and was glad to find Mr. O'Connell take a decided, and what was considered by some to be, a dictatorial tone amongst us. I saw that unless some one individual assumed the authority of speaking and acting for the rest, we should in all likelihood be involved in those petty squabbles and miserable contentions of which Bonaparte speaks as characteristic of the Irish deputies who were sent to Paris to negotiate a revolution. I was much pleased to find that Mr. O'Connell gave, even in this early communication, strong proof of that wise, temperate, and conciliatory spirit by which his conduct in London was distinguished; and by the manifestation of which, he conferred incalculable service on his country.

After this interview with Sir Francis Burdett, the chief object of which, upon his part, was to sound our disposition to confide the conduct of our cause to the Irish Attorney-General, we proceeded to the House of Commons, for the purpose of attending the debate upon the petition to be heard by counsel at the bar. We had already been informed by Sir Francis Burdett, that it was very unlikely that the house would accede to the

petition, and that Ministers had collected their forces to oppose it. For the result we were, therefore, prepared; but we were extremely anxious to hear a discussion, in which Mr. Brougham was expected to display his great powers, and in which the general demerits of the Association would, in all probability, be brought by Ministers under review. The speaker had the goodness to direct that the Catholic deputies should be allowed to sit under the gallery during the discussions which appertained immediately to the object of their mission; and we were, in consequence, accommodated with places upon this 'vantage ground; from which I had an opportunity of observing the orators of the night. We found a considerable array in the house, and attracted universal observation.

In the front of our body was Mr. O'Connell, upon whom every eye was fixed. He affected a perfect carelessness of manner; but it was easy to perceive that he was full of restlessness and inquietude under an icy surface. I saw the current eddying beneath. Next him was Mr. O'Gorman, who carried a most official look as secretary to the Catholics of all Ireland, and seemed to realize the *beau-ideal* of Irish self-possession. I should observe by the way, that Mr. O'Gorman was of great use in London in controlling that spirit of disputation among the deputies to which Irishmen are habitually prone, and which it required the perfect good humour and excellent disposition of the learned functionary to assuage.

The house began to fill about eight o'clock. The aspect of the members was not in general very imposing. Few were in full dress, and there was little, in the general demeanour of the representatives of the people, which was calculated to raise them in my reverence. This

absence, or rather studious neglect of ceremony, is, perhaps, befitting an assembly of the "citizens and burgesses in parliament assembled." I remarked that some of the members were distinguished for their spirit of locomotion. The description of "the Falmouth—the heavy Falmouth coach," given by a jocular secretary of state, had prepared me to expect in a noble Lord a more sedentary habit of body; but he displayed a perfect incapacity to stay still, and was perpetually traversing the house, as if he wished, by the levity of his trip and the jauntiness of his movements, to furnish a practical refutation of ministerial merriment.*

After some matters of form had been disposed of, Mr. Brougham rose to move, on the behalf of the Association, that counsel should be heard at the bar of the house. I had seen Mr. Brougham several years before, and immediately observed a great improvement in his accomplishments as a public speaker. Nature has not perhaps, been very favourable to this very eminent man in his merely physical configuration. His person is tall, but not compact or well put together. There is a looseness of limb about him, which takes away from that stability of attitude which indicates the fixedness of the mind. His chest is narrow—he wants that bulk which gives Plunket an Atlantean massiveness of form, mentioned by Milton as the property of a great statesman. The countenance of Mr. Brougham wants symmetry and refinement. His features are strong, but rather wide. He has a Caledonian prominence of bone. His complexion indicates his intellectual habits—and is "sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought." It seems

* The noble lord was the late Lord Nugent; the jocular secretary, Mr. Canning.

smoked by the midnight lamp. His eyes are deeply sunk, but full at once of intensity and meditation. His voice is good—it is clear, articulate, and has sufficient melody and depth. He has the power of raising it to a very high key, without harshness or discord, and when he becomes impassioned, he is neither hoarse nor shrill. Such is the outward man; and if he has defects, they are not so numerous or so glaring as those over which the greatest orator of antiquity obtained a victory.

In his ideal picture of a public speaker, Homer represents the most accomplished artificer of words as a person with few if any personal attractions. The characteristics of Brougham's oratory are vigour and passion. He alternates with great felicity. He possesses in a high degree the art of easy transition from impetuosity to demonstration. His blood does not become so over-heated, as to render it a matter of difficulty for him to return to the tone andlanguage of a familiar discourse—the prevalent tone and language the House of Commons. A man who cannot rise beyond it, will never make a great figure; but whoever cannot habitually employ it, will be accounted a declaimer, and will fall out of parliamentary favour.

Mr. Brougham's gesture is at once senatorial and forensic. He uses his arms like an orator, and his hands like a lawyer. He employs great sweep of action, and describes segments of circles in his impassioned movements; here he forgets his forensic habitudes: but when he is either sneering or sophisticating, he closes his hands together with a somewhat pragmatical air, or uniting the points of his forefingers, and lifting them to a level with his chair, embodies in his attitude the minute spirit of Nisi Prius. If he did this and nothing else, he would hold no higher place than

the eternal Mr. Wetherall in the house. But what, taken apart, may appear an imperfection, brings out the nobler attributes of his mind, and by the contrast which it presents, raises his better faculties into relief.

Of the variety, nay vastness of his acquirements it is unnecessary to say anything:—he is a kind of ambulatory encyclopædia, and brings his learning to bear upon every topic on which he speaks. His diction is highly enriched, or, if I may so say, embossed with figures executed after the pure classical model; yet there are not perhaps any isolated passages which are calculated to keep a permanent residence in the recollection of his hearers. He does not venture like Plunket into the loftiest regions of eloquence; he does not wing his flight among those towering elevations which are, perhaps, as barren as they are high; but he holds on with steady continuity in a very exalted course, and never goes out of sight. His bursts of honest vehemence, and indignant moral reprobation, are very fine. He furnished, upon the night on which I heard him, an admirable exemplification of this commanding power. I allude to his reply to Mr. Peel upon the charges made against Mr. Hamilton Rowan.*

The Secretary for the Home Department is said to have delivered upon this occasion one of the best speeches which he ever pronounced in parliament. I

* One of the most distinguished names among the patriots and reformers of Ireland in the troubled times that preceded the Union; a man of fortune and family, singular energy of character, benevolence of disposition, and extraordinary personal strength and bravery. In 1794 he was the object of a state-prosecution. The story of his escape from prison is as romantic as an incident in a novel of Dumas. An able sketch of Mr. Hamilton Rowan appeared subsequently in the *New Monthly Magazine*, from the pen of Mr. W. H. Curran.

own that he greatly surpassed my expectations. I was prepared from the perusal of his speeches, and the character which I had heard of him, for a display of frigid ingenuity, delivered with a dapper neatness and an ironical conceit. I heard the late Mr. Curran say, that "Peel was a mere official Jackanapes," and had built my conceptions of him upon a phrase which, valueless as it may appear, remained in my memory.

But I was disabused of this erroneous impression by his philippic against the Association. I do not mean to say that Mr. Peel has not a good deal of elaborate self-sufficiency. He is perpetually indulging in encomiums upon his own manliness and candour—and certainly there is much frankness in his voice and bearing—but any man who observes the expedients with which he endeavours to effect his escape from the grasp of some powerful opponent, will be convinced that there is a good deal of lubricity about him. He constantly advances arguments of the fallacy of which he cannot fail to be conscious, and which would be a burlesque upon reasoning if they were not uttered from the Treasury Bench. As a speaker, he should not be placed near Brougham, or Canning, or Plunket, although he rises far beyond that mediocrity to which in Ireland we are in the habit of condemning him. His language is not powerful, but it is perfectly clear and uniformly correct. I observed, indeed, that his sentences were much more compact and unbroken, and their several parts better linked together than those of Mr. Brougham; but the one evolves his thoughts in a lengthened and winding chain, while the other (having a due fear of the parenthetical before his eyes) presents an obvious idea in a brief and simple form, and never

ventures to frame any massive or extended series of phrase.

His gesture is, generally speaking, exceedingly appropriate, and if I found any fault with it, I should censure it for its minute adherence to grace. His hands are remarkably white and well formed, and are exhibited with an ostentatious care. He stands erect, and, to use a technical expression employed by French dancers, "*aplomb.*" This firmness of attitude gives him that appearance of determination, which is wanting perhaps in Mr. Brougham. I do not like his physiognomy as an orator. He has a handsome face, but it is suffused with a smile of sleek self-complacency, which it is impossible to witness without distaste. He has also a trick of closing his eyes, which may arise from their weakness, but which has something mental in its expression; and however innocent he may be of all offensive purpose, is indicative of superciliousness and contempt. I doubt not he found it of use in Ireland among the menials of authority, and acquired this habit at the Castle.

In one, the best passage in his speech, and I believe the best he ever uttered, he divested himself of those defects. Upon the moral propriety of his attack upon Mr. Hamilton Rowan it is unnecessary to say anything. The misfortunes of that excellent gentleman ought not to have been pressed into the service. After every political convulsion, a Lethe should be permitted to flow upon the public mind, and a sin of thirty years' standing ought not only to be pardoned but forgotten. Mr. Peel, however, could not resist the temptation of dragging upon the stage a man whose white hair should hide every imperfection upon his head. Laying aside

all consideration of the generosity evinced by Mr. Peel in the selection of the topic, it must be acknowledged that he pronounced his invective with great and very successful force. He became heated with victory, and, cheered as he was repeatedly by his multitudinous partisans, turned suddenly towards the part of the house where the deputies were seated, and looking triumphantly at Mr. O'Connell, with whom he forgot for a moment that he had been once involved in a personal quarrel, shook his hand with scornful exultation, and asked whether the house required any better evidence than the address of the Association to "an attainted traitor."

The phrase was well uttered, and the effect as a piece of oratory was great and powerful. But for the want of moral dignity I should say that it was very finely executed. We hung down our heads for a moment, and quailed under the consciousness of defeat. But it was only temporary. Mr. Brougham was supplied with various facts of great importance on the instant, and inflicted upon Mr. Peel a terrible retribution.

His reply to the minister was, I understand, as effective as his celebrated retort upon the Queen's letters. He showed that the government had extended to Mr. Rowan conspicuous marks of favour, and reproached Mr. Peel with his want of nobleness in opening a wound which had been so long closed, and in turning the disasters of an honourable man into a rhetorical resource. He got hold of the good feeling of the house. Their virtuous emotions, and those high instincts which even the spirit of party cannot entirely suppress, were at once marshalled upon his side. Conscious of his advantage, he rushed upon

his antagonist, and hurled him to the ground. He displayed upon this occasion the noblest qualities of his eloquence—fierce sarcasm, indignant remonstrance, exalted sentiment, and glowing elocution. He brought his erudition to his aid, and illustrated his defence by a quotation from Cicero, in which the Roman extenuates the faults of those who were engaged on Pompey's side. The passage was exceedingly apposite, but was delivered, perhaps, with too dolorous and lacrymatory a note. A man should scarcely weep over a quotation. But altogether the reply was magnificent, and made the minister bite the dust. With this comfortable reflection we left the house.

It is not, of course, my intention to detail every circumstance of an interesting kind which occurred in the course of this political excursion. From a crowd of materials, I select what is most deserving of mention. I should not omit the mention of a dinner given to the deputies by Mr. Brougham. He invited us to his house upon the Saturday after our arrival, and gave the Irish embassy a very splendid entertainment. Some of the first men in England were of the party. I had never witnessed an assemblage of so much rank, and surveyed with intense curiosity the distinguished host and his illustrious guests. It is unnecessary to observe, that Mr. Brougham went through the routine of convivial form with dignified facility and grace. It was to his mind that I directed my chief attention, with a view to compare him in his hours of relaxation, with the men of eminence with whom I had conversed in my own country. The first circumstance that struck me, was the entire absence of effort, and the indifference

about display. I perceived that he stretched his faculties out, after the exhaustion of professional and parliamentary labour, in a careless listlessness; and, if I may so say, threw his mind upon a couch.

Curran, Grattan, and Bushe, were the best talkers I had ever witnessed. The first (and I heard a person make the same remark in London) was certainly the most eloquent man whose conversation I ever had an opportunity of enjoying. But his serious reflections bore the character of harangue; and his wit, with all its brilliancy, verged a little upon farce. He was so fond indeed of introducing dialogue into his stories, that at times his conversation assumed the aspect of a dramatic exhibition. There was, perhaps, too much tension of the intellect in those master-pieces of mirth and pathos, in which he appeared to be under the alternate influence of Momus and of Apollo.

The conversation of Mr. Grattan was not of an after-dinner cast. You should have walked with him among the woods of Tinnahinch, and listened to his recollections of a better day by the sound of the lulling and romantic waters of those enchanting groves, in which, it is said, he studied the arts of elocution in his youth, and through which he delighted to wander in the illuminated sunset of his glorious age. It was necessary that his faculties should be thrown into a swing before they could come into full play. He poured out fine sentiments in glittering epigrams. His mind became antithetical from continued habit, but it was necessary that it should be thrown into excitement to bring it into action. It was in sketches of character that he excelled; but you should give him time and

leisure for the completion of his miniatures. Bushe . . . . . But I am deviating from my theme.

To return to Mr. Brougham, he is, perhaps, more negligent and heedless of what he says, than any of these eminent persons to whom I have alluded, and flings his opinions into phrase without caring into what shape they may be moulded. I remember to have read in an article in the Edinburgh Review, upon Curran's life, that eminent men in England never make any effort to shine in conversation; and I saw an illustration of the remark at Mr. Brougham's table. He did not tell a single story—except, indeed, that he mentioned a practical joke which had been played upon Joseph Hume, who takes things *au pied de la lettre,* by passing some strange uncouth person upon him as Mr. O'Connell. The latter sat between the Dukes of Devonshire and Leinster. It was the place of honour, and the learned gentleman filled it without airs or affectation. In all his intercourse with the great in London, I remarked that he comported himself in a manner perfectly becoming his character and station in his own country. I was glad to find that, unlike Sir Pertinax, "he could stand straight in the presence of a great man." The attention of the company was very much fixed upon him. But he spoke little.

I remember Mr. Moore telling me an anecdote of Mrs. Siddons, which is not unillustrative of the scene. A large party were invited to meet her. She remained silent, as is her wont, and disappointed the expectations of the whole company, who watched for every syllable that should escape her lips. At length, however, being asked if she would have some Burton ale, she replied, with a sepulchral intonation, that "she liked ale

vastly." * To this interesting remark the display of her intellectual powers was confined.

I do not think that Mr. O'Connell upon this occasion gave utterance to any more profound or sagacious observation. Nearly opposite to him sat Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Lambton.† The latter seemed to me to watch Mr. O'Connell with a very unremitting vigilance. He hardly spoke himself. His air is foreign —he is full of intelligence, and looks like a picture by Murillo of a young Spanish Jesuit who has just completed his noviciate. At the other end of the table sat the celebrated Mr. Scarlett, who, at English Nisi Prius, is *facile princeps*. I thought I could perceive the wile of a lawyer in his watchful and searching eye—

> "He is a great observer, and he looks
> Quite through the thoughts of men."

His smile, too, was perhaps a little like that of Cassius. He said little—altogether there was not as much alertness in the dialogue as in the champagne. The Duke of Sussex seemed to me the only person who exhibited much hilarity of spirit. There is a good deal of buoyancy in the temperament of his Royal Highness. He speaks with great correctness and fluency: is perfectly kind and affable, and laughs with all his heart at his friend's jokes as well as at his own. If the Duke of Sussex were our Lord Lieutenant (as I hope he yet may be), he would put us into good humour with each other in a month. I would substitute Oberon's whistle

* I remember mentioning this anecdote to the late Mr. Maturin, who said, "The voice of Mrs. Siddons, like St. Paul's bell, should never toll except for the death of kings."—A.

† The late Earl of Durham.

for Alecto's horn.* I should like to hear the honest and cordial laugh of the Duke of Sussex at an aggregate levee of Catholics and Protestants at the Castle. I should like to hear the echoes of St. Patrick's hall taking up the royal mirth in a long and loud reverberation. What might, peradventure, be an excess of vivacity in a gentleman, would be condescending pleasantry in a prince.

I understood at Mr. Brougham's, that it was intended to give a public dinner to the Catholic deputies, at which the leading advocates of emancipation were to be present. Much preparation was made for this festival of liberality, but it was afterwards conceived that it would be more judicious upon the part of the friends of religious liberty, not to provoke their antagonists into a reaction, which it was thought likely might be produced. The idea was abandoned; but, in order to give the deputies an opportunity of expressing their sentiments in public, the British Catholics held a general meeting at the Freemasons' Hall.

The Duke of Norfolk was in the chair. The assembly was not as numerous as I had expected—it was in a great measure composed of Irish. Many persons were deterred from attending by the title of the meeting, which seemed to confine it to Roman Catholics. In consequence of the impression that Protestants were not invited to assist in these proceedings, few of the parliamentary supporters of emancipation attended. Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, who sat next to the chairman, was almost the only English Protestant of distinction whom I observed at the meeting. I believe, however,

* In Wieland's *Oberon*, at the sound of a magic whistle, laughter is instantaneously produced, and merriment takes the place of strife.—A.

that an anxiety to hear Mr. O'Connell induced a great number of the literary men attached to the periodical and daily press to attend.

Mr. O'Connell appeared to me extremely solicitous about the impression which he should produce, and prepared and arranged his topics with unusual care. In public meetings in Ireland, he is so confident in his powers, that he gives himself little trouble in the selection of his materials, and generally trusts to his emotions for his harangues. He is on that account occasionally desultory and irregular. But there is no man more capable of lucid exposition, when he previously deliberates upon the order in which he should array the topics upon which he intends to dwell. He undertook, on this occasion, the very laborious task of tracing the progress of the penal code, and epitomised in some measure the history of his country. For the first hour he was, perhaps, a little encumbered with small details; but when he advanced into the general consideration of the grievances under which the great body of the people are doomed to labour—when he painted the insolence of the dominant faction—when he shewed the effects of the penal code brought to his own door—he seized with an absolute dominion upon the sympathies of his acclaiming auditors, and poured the full tide of his own emotions into their hearts.

I did not greatly heed the results of Mr. O'Connell's oratory upon the great bulk of his audience. Many a big drop compounded of heat and patriotism—of tears and of perspiration, stood upon the rude and honest faces that were cast in true Hibernian mould, and were raised towards the glory of Ireland with a mixed expression of wonder and of love.

I was far more anxious to detect the feeling produced upon the literary and English portion of the audience. It was most favourable. Mr. Charles Butler, near whom I happened to sit, and whom I should be disposed to account a severe but excellent critic, was greatly struck. He several times expressed his admiration of the powers of the speaker. The applause of such a man is worth that of a "whole theatre of others." Mr. Coke also, whose judgment is, I understand, held in very great estimation, and who has witnessed the noblest displays of parliamentary eloquence, intimated an equally high opinion.

Immediately under Mr. O'Connell there was an array, and a very formidable one, of the delegates from the press. They appeared to me to survey Mr. O'Connell with a good deal of supercilious distaste at the opening of his speech, and although some amongst them persevered to the last in their intimations of national disrelish, and shrugged their shoulders at "Irish eloquence," the majority surrendered their prejudices to their good feelings, and ultimately concurred in the loud plaudits with which Mr. O'Connell concluded his oration. It occupied nearly three hours and a half.—Mr. O'Hanlon succeeded Mr. O'Connell. He spoke well, but the excitation produced by Mr. O'Connell, the lateness of the hour, and the recollections of dinner, were potent impediments to rhetorical effect.

Mr. Sheil rose under similar disadvantages. He cast that sort of look about him, which I have witnessed in an actor when he surveys an empty house. The echo produced by the diminution of the crowd drowned his voice, which being naturally of a harsh quality, requires great management, and, in order to produce any orato-

rical impression, must be kept under the control of art. Mr. Sheil became disheartened, and lost his command over his throat. He grew loud and indistinct. He also fell into the mistake of laying aside his habitual cast of expression and of thought, and in place of endeavouring to excite the feelings of his auditory, wearied them with a laborious detail of uninteresting facts. He failed to produce any considerable impression excepting at the close of his speech, in which, after dwelling upon the great actions which were achieved by the Catholic ancestors of some of the eminent men around him, he introduced Jean of Arc prophesying to Talbot the obscuration of his illustrious name, and the exclusion of his posterity from the councils of his country.*

I should not omit to mention the speech delivered by

* To make this intelligible, it is necessary to quote the passage (a very striking one) as we find it in the report of Mr. Sheil's speech published in the *Dublin Evening Post* :—

"Let me put an imaginary case, for the imagination sometimes lends its light to reason, and the heart may solve a difficulty by which the intellectual powers may be embarassed. If, when hot from the field of victory, and with all his glory about him, the great Talbot had been instructed in the fate that should befal his posterity; if she whom the superstition of the time had endowed wlth a preternatural foresight, if the celebrated woman who checked the tide of English triumph—if Joan of Arc had exclaimed to Talbot—'The time shall come when that country that showers honours on your name, shall stamp degradation upon the posterity to which that name shall be transmitted,—your children shall be driven from the senate of their country—the councils of England shall be closed against them—a brand shall be struck upon their foreheads —the robe of your nobility shall be trailed in the mire, and the lustre of your coronet shall be tarnished'——would not the sword have dropped from Talbot's hand? If he had believed in the denunciation, would he not have flung his spear away? How would his cheek have burned if he had heard that his sons would be laden with degrading disqualifications," &c.

Lord Stourton at this meeting. It was easy to collect from his manner that he was not in the habit of addressing a large assembly, but the sentiments to which he gave utterance were high and manly, and becoming a British nobleman who had been despoiled of his rights. His language was not only elegant and refined, but adorned with imagery of an original cast, derived from those sciences with which his lordship is said to be familiar.

Some of the deputies dined with him after the meeting. They were sumptuously entertained. I had now become more habituated to the display of patrician magnificence in England, and saw the exhibition of its splendour without surprise. Yet I confess that at Norfolk-house, where the Duke did Mr. O'Connell, Lord Killeen, and others of our deputation the honour to invite them, and in compliment to our cause, brought together an assemblage of men of the highest rank and genius in England, I was dazzled with the splendour and gorgeousness of an entertainment to which I had seen no parallel. Norfolk-house is one of the finest in London. The interior, which is in the style prevalent about eighty years ago in England, realizes the notions which one forms of a palace. It was indeed occupied at one time by some members of the royal family; and the Duke told us that the late King was born in the room in which we dined.

We passed through a series of magnificent apartments, rich with crimson and fretted with gold. There was no glare of excessive light in this vast and seemingly endless mansion; and the massive lamps which were suspended from the embossed and gilded ceilings, diffused a shadowed illumination, and left the distance

in the dusk. The transition to the great chamber where the company were assembled, and which was glowing with light, presented a brilliant and imposing contrast. Here we found the Duke of Norfolk, surrounded by persons of high distinction. Amongst the company were the Dukes of Sussex, Devonshire, and Leinster, Lord Grey, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Shrewsbury, Lord Donoughmore, Lord Stourton, Lord Clifford, Lord Nugent, Lord Arundel, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Butler, Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Blount, Mr. Denman, and other persons of eminence and fame.

The Duke of Norfolk came forward to meet us, and gave us a cordial and cheerful welcome. This amiable nobleman is distinguished by the kindness and goodness of his manners, which bespeak an excellent and unassuming spirit, and through all the political intercourse which we had with him upon the great question, in which he feels so deep an interest, manifested a shrewd sound sense, and a high and intense anxiety for the success of the great cause of religious liberty, from which very beneficial results have already ensued. He has been very instrumental in effecting a junction between the English and Irish Roman Catholics, and has thus conferred a great service upon both.

We were received by him with the most gracious and unaffected urbanity. I was struck with the perfect freedom from authoritativeness which characterised most of the eminent men who were placed about me. There is among the petty aristocracy of Ireland infinitely more arrogance of port and look than I observed among the first men of the British empire. Certain of our colonial aristocracy are far more bloated and full-blown with a notion of their own importance. The reason is obvious

The former rest in security upon their unquestionable title to respect. Their dignity fits them like an accustomed garment. But men who are raised but to a small elevation, on which they hold a dubious ground, feel it necessary to impress their consequence upon others by an assumption of superiority which is always offensive, and generally absurd. Lord Fitzwilliam was the person with whom I was disposed to be most pleased. This venerable nobleman carries, with a grey head, a young and fresh heart. He may be called the old Adam of the political world; and England might well exclaim to her faithful servant, in the language of Orlando,

> "Oh, good old man, how well in thee appears
> The constant service of the antique world!
> Thou art not for the fashion of these times
> When none will sweat but for promotion."

It is impossible to look upon this amiable and dignified patrician of the olden stamp, without a feeling of affectionate admiration for his pure and distinguished patriotism and the warm love of his country, which lives (if I may so say) under the ashes of age, and requires but to be stirred to emit the flashes of its former fire. The natural apathy incidental to his time of life appears habitually to prevail over him; but speak to him of the great interests of the empire—speak to him of that measure which at an earlier period he was delegated by his sovereign to complete—speak to him of Ireland, and through the dimness that loads his eye, a sudden illumination will break forth.

For Ireland he entertains a kind of paternal tenderness. He reverted with a Nestorian pride to the period of his own government; and mentioned that he had preserved the addresses which he had received from the

Roman Catholic body as among the best memorials of his political life. That he should live long enough to see the emancipation of the Irish people, seemed to be the wish nearest to his heart.* It does one good—it is useful in a moral point of view, to approach such a person as Lord Fitzwilliam, and to feel that there is in public men such a thing as a pure and disinterested anxiety for the benefit of mankind, and that the vows of all politicians are not, whatever we may be disposed to think, "as false as dicers' oaths." In describing the impression produced upon me by Lord Fitzwilliam, I have mentioned the result of my observation at Mr. Ponsonby's, where the deputies afterwards met him, as well as at Norfolk-house.

Lord Grey also dined at Mr. Ponsonby's, where I had a better opportunity of noting him. He is somewhat silent and reserved. It is the fashion among tories to account him contemptuous and haughty; but I cannot coincide with them. He has, indeed, a lofty bearing, but it is not at all artificial. It is the aristocracy of virtue as well as rank. There is something uncompromising, and perhaps stern as well as inflexible, in his aspect. Tall, erect, and collected in himself, he carries the evidences of moral and intellectual ascendancy impressed upon him, and looks as if he knew himself to be, in the proudest sense which the poet has attached to the character, not only a great but an honest man. And why should he not look exactly what he is? Why should he not wrap himself in the consciousness of his political integrity, and seem to say, "*meâ virtute me involvo*," while so many others, who were once the companions of his journey, and who turned aside into a

* The prayer was granted. Lord Fitzwilliam lived until 1833.

more luxuriant road, in taking a retrospect, as the close of life is drawing near, of the mazy course which they have trod, behold it winding through a rich and champaign country, and occasionally deviating into low but not unproductive declivities.

This eminent man, in looking back from the point of moral elevation on which he stands, will trace his path in one direct and unbroken line—through a lofty region which has been barren of all but fame, and from which no allurement of ease, or of profusion, could ever induce him to depart. Lord Grey has a touch of sadness upon him, which would look dissatisfaction to a placeman's eye; but there is nothing really morose or atrabilious in his expression. He has found that sorrow can unbar the palaces of the great, as well as unlatch the cottages of the lowly.* His dear friend and near ally is gone—his party is almost broken. He has survived the death, and, let me add, the virtue of many illustrious men, and looks like the lonely column of the fabric which he sustained so nobly, and which has fallen at last around him. It is not wonderful that he should seem to stand in solitary loftiness, and that melancholy should have given a solemn tinge to his mind.

* The allusion is perhaps to Lord Erskine, who died in November, 1823, little more than a year before the period referred to in the text.

THE TABINET BALL.

[JUNE AND SEPT. 1826.]

A LARGE district of Dublin, commonly called "The Liberty," is occupied by the manufacturers of tabinet. This part of the city exhibits at all times a disagreeable aspect. It is a labyrinth of narrow lanes, composed of old and crazy houses, and is choked with nastiness of every kind. Even when its enormous population is in active employment, the senses are shocked with much odious circumstance; but when labour is suspended, as is often the case, and the inhabitants are thrown out of employment, a spectacle of wretchedness is presented in this quarter of the Irish metropolis, of which it would require the genius of Mr. Crabbe for the delineation of misery to convey any adequate picture.

In the last month the manufacturing class have been without occupation or food. I passed, not very many days ago, through the district in which they chiefly reside, and do not recollect to have ever witnessed a more distressing scene. The streets may be said to have swarmed with want. With starvation and despair in their countenances, and with their arms hanging in listlessness at their sides, hundreds of emaciated men

stood in groups at every corner. They gaped on every person of the better class who chanced to pass them, with the vacant earnestness of famine; and when the equipage of some pampered and vain-glorious citizen rolled by, it was painful to observe in the expression of their faces the dumb comparison with their own condition, which was passing through their minds. The doors of the houses lay wide open, and, lighted up as they were with the new and brilliant sunshine of May, afforded an insight into the recesses of internal wretchedness.

Their wives and children were seen huddled up together, with scarcely a shred of raiment upon their discoloured and emaciated limbs. Their beds and blankets had been transferred to the pawnbrokers; and of their furniture, nothing but the mere fixtures remained. The ashes round the hearth seemed to be of a week's standing; and it was easy to perceive that the few potato-skins, scattered about the floor, were the relics of a repast of no very recent date. Silence in general prevailed through these receptacles of calamity, except that now and then I heard the wailing of a child, who called with a feeble cry for bread. Most of these houses of affliction were deserted by the men, who stood in frightful gatherings in the public way. But here and there I observed the wan but athletic father of a family, sitting in the interior of his hovel, with his hands locked upon his knee, surrounded by his children, of whose presence he appeared to be scarcely conscious, and with his wild and matted hair, his fixed and maddening eye, his hard and stony lip, exhibiting a personification of despair; and, if I may say so, looking like the Ugolino of "The Liberty." Whatever

may be the faults of the Irish character, insensibility to distress is not amongst them. Much substantial and practical commiseration was exhibited among the higher orders for the sufferings of the unfortunate manufacturers, and various expedients were adopted for their relief.

It was, among other devices of benevolence, suggested to the Marchioness of Wellesley, that a public ball at the Rotunda would be of use, and accordingly a "Tabinet Ball," under the auspices of that fair and newly ennobled lady, was announced. The notice was given in order to afford the young ladies in the country an opportunity of coming to town, and the 11th of May was fixed for the metropolitan *fête*. Peremptory orders were issued at the Castle, that no person should appear in any other than Irish manufacture. A great sensation was produced by what in such a provincial town as Dublin may be considered as an event. Crowds of families flocked from all parts of the country; and if any prudential grazier remonstrated against the expense of a journey to the metropolis, the eyes of the young ladies having duly filled with tears, and mamma having protested that Mr. O'Flaherty might as well send the girls to a convent, and doom them to old-maidenhood for life, the old carriage was ordered to the hall-door, and came creaking into town, laden with the rural belles, who were to make a conquest at "the Tabinet Ball."

The arrival of the important day was looked for with impatience, and many a young heart was kept beating under its virgin zone at the pleasurable anticipation. In the interval much good was accomplished, and Terpsichore set the loom at work. Every milliner's shop

gave notes of profuse and prodigal preparation. At last the 11th of May arrived, and at about ten o'clock the city shook with the roll of carriages, hurrying from all quarters to the Rotunda.

Not very long ago, Doctor Brinkley, the astronomer, took the noise of a newly-established manufactory for the indication of an approaching earthquake; and if he had not been removed since then from the contemplation of the stars, he would, in all likelihood, have taken the concussion of the Tabinet Ball-night, for the earthquake itself. The love of dancing is not among my addictions, and it is the tendency of most persons of my profession to set up as a kind of spurious Childe Harolds upon occasions of this kind; but as the object of the ball was national, and I was solicitous to take a close survey of Lord Wellesley and his Transatlantic bride, I resolved to join the festive gathering, which charity and its amiable patroness had assembled.

The Rotunda, where the ball was given, is a very beautiful building, erected, I believe, by Sir William Chambers, and is one of those models of pure architecture with which Dublin abounds.* Upon entering it, how different was the scene from that with which it

* The history of the Rotunda is the history of Dublin; an edifice applicable to all uses—it serves the ever-varying purposes of fashion and politics, of all sects, parties, and circles. It shifts its hues like the chameleon: to-day the Protestant blue, the popular green to-morrow—each prevailing colour of the day, whether in opinion or in silks. A conventicle in the morning, illuminated with outlandish eloquence; a ball-room at night, radiant with native beauty. It rings alternately with the sharp notes of controversy, the demagogue's roar, and the laugh of girls. In short, it is the common stage of all performers before the Irish public, the missionary, the lecturer, the charlatan, the coquette, the auctioneer, the agitator, the viceroy.

was associated, and how strong a contrast was presented between the gorgeous and glittering spectacle before me, and that which I have endeavoured to describe. My mind still retained some of those mournful reflections which the contemplation of misery had produced; and when I found myself surrounded with a blaze of intense and brilliant illumination, and encompassed by a crowd, glittering with splendour, youth, and beauty, and moving in measure to exhilarating music, the naked and half-famished wretches, whom I had seen so recently, rose like phantoms in my memory, and my imagination went back to the abode of starvation, and to "the house of woe." I did not, however, permit these melancholy reflections to lay any permanent hold upon me; and indeed the recollection that pleasure was made in this instance to minister to the relief of sorrow, should have reconciled a person of much more ascetic quality of mind than I am to a participation in the enjoyments of so brilliant a scene.

I question, whether in London itself, however it may surpass our metropolis in wealth and grandeur, more splendour in alliance with good taste could readily be displayed. There was an immense assemblage of young and beautiful women, dressed in attire which, instead of impairing, tended to set off the loveliness of their aspects, and the symmetry of their fine forms—that sweetness and innocency of expression which characterises an Irish lady, sat upon their faces,—modesty, kindness, and vivacity played in their features, and grace and joyousness swayed the movement of limbs which Chantrey would not disdain to select for a model.

While I was looking upon this fine spectacle with some feeling of national pride, it was announced that

Lord Wellesley and the Marchioness were about to enter the room. There was a sudden cessation in the dancing, and the light airs to which the crowd had been moving, were exchanged for the Royal Anthem. I had never observed the Marquis so nearly as to form a very accurate notion of him, and his beautiful American I had never seen. I felt a strong curiosity about her. A Yankee, and a Papist, turned into a Vice-Queen!! There was something strange in this caprice of fortune, and I was anxious to see the person with whom the blind goddess had played so fantastic a freak.*

I stood in no little suspense, when it was announced that the noble pair were making their triumphant entry into the Rotunda. Followed by a gorgeous retinue of richly decorated attendants, the Viceroy and his consort advanced towards the immense assembly, who received them with acclamation. She was leaning upon his arm. He seemed justly proud of so fair a burthen. The consciousness of so noble a possession had the effect upon him which the inspirations of genius were said to have produced upon a celebrated actor, and he looked "six feet high," compact and well knit together, with great alertness in his movements, and with no further stoop than sixty winters have left upon him, with a searching and finely irradiated eye, and with cheeks which, however furrowed, carry but few traces of the tropics.

The victor of Tippoo Saib, and the conqueror of Captain Rock, entered the Rotunda. I am not quite sure that there was not a slight touch of melo-dramatic

* Lady Wellesley was the widow of an American gentleman of the name of Patterson.

importance in his air and manner; and with a good deal of genuine dignity, it occurred to me that there was something artificial and theatrical in his entrance upon a stage, in which ephemeral majesty was to be performed. It was said by Voltaire of a real monarch, that no man could so well perform the part of a king. "Le rôle de Roi," is a phrase which, amounting to a truism, loses its force perhaps when applied to a lord-lieutenant. Lord Wellesley seemed to me to personate his sovereign with too elaborate a fidelity to the part, and to forget that he was not in permanent possession of the character upon a stage which was under the direction of such capricious managers, and that he must speedily relinquish it to some other actor upon our provincial boards.

He his unquestionably a man of very great abilities; a speaker of the first order; a statesman with wide and philosophic views, who does not bound his prospects by any artificial horizon. He has great fame as a politician, and has the merit of having co-operated with Mr. O'Connell in the pacification of Ireland. With these intrinsic and substantial claims to renown, it is strange that he should rely so much upon the gewgaws of a spurious court for his importance, and be in love with the raree-show of vice-regal honours. A throne surmounted with a gorgeous canopy of gold and scarlet was placed at the extremity of the room for his reception; and to this seat of mock regality he advanced with his vice-queen, with a measured and stately step. When he had reached this place of dignity, his suite formed themselves into a hollow square, and excluded from any too familiar approach the crowd of spectators that thronged around.

A sort of boundary was formed by the lines of aide-de-camps, train-bearers, and poursuivants of all kinds. I presumptuously advanced to the verge of this sacred limit, when I was checked by an urchin page of about ten years of age, who, dressed in flaming scarlet, and with his epaulets dropping in woven gold to his heels, seemed to mock the consequence of his noble master, and with an imperious squall he enjoined me to keep back.* I obeyed this Lilliputian despot, and retired one or two paces, but stood at such a distance as to enable me to survey the hero and heroine of the scene. The Marquis was dressed in a rich uniform, with a profusion of orders. He wore white pantaloons, with short boots fringed with gold, and with tassels of the same material. The Marchioness was dressed in white tabinet, crossed with a garland of flowers. She struck me at once not only as a very fine, but dignified woman. Nobody would have suspected that she had not originally belonged to that proud aristocracy to which she has been recently annexed. She had nothing of "La Bourgeoise Parvenue." I was surprised at the gracefulness with which she executed her first curtsy, and the ease with which, in recovering from it, she brought herself back to the altitude of stateliness which I presume had been prescribed to her for the night. Her figure appeared to me to be peculiarly well propor-

* The urchin-pages in scarlet have long since disappeared from the pomps and vanities of Dublin Castle; little, indeed, of the Lord Lieutenancy remains but the Lord Lieutenant himself—

"A *king* in jest, only to swell the scene."

There is perhaps very little to be said for the viceregal form of government, and it ought no doubt to be swept away; but "shorn of its beams" as it now is, it has become useless and absurd; for what can excite ridicule more than a court without splendour, a pageant without pomp?

tioned. Her arms and shoulders, though less suited to Hebe than to Pomona, are finely moulded; and of her waist I may justly say, that it is,

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less."

Her features approach to the classical model. They have nothing of that obtuseness which in Ireland is frequently observable in countenances animated by the vivacity of youth, but which lose their charm when the vividness of the eye becomes impaired, and the bloom of the cheek has begun to pass away. The profile of Lady Wellesley is at once marked and delicate. Her complexion has not that purity and milkiness of colour which belongs to Irish beauty, but it is not, perhaps, the less agreeable from having been touched by a warmer sun. Her brows are softly and straightly pencilled; her cheeks are well chiselled, and an expression of permanent mildness sits upon her lips, which I do not regard as artificial and made up.

Yet I think it too unvarying and fixed. Her smile is so sedate and settled, that although I had several occasions to observe her, her countenance seemed for hours not to have undergone the least change of expression. Some allowance ought to be made for this immovable serenity, which it may be proper upon a state occasion to assume; but I am inclined to think that this monotonous suavity is not the mere smile of elaboborate affability, but upon a face less beautiful would amount to an eternal simper. If I were called upon to point out among the portraitures of fictitious life, an illustration of the Marchioness of Wellesley, I do not think that with reference to her air, her manners, the polish and urbanity of her address, and the placidity of

her expression, I could select any more appropriate than the English heroine of Don Juan—

"The Lady Adeline Amundeville."

The Marquis and the co-partner of his honours, and sole tenant of his heart, having made their obeisance to the company, seated themselves upon the throne; and I cannot help saying, that when I saw them surrounded with all the superfluous circumstances of sovereignty, and going through the mock-regal farce, as if the whole business were not an idle and most unsubstantial pageant, I felt pain at this voluntary exposure to the ridicule of their political opponents, who seemed to gather round for no other purpose than to pay their derisive homage.

Upon what pretence these airs of royalty were assumed, I could not even guess. The gentry of Dublin were assembled at the instance of Lady Wellesley, to contribute to the promotion of Irish manufacture. This was assuredly no fit occasion for the "unreal mockery" of evanescent pomp. I question whether under such circumstances, it would be proper in a genuine king to indulge in regal parade. But it appears to me to be out of all keeping, and to amount to no venial sin against good taste on the part of the mere shadowy representative of a sovereign, to invest himself in monarchical state, and all "the attributes to awe and majesty."

The deportment of His Excellency tended very much to enhance the burlesque of the whole business. He affected all the nonchalance of a person accustomed to royalty. His attitude was studiously careless, while that vivid physiognomy, of which, with all his practice

in courts, he is not the absolute master, betrayed his anxiety for the production of effect. One of his legs was thrown heedlessly over the other, to indicate that he was perfectly at his ease; but at the same time, his piercing and sagacious eye seemed to search amidst the crowd for that reverence both to his person and to his office, to which he surmised, perhaps, that he possessed a somewhat disputable claim.

I was not a little amused when his Excellency's eyes encountered those of that redoubted champion of ascendancy, the Reverend Sir Harcourt Lees. My English readers, who have only known Sir Harcourt through the medium of his loyal celebrity, and who have never seen the prodigy himself, may be disposed to think Sir Harcourt a gaunt and dreary man, with a fanatical and desolate look, and with that grim aspect of devotion which characterised the warlike propagators of Protestantism under the Cromwellian standard. But nothing could be more remote from the plain realities of Sir Harcourt than this *beau ideal* of that distinguished personage. As he was the next person in importance to Lord Wellesley, it may not be inapposite to say a word or two about him.

For many years he was unknown to the public, and among his own immediate friends was regarded as a harmless and somewhat simple man who could discuss a bottle of claret much better than a homily, a daring fox-hunter and a good-humoured divine, who would have passed without any sort of note, but for certain flashes of singularity which occasionally broke out, and exhibited points of character at variance with his general habits. What was the astonishment of all Dublin, when it was announced that this plain and unobtrusive

lover of the field was the author of a pamphlet filled with the most virulent and acrimonious matter against the religion of the country, and which almost amounted to a call on the Protestant population to rise up in arms and extirpate Popery from the land. Sir Harcourt became a public man.

I had never seen him before the publication of his book, and was a good deal surprised to find that all this uproar had been produced by a little lumpish man, who rather looked like a superannuated jockey than a divine, with an equestrian slouch in his walk, and the manger in his face, and with a mouth the graceful configuration of which appeared to have been formed by the humming of that stable melody with which the application of the curry-comb is generally accompanied. After looking at this singular figure which the tutelary genius of the church had chosen for its residence, I gave up all my belief in physiognomy, and renounced Lavater for ever.

But I feel that I am digressing. Enough to say, that Sir Harcourt's success in his first essay against Popery led to other achievements in controversy, and that he was at length recognised beyond all dispute as the most appropriate champion of the Irish church. His whole character may be summed up in a single sentence of Swift: "He hath been poring so long upon Fox's Book of Martyrs, that he imagines himself living in the reign of Queen Mary, and is resolved to set up as a knight-errant against Popery."

The meeting between the Marquis Wellesley and this celebrated person at the Tabinet Ball excited all my attention. Seated upon the throne, with his clenched hand resting upon his thigh, and his marked

and diplomatic visage protruded in all the intensity of expression for which it is remarkable, the most noble and puissant Marquis shot his fine and indignant eyes into the soul of his antagonist; while Sir Harcourt, with a half waggish and half malevolent aspect, blending the grin of an ostler with the acrimony of a divine, encountered the lofty look of the chief governor of Ireland with a jocular disdain, and gave him to understand that a man of his theological mettle was not to be subjugated by a frown.

The next person in importance to Sir Harcourt was his Grace the Duke of Leinster. With the highest rank, and a magnificent estate, and with a name to which so many national recollections are painfully but endearingly allied, it must be confessed that the first peer in Ireland, notwithstanding so many claims upon the public respect, is less sensibly felt, and produces an impression less distinct and palpable, than the renowned champion of the Church. The one is at the head of the nobles, and the other of the Protestants, of Ireland; and however insane the alacrity of Sir Harcourt may appear, there is something in enthusiasm, be it genuine or affected, which is preferable to the inactive honesty of the Duke.

The latter is descended from the first Norman settlers in Ireland. The Fitzgeralds gradually became attached to the country, and were designated as the ultra-Irish, from the barbarous nationality, of which, in the course of that series of rebellions dignified by the name of Irish history, they gave repeated proof. They were of that class of insurgents who earned the ignominious appellation of "Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores." I recollect to have seen their pedigree upon a piece of mouldering

parchment, which was produced at a trial in Waterford, connected with the royalties of Dromona, and had been brought by a messenger from the Tower of London. It was a very remarkable document. The words, "attainted," or "beheaded," were annexed to the names of more than half the members of this illustrious house.

The love of Ireland appears to have been a family disease, and to have descended to the unfortunate Lord Edward as a malady of the heart, although the sanguinary record of the virtues of his house did not include his name; but it was impossible to look upon that memorial of the scaffold, without recalling the memory of the celebrated person whose failure constituted so large a portion of his crime. It may be readily imagined, that when the Duke of Leinster returned to Ireland, after having attained his full age, in order to take possession of his estates, he was an object of great national interest. The associations connected with his name had already secured him the partialities of the country. His frank and open air, the unaffected urbanity of his manners, the kindness and cordiality which distinguished his address, and an expression of dignified good nature in his physiognomy, brought back the recollection of Lord Edward, and gave to his young kinsman a share in the affectionate respect with which the guilty patriotism of that chivalrous nobleman is regarded in Ireland.

Few were sufficiently rash to desire that the Duke of Leinster should engage in an enterprise so little likely to be successful, as that which cost Lord Edward his life. Almost all men had become sensible of the hopelessness of such an undertaking; but it was expected

that, while the chief of the house of Fitzgerald would abstain from any criminally adventurous speculation, he would, notwithstanding, place himself at the head of the popular party, that he would rally round him the friends of the country, that he would extend to good principles the authority of his rank, and rescue the spirit of Irish whiggism from the scoff with which it had been the fashion in the higher circles to deride it. A scope of political usefulness was unquestionably given to the Duke. It would have been easy for him to raise up a legitimate and salutary opposition to the abuses of the local government, which were at that time excessive, and to have awed the viceregal despotism of the Duke of Richmond into moderation. There was enough of public virtue left among the aristocracy to turn it to good practical account, if there had been any man capable of giving it a direction; and of all others, the young Duke of Leinster, from his paramount rank and hereditary station, seemed to be calculated to take the honourable lead.

What might not a Duke of Leinster, with even ordinary abilities, and with an active, steadfast, and energetic mind, accomplish in this country? He might place himself at once in the front of a vast and ardent population, and become not only the protector of the Catholics, but the director of the whole body of liberal Protestants in Ireland. The distinctions of sect would, under his influence, be merged in the community of country, and all religious animosities give way to a comprehensive and philosophical sentiment of nationality. He would be the point of contact, at which the contending factions might meet and cohere together. His rank and property would attract the men who pro-

fess illiberal opinions as much out of fashion as out of prejudice; while the democratic party would find in his name and blood a sufficient guarantee for his fidelity to Ireland.

It is difficult to conceive a more lofty or a more useful part, than that which it would be easy for a Duke of Leinster to perform; and the facility with which this ideal picture would be realized induces the more regret that a person, surrounded with such numerous opportunities of doing good, should have omitted the splendid occasions thrown by birth and fortune in his way. He has voluntarily consigned himself to oblivion.

After having sold his house in Dublin, the Duke retired to the woods and solitudes of Carton. There he buried himself from the inspection, and gradually dropped out of the notice, of the country. Having a turn for mechanics, he provided himself with a large assortment of carpenter's tools, and beguiled the tedium of existence with occupations by which his arms were put into requisition. There is not a better sawyer in the county of Kildare. As you wander through the forests on his demesne, you occasionally meet a vigorous young woodman, with his shirt tucked up to his shoulders, while he lays the axe to the trunk of some lofty tree, that totters beneath his stroke. On approaching, you perceive a handsome face, flushed with exercise and health, and covered with perspiration. Should you enter into conversation with him, he will throw off a few jovial words betwixt every descent of the axe; and, if he should pause in his task for breath, will hail you in the tone of good-humoured fellowship. He sets to his work again; while you pursue your path

through the woodlands, and hear from the ranger of the forest that you have just seen no less a person than his Grace himself.

In the midst of these innocent employments the Duke of Leinster passes away a life which ought to be devoted to higher purposes. It is with the utmost difficulty that he is occasionally dragged out of his retreat, and consents, some once a year, to fill the chair at a public meeting. But he takes no part in the deliberations or the measures of popular assemblies, for which he entertains an unaffected distaste, and hurries back to his domestic occupations again.*

At the Tabinet Ball (from which I have made a wide digression, into somewhat too serious, if not extraneous matter), it was easy to observe that the Duke of Leinster, surrounded as he was by all the provincial rank and wealth of Dublin, was not an object of much public concern. As he mingled among the various circles in the saloon, some person, who chanced to know him, just mentioned,—"There is the Duke of Leinster;" while his Grace, neither attracting, nor caring for any further notice, passed on without heed to some other part of the room. How different an

* It ought, however, to be mentioned, in justice to the Duke of Leinster, that upon two occasions of the greatest interest and moment he conspicuously performed his duty to the public. In the very same room where he is here represented as a subordinate personage to a crazy Orange parson, his Grace presided in the beginning of 1829 over a most important meeting of the liberal nobility and gentry of Ireland, assembled to press upon the Government the necessity of a prompt and complete settlement of the Catholic question. Subsequently, when the country was disturbed by the unfortunate movement for the Repeal of the Union, the Duke again came forward, and attached his name to the memorable protest, called the Leinster Declaration.

impression would he have produced, had he taken the more active and intrepid part to which his fortunes appeared to invite him! The mock regality of a lord-lieutenant would fade at once before him. The representative of a nation would stand superior to the delegate of the king.

But in drawing this contrast, it would be an injustice not to add, that after all, the Duke of Leinster has a right to make a selection of happiness for himself. He has no ambition. Nature has not mixed that mounting quality in his blood, which teaches men to aspire to greatness, and makes them impatient of subordination. If he is deficient in energy, and is without the temperament necessary for high enterprise, he is adorned by many gentle and, perhaps, redeeming virtues. His life is blameless in every domestic relation; and if he is not admired, he is prized, at least by all those who are acquainted with him. He looks, and I am convinced he is, an exceedingly happy man; and has at all events one of the chief means of felicity, in the amiable and accomplished woman to whom he is united.

The Duchess of Leinster accompanied her husband. Although an Englishwoman she prefers Ireland to her own country, and has never seduced her husband into absenteeism. Lady Morgan should make a heroine of her. Few persons are more esteemed and loved than she is. There is a charm in her kind and good-hearted manners, which engages the partiality of those about her, and converts that respect which is due to her station, into regard. I have never seen any lady of her distinction in society so wholly free from assumption. There is the enchantment of sincerity in her sweet demeanour, which, in the manners of the great, is above

every other charm. She is not beautiful; but there is about her,

> "——— Somethi[illegible] than beauty dearer,
> That for a face not beautiful does more
> Than beauty for the fairest face can do."

It was amusing to observe the contrast between the unostentatious affability of her Grace, and the factitious loftiness of the other titled patronesses of the ball. Lady Wellesley had nominated a certain number of vice-presidents of the dance, who were directed to appear with a head-dress of ostrich-feathers, by way of distinguishing them from the ladies to whom that high function had not been confided. Accordingly, about a dozen heads, stuck with a profusion of waving plumage, lifted their nodding honours above the crowd. These reminded me of the Mexican princesses in prints of Montezuma's court, which I have seen in the History of New Spain. The absence of any surperfluity of attire did not make the resemblance less striking. It was pleasant to observe the authoritative simper with which they discharged their high-plumed office, and intimated the important part which they were appointed to play in this fantastic scene. Upon the vulgar in the crowd, such as the wives of rich burghers, of opulent attorneys, and of stuff-gown lawyers, they looked with ineffable disdain; and even to the fat consorts of the aldermen they scarcely extended a smile of supercilious recognition.

Busily engaged among the latter, I observed Mr. Henry Grattan, the second son of the great Irishman, of whom it may be so justly said;

> ——— Clarum et venerabile nomen
> Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi.

he did not relinquish the object on which his heart was set, and at the last election he was returned for the city. I observed him actively engaged in this part of his vocation at the Tabinet Ball. No man laughed more loudly at certain reminiscences from "Joe Miller," which Alderman —— was pouring, as original anecdotes, into his ear. The new and graceful pleasantry of the worthy corporator appeared to throw Mr. Grattan into convulsions of merriment, though now and then, in the intervals of laughter, I could perceive an expression of weariness coming over his face, and that effort over the oscitating organs, with which an incipient yawn is smothered and kept in.

and never could I perform a duty more serviceable to my countrymen than to implore them not to degrade themselves by trampling on the ashes of their father and benefactor. And I tell my learned friend, that I could not offer him a sincerer mark of friendship than by advising him to retire from this contest. How I should compassionate his feelings, when paraded through those streets, his memory would return to the days when that great man, now no more, passed along those same streets, between the files of his countrymen, who were resting on their arms in admiration of his virtue.

'Even when proud Cæsar midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of conquest, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Showed Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
As her dead Father's reverend image passed,
The pomp was darkened and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceased, tears gushed from every eye,
The world's great *Master* passed unheeded by.'"

The cheering that followed is described as most enthusiastic, the effect having been doubtless much heightened by the felicitous employment of the word "Master" in place of the "victor" of the original."

THE EXORCISM OF A DIVINE.

[OCTOBER, 1827.]

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—I am a Jesuit, residing at the establishment of the society at Clongowes Wood. It was recently stated in the House of Commons that there was no such thing as a disciple of Loyola in Ireland; and an honourable gentleman is reported to have expressed a wish that one of the order should be produced at the Bar of the House, to gratify the curiosity of the members who had never seen the prodigy.

I am surprised that Mr. Peel, who had had several intimate communications with Dr. Kenny, the Irish Provincial, did not take the opportunity of setting Mr. Hobhouse right, and assure him that he had looked upon as complete a specimen of the monster as Mr. Hobhouse could desire to have exhibited, to the horror of Sir Thomas Lethbridge, in the House of Commons. Perhaps Mr. Peel's silence on the subject of his intercourse with Dr. Kenny might have arisen from a suggestion of his quondam friend, Sir

John Copley, that he had incurred the penalties of a *præmunire* in holding any communication with one of the Pope's body-guards, as the Jesuits were not unhappily designated by the King of Prussia, when they were disbanded by Ganganelli.

The conversation touching "the Society of Jesus," in the House of Commons, has induced a supposition that no establishment of the order exists in Ireland. This is a signal mistake, and the Jesuits themselves felt humiliated at the obscurity in which they have been permitted to remain. For the purpose of rescuing themselves from oblivion, they bethought themselves of an expedient by which the public attention should be directed to them, and determined to apply to Prince Hohenloe to make Clongowes Wood the theatre of a miracle which should surpass all the other wonders of that extraordinary person. It had indeed been a source of annoyance to our ingenuous fraternity, that of the multitude of prodigies which had taken place, not one had been performed through the intervention of a Jesuit, or in connexion with Clongowes Wood; and this indisposition on the part of the German Thaumatourgos (to apply to him the designation of St. Gregory) was referred to a jealousy in the Prince of a greater miracle accomplished by the Jesuits than any which he has yet achieved; for it was justly remarked amongst us, that the very existence of our order in the heart of the British empire was a far greater wonder than Miss Hohenloe D——'s restoration to agility in the labyrinths of a quadrille.*

* The case of Miss Maria Lalor, a lady of Maryborough, was still more remarkable, as the reality of the miracle wrought was attested by an authority no less eminent than James Doyle, Catholic Bishop of

We were somewhat slow in our recognition of the marvellous powers of Prince Hohenloe, and used occasionally to refer to the tomb of Abbé Paris, in illustration of the wonders of the Simon Magus of Bamberg. But when it was understood that the Pope had bestowed upon Prince Hohenloe the walking-staff of St. Francis Xavier, we not only changed our tone, but, considering the Prince as associated in some degree with the order, we decided on applying to him to perform a new miracle, which should bring Clongowes Wood into general notice, and surpass all his former prodigies. The interval which had elapsed since the Prince had vouchsafed a proof of his interest in the councils of Heaven afforded a farther reason for applying to him, as it was manifest that his reputation for omnipotence

Kildare and Leighlin, the author of the eloquent letters of J.K.L. On the 6th of March, 1823, the Bishop applied to His Serene and Very Reverend Highness Prince de Hohenlohe at Bamberg on behalf of Miss Lalor, who had been troubled with a dumb devil for six years and a half. An answer was returned addressed to the lady in person, and the morning of the 10th of June, at the hour of nine o'clock, was fixed for her miraculous cure. The Bishop, in apprizing the priest of Maryborough of the arrangement, took care to remind him of the difference of longitude between that place and Bamberg. "As the meridian of Bamberg," he wrote, "differs from that of Maryborough by an hour and about twelve minutes, you can direct the mass to be celebrated at a little before eight on the 10th of June." With such mathematical accuracy, it would have been strange indeed if there been a *contre-tems*. That the result was most complete and satisfactory we have the evidence of no less a personage than Bishop Doyle himself, in a pastoral letter on the subject addressed on the 22nd June to the clergy and faithful of his diocese. In that remarkable document he used these works:—"We announce to you, dearest brethren, with great joy, a splendid miracle which the Almighty God hath wrought in our own days, in the midst of ourselves; restoring miraculously Miss Maria Lalor to the perfect use of her speech, of which for six years and five months she had been totally deprived," &c.

was losing ground; and in the opinion of the fair frequenters of the Asylum Chapel and the Bethesda, he was greatly surpassed by Ferdinand Mendez Katerfelto Woulfe, who, having been a member of the Propaganda in Rome, came recommended by certain etymological associations to the Ladies' Hibernian Auxiliary Bible Society.

These considerations induced Father Kenny, our superior, to make a special request, in the name of the order, to Prince Hohenloe; and, as an inducement, he was assured that the society would hereafter contribute to the expenses of his canonization, by sending Counsellor O'Connell, as special counsel, to oppose "the Devil's advocate" at Rome; and I should not omit to add, to the honour of Mr. O'Connell, that he has since engaged to do so, having stipulated, by way of professional remuneration (although he is not accustomed to such special fees), that a thousand masses shall be said for the purgation of his soul for all his misdoings at Nisi Prius.

The particular line of prodigy was not prescribed to Prince Hohenloe. Not wishing to put limits to his genius for the wonderful, Father Kenny left it entirely to himself to choose what manner of miracle he should perform, whereby the glory of our order should be diffused, and even Surgeon Crampton,* the Prince's

* Mr. Crampton wrote an exceedingly clever tract on Prince Hohenloe's miracles. The whole faculty was enraged by "the Prince's cures," as they were familiarly called. The doctors were completely supplanted by the Prince. Instead of invoking Mr. Crampton or Mr. Colles (the Podalirius and Machaon of Dublin) for the remedy of a heart-ache, every pretty papist sent up an orison to the Prince. Mr. Crampton vented his anger in a book; Mr. Colles displayed it in a sarcasm, in which his chirurgical disdain for saints and physicians (the latter order surgeons

main antagonist (and no wonder, when he superseded him at the pillow of his pretty patients), should be put down. In the interval between the transmission of Father Kenny's despatches to Bamberg, and the arrival of the Prince's answer, we amused our leisure by indulging in conjectures as to the sort of miracle which it would probably please his Highness to perform. Some suggested that he would restore Sir Harcourt Lees to his senses; others that he would make Sir George Hill resign his place:* one imagined that he would make a wit of Leslie Foster, a dunce of Lady Morgan, a blunderer of the Chief Justice, or a prodigal of Sergeant Lefroy.

At length a letter arrived from Bamberg: the whole fraternity was summoned together, and in the midst of a deep hush of expectation the precious document was unfolded. I shall not transcribe the whole of it, as it ran to considerable length. The Prince stated that he had yielded to the application of Father Kenny, but had been a good deal at a loss to determine what kind of miracle he should achieve. He had at first a notion of silencing one Jack Lawless at the Catholic Association; but this, he found, it was even beyond his powers to accomplish. Various other prodigies of the same

hold exceedingly cheap) was combined. Being asked if he believed that a miracle had been performed upon Miss Stuart, he replied in the affirmative to a priest by whom the question had been put. The advocates of the Prince boldly appealed to his evidence. Much wonder was created among the faculty; and, as the Prince's interests and theirs were at variance, Mr. Colles was brought to task by the College of Physicians and being interrogated respecting his admission that a miracle had been performed, he confessed the fact, and added, that "nothing less than a miracle could have saved her from the Doctors."—A.

* Sir George Hill held the lucrative office of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland It was a sinecure and abolished in 1830.

character presented themselves, and, at length, finding himself in a state of irresolution, he determined to leave it to a dream to suggest what course he should adopt. Accordingly he fell into a profound sleep, having been previously engaged in reading Southey's Book of the Church, and received in a vision an intimation of the prodigy which he should work. The part of his letter immediately relating to the miracle (of which, in this letter to the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, I have undertaken, for the honour of Prince Hohenloe, and of the Society of Jesuits, to give some account) I think it not out of place to copy.

"I was," said the Prince, "in imagination, transported to your city of Dublin, where I beheld the object on which my influence with heaven is to be displayed. I saw riding through a certain street called Dame-street, and coming from the Castle, a heretic ecclesiastic, who was seated upon a mettlesome horse, and whom, from his arrogant air, whereof I had heard even in Bamberg, I recognised to be Dr. ——.* At first I saw nothing but the outward man, because that supernatural vision, by which I am enabled to discover evil spirits, was not unsealed, nor the film of corporality instantaneously removed. I saw a priested antic, of small but well-proportioned dimensions, and in his equestrian attitude and bearing strongly resembling certain prints of one Dr. Syntax, which I have seen when transported in vision to the city of London, in passing along the shops thereof. Yet it was only in attitude, in the fashion wherewith his legs were thrust into his stirrups, that he bore any very marked affinity

* It is hardly necessary to fill up the blank with the name of Magee, then in the plenitude of his intolerance, and Archbishop of Dublin.

to the seeker of the picturesque; for the expression of the Doctor's face was wholly different, and did not convey the same character of insanity.

"It was the extravagance of sacerdotal pride, that displayed itself in flashes of wildness, which broke every moment from his eyes. The latter were by no means destitute of intelligence; but, bright as they were with thought, still the expression of arrogance predominated over that of acuteness, and every look and gesture indicated a self-sufficiency carried to an excess amounting almost to the delirium of conceit. Everything about him denoted flippancy and pertness. A light ecclesiastical hat was perked with such a nicety and airiness upon the apex of his head, that it studiously, and of malice prepense, left room for his haughty forehead to display itself. The powder with which his hair was lightly sprinkled was fresh and delicate, while a slender queue depended gracefully between his shoulders, and even this petty appendage exhibited a coxcombical inclination. His neckcloth was knotted with precision, and assisted by its stiffness in upholding him in that neatness of bearing which he carefully observed. A jerkin, which fitted his well-turned person with an admirable adaptation, was closely buttoned to the top, and gave his figure a spruce and compact air.

"In trotting along, he was busily engaged in watching the passengers, and observing what quantity of deference he received from them, and though obviously an object of joke rather than respect, he imagined that every eye was fixed upon him in veneration; of which I saw no evidence, except in the face of a certain sycophant, who has declared that he adored him, and who is understood to have intimated that the prophet Enoch

upon his white horse was but a type of Dr. ——. The efforts made by this very fantastic little personage at dignity were truly ridiculous; for his horse seemed resolved to interfere with his determination to be majestic; at every step on the rough pavement the rider was thrown to a considerable height from his saddle, while his arms were horizontally extended, and his legs, in obedience to the impulse, swung irregularly up and down as he bumped along. Still the perpetual springs which he gave denoted the workings of a restless mind, and typified his aspiring spirit.

"Such was the external man; but on a sudden my mind's eye was opened by the finger of heaven, and the spiritual interior of the man was disclosed to me. I saw a sight which made me start back with horror, and recoil from the spectacle. A legion of evil spirits had taken possession of him, and seemed to vie with each other for the ownership of the interior man. The demons of pride, ambition, avarice, envy, and ingratitude, with many other fiends, seemed to be tenants in common within him. I was seized with such a terror at the sight of so many demons of peculiar hideousness, that, like Clarence in one of your Shakspeare's plays, (to which I refer because Mr. Charles Butler, of Lincoln's Inn, has lately discovered that Shakspeare was a good Catholic*) I was roused from my vision by its very

* The passage alluded to occurs in Mr. Butler's *Memoirs of the English Catholics.* The subject is curious enough to justify a quotation. After remarking that he had long entertained a suspicion that Shakspeare was a Roman Catholic, he adds—" Not one of his works contains the slightest reflection on popery, or any of its practices, or any eulogy on the Reformation. His panegyric on Queen Elizabeth is cautiously expressed, whilst Queen Catherine is placed in a state of veneration, and nothing can exceed the skill with which Griffith draws the panegyric of

horrors, and 'starting waked.' On opening my eyes I saw your letter before me, and perceived that my dream was a hint from above, that I should select the Doctor for the purposes of exorcism."

It is unnecessary to quote any more of the Prince's letter, which proceeded to order that the Doctor should be seized and carried down to Clongowes Wood, where, through his influence, the "legion of foul fiends" should undergo a process of expulsion. It also contained various directions for effecting the capture of the unhappy patient, and the conduct of the ceremony, which were punctually fulfilled, and will appear in the detail of the miraculous operation. The letter having been read, it was resolved that the project suggested by the Prince should be carried into immediate execution.

The first step was to seize the Doctor, and carry him, by a pious fraud, to Clongowes Wood. To this end four able-bodied lay-brothers were selected. They had formerly been in the service of Captain Rock, and had been recently converted from the ways of rapine and

Wolsey. The ecclesiastic is never presented by Shakspeare in a degrading point of view. The jolly monk, the irregular nun, never appear in his drama. Is it not natural to suppose that the topics on which, at that time, those who criminated popery loved so much to dwell, must have often solicited his notice, and invited him to employ his muse upon them, as subjects likely to engage the favourable attention both of the sovereign and the subject? Does not his abstinence from them justify a suspicion that a popish feeling withheld him from them? Milton made the Gunpowder Conspiracy the theme of a regular poem, Shakspeare is altogether silent on it."

In No. 248 of that valuable publication, *Notes and Queries*, these opinions of Mr. Butler have been lately controverted, and extracts are there given from Shakspeare's historical plays, from which conclusions in favour of his protestantism are ingeniously drawn.

sin. Having betaken themselves to devotion, they were admitted as members of the society, and it being a canon of our order that every man's genius should be permitted to take its natural bent amongst us, Father Kenny directed that they should be entrusted with the office of effecting the abduction of the Doctor.

I was chosen to command the party, and adopted the following expedient. I wrote to the unfortunate divine that I was a member of the Society of Jesuits, and was anxious to renounce the errors of the Romish church. I farther stated that his apprehensions of assassination were too well founded; and that, if he permitted me to wait upon him in the dusk of the evening, I would disclose a plot against his life, as diabolical as that which was directed against Lord Redesdale by the Papists, and of which his Lordship had communicated the fact, but not the particulars, to the House of Lords. I received an immediate answer, desiring me to wait upon him at eight o'clock. I did so, having stationed my four lay-brothers outside his door; and being conducted into the Doctor's study, was directed to wait his coming. A single taper was all the light there. On the table lay various tracts, in manuscript, in a forward state of preparation for the press. One was entitled "A vindication of Doctor —— against the charge of Ingratitude, addressed to Lord Plunket." Another, "Advice to Protestants to hire none but Orthodox Shoeboys and Anti-Papistical Ladies' Maids." A third, "The Wealth of the Irish Established Church in accordance with the principles of the Gospel."

After a few minutes, the Doctor entered with an eager and elastic step, and, laying aside his habitual

loftiness of demeanour to his inferiors, proceeded at once to state, that upon the succeeding Sunday my recantation should be publicly celebrated: observing that it was a great point to have secured a Jesuit in the New Reformation, as almost all the converts were of so low a description that it was impossible to conceal the substantial discredit which they reflected on the Establishment. He proceeded then to interrogate me respecting the plans of assassination, which had laid a great hold upon his imagination.

I told him, "that various schemes for taking him off had been devised at Clongowes Wood; that it was through the influence of the Jesuits that a noble Lord had put to him various questions respecting his former opinions on Catholic emancipation, and, from the effect which they were reported to have produced, it was considered surprising that he could have survived such formidable interrogatories: that an application had been made to Lord Plunket to reproach him with his ungrateful conduct, but that that nobleman disdained to charge him with a breach of obligation; that various means of assassination had been devised, but that they had been laid aside for a plan, upon the success of which great reliance was placed, namely, that of publishing a history of his early life, in order that the public might compare his present demeanour with his former condition of a spiritual upstart. I saw that this intimation worked upon him, and proceeded to tell him that the book was ready for publication at the "Register Office," and that, unless he took immediate steps to suppress it, it would appear the succeeding day. The Doctor, without waiting to put on his fire-shovel hat,

rushed out of the room into the street. I precipitated myself after him, and before he had gone five paces, my assistants, who lay in wait, seized and made him secure.

He had only time to exclaim with Scrub: "Murder! robbery! the Pope and the Jesuits!" when I advanced, and, in order to silence him, thrust the Athanasian Creed, of which I had a copy in my pocket, down his throat. A coach was waiting for us; we hurried him into it, and in a short time approached the lofty avenues of Clongowes Wood. He, being gagged with the Athanasian Creed, had not uttered a word; but when he perceived that we were entering the famous establishment of the Jesuits, he was thrown into terrible convulsions, and exhibited the paroxysms of demoniacal possession. He shortly after fell into a swoon, of which I was glad, as it rendered it easier to convey him to the Chapel, where the whole brotherhood of Loyola were assembled to receive us.

The carriage rolled rapidly along the lofty range of trees, which had been planted many years before by the former proprietor of Clongowes Wood, Mr. Wogan Brown, whose cypresses, of all his groves, are the only trees that now attend him. On reaching the castellated entrance of the College, we were received by Father Kenny, who, on observing the prize which we had secured, was too well habituated to the rules of his order to manifest any emotion; but looking into the carriage, where the Doctor still lay in a swoon, and holding a torch to his face, merely smiled, as the flashes flickered over the countenance of the pale and fallen champion of Protestant ascendancy. After gazing on

the patient, he directed that he should be conveyed, for the purposes of exorcism, to the Chapel.

The whole congregation, which not only consisted of the brethren of the society but of several visitors of distinction, who had been invited to witness the miracle, rose to receive us. The most prominent was Dr. Doyle. We slowly conveyed the possessed man to the steps of the altar, and placed him immediately under the statue of St. Ignatius, where he lay like Cæsar at Pompey's feet. No signs of returning animation appeared; but this is not uncommon among possessed persons, until the proper stimulants be applied. Father Kenny ascended the pulpit, and in a sermon, remarkable for ingenuity and erudition, expatiated on the power vested in the Church of expelling demons; and, independently of the authority of Prince Hohenloe, demonstrated that the conduct and character of the Doctor must be the result of possession.

"What," exclaimed the preacher, "but an occupation of his whole heart by the evil spirit of pride, can account for the excess of arrogance into which he has allowed himself to be carried? Who has ever seen him at the Castle—who has watched his haughty pontifical aspect, his conscious gesture, and his authoritative gait, as he paced through St. Patrick's Hall, and did not feel that the devil of pride had hold upon this overbearing and ambitious priest? Not contented with the opulence and honours already heaped upon him, he aims at still higher distinctions, and in his visionary aspirations beholds in perspective the throne of Becket, and the glimmering towers of Canterbury itself. To the same cause we must refer his haughty bearing,

which is without precedent, not only towards the laymen who hold an intercourse with him, but to the inferior clergy over whom he has any control.

It may, perhaps, be urged in answer to the suggestion that he is possessed by the devil of pride, that devils are not destitute of discretion. Thus, if a demon really influenced his conduct, he would not have made him appear in so ludicrous a light, as when he dressed himself in London in a purple surtout before certain of the great men of the realm: and acted such a part that he was threatened with a committal, from which nothing but the merciful suggestion of his unfortunate disorder could have saved him. But, although it must be owned that his conduct was preposterous, yet it must not be concluded that upon that account he could not have been under an infernal agency. It is well known that the Doctor was so discomfited that he was upon the point of doing himself bodily injury; from which it is, perhaps, reasonable to infer that the devil of pride made him demean himself in this wild fashion, in order that he might tempt him to commit suicide; but this he was probably prevented from effecting by the counteraction of another devil, namely, that of polemics, which, lest he should lose his chief instrument for throwing the country into commotion, reserved him for the composition of another incendiary antithesis.

"Who will for a moment question that this last-mentioned devil has possession of the Doctor's soul? Who has mainly contributed to inflame the passions of Catholics and Protestants?—The Doctor. Who has insulted the religion of the people, and wantonly cast

opprobrium upon the ancient and even now almost universal creed of Ireland?—The Doctor. Who has, from the seat of his ecclesiastical jurisdiction, hallooed on the Catholic priests and Protestant parsons to the combat?—The Doctor. Who has disturbed the peace of private life, made the religion of servants the test of their fidelity, and carried his conduct to such extremes as even to interfere with the rites of sepulture, and the graves of Roman Catholics, almost offering profanation to the newly dead?—Again I answer, the Doctor. And, let me add, that nothing, save the devil of polemics, could have prompted him to outrages upon which the very men who agree with him in his abstract principles cannot refrain from pronouncing their condemnation. But the two devils, the instances of whose influence I have enumerated, are not the only proprietors of this unfortunate man. The workings of the meanest of devils are manifest in his life. What but the agency of Mammon, could, in the midst of the recent public distress, have closed his hand and shut his heart to the cries and moans of the wretches who were suffering in fever and in famine around him?

In this strain Father Kenny continued for some time, when the college clock struck one, the hour appointed for the performance of the miracle, and, the preacher descending from the pulpit, advanced towards the unhappy possessed. He did not on this occasion employ the ordinary form of exorcism, but, having a turn for poetry, addressed the Doctor in rhyme, and began with the first of the seven deadly sins:—

"Fiend of pride, who deadliest art
Within the sacerdotal heart,

Come forth, and unto mortal eyes
Appear in such befitting guise
Of bird or emblematic beast,
As may express this haughty priest,
And his peculiar nature shew—
In the name of the holy Hohenloe!"

This rhythmical adjuration having been pronounced, the convulsions of the possessed man became terrific. He started upon his legs, and, after divers wild contortions, stood in a state of frightful catalepsy, with his eyes and mouth open, and his limbs rigid and distended. For some time the demon did not come forth; but the exorcism having been repeated, and a sop dipped in holy water having been applied, the possessed man threw up the Athanasian Creed, which had remained in his throat, covered with foam and froth of a poisonous quality; and immediately after a clap of thunder was heard, and the demon flew out of the doctor's mouth.

At first we were so terrified that we were unable to distinguish the shape and properties which Father Kenny had commanded the evil spirit to assume as symbolical of the character of pride by which the doctor was possessed. When we had recovered in some degree from our alarm, we saw the demon in the shape of an infernal bird perched upon the doctor's head; and we began to observe the type of the unhappy gentleman's mind, which the attributes of the demon were intended to convey. At first we could only perceive one half the form of the spectre, while a cloud of smoke was slowly dispersing from about it, and we remarked the head and wings of an eagle, which we considered as highly complimentary to the patient, and indeed an act of justice to him; but as the vapour

which shrouded the extremities rolled away, and the whole demon was disclosed, we observed a turkey-cock's tail expanded in ludicrous parade; and however awful the means by which the evil spirit had been ejected, yet the contrast which was exhibited between the two extremities of this fantastical apparition, and the strange and ostentatious movement of conceit which was observable in the demon's tail, produced a loud burst of merriment; which was, however, speedily silenced by the deep voice of the exorciser.

Father Kenny.

Say, Fiend of pride, infernal guest,
Late of the Doctor's soul possess'd,
Wherefore to our eyes of earth
Com'st thou in shape to raise our mirth,
At the awful hour of one o'clock,
With eagle head, and tail of turkey-cock?

Demon.

My eagle half proclaims the power
In intellectual heights to tower,
And shows the Doctor once did try
By noble means to rise on high;
But when he rose, a meaner pride
Within his bosom did preside,
And of his consequence the motion
You see express'd in the antic notion
With which the tail of a turkey-cock
The Doctor's dignity doth mock.

Father Kenny.

In the name of Hohenloe,
Ere back to Hell he let thee go,
I charge thee, Demon, tell me true
What thou hast made the Doctor do!

Demon.

I made him play a thousand pranks,
For which I well deserve the thanks
Of the Burgh May Association
On behalf of the Irish nation;
And hoped the Papists, in their mood
Of miscellaneous gratitude,
For all I have made the Doctor do,
Would have given the Devil his due.
'Twas I that turned the Doctor's head,
And into such vagaries led,
That, like a mad fantastic elf,
In purple he did dress himself;
When even the good Lord Liverpool
Took the great Doctor for a fool;
And Darnley whispered that his looks
Bespoke him fitter for St. Luke's.
Whene'er Lord Wellesley gave a feast,
'Twas I that made this vapouring priest
Hold forth in such conceited way,
And such unholy antics play,
That while he made "the angels weep,"
He set the ladies fast asleep,
And all the aide-de-camps cried out,
He put even Croker* to the rout.
But do not think me satisfied
With the mere ridicule of pride.
'Twas I that with my potent art
Did petrify the Doctor's heart.
The Gospel from his soul I wrung,
But left St. Paul upon his tongue:

* Mr. Secretary Croker dined not long ago at the Castle, and after monopolising the discourse, as is his wont, observed that the proper custody of the mail from Waterford to Dungarvon, was the only fit employment for the Government of Ireland. "The only fit employment for the Government of Ireland!" cried Lord Wellesley; "'sdeath, Sir, do you know (rising, and clapping his hand on his breast), do you know, Sir, that *I* am the Government of Ireland?"—A.

While of humility he talk'd,
In pride and arrogance he stalk'd;
And men cried as to church he strode,
"Behold the humble priest of God!"
And thus, through him, into derision
I have brought the Protestant religion;
For which I have laid the Popish nation
Under such mighty obligation,
That in the name of Hohenloe
In peace to Hell you should let me go.

Father Kenny admitted that the devil had presented a very just view of the doings into which he had led the doctor, and stated that he should only ask the fiend one question more, namely, what devil was most predominant after himself? To which the devil of pride replied, that the devil of covetousness held the next place. There was immediately a loud call for the exorcism of this devil, who was ordered to depart from the Doctor in an invocation which it is unnecessary to record. It was some time before Prince Hohenloe was obeyed; for this devil seemed to have gotten so firm a gripe of the Doctor's mind, that it appeared almost beyond the Prince's miraculous powers to turn him out.

At length, however, after repeated injunctions, the demon came forth in the midst of a mephitic stench, which well befitted the sordid nature of the vice that now appeared in the shape of an insect, half spider and half ant. The creature, after crawling out of the Doctor's mouth, crept into his bosom, where it burrowed in, and seemed still determined not to part. At length, however, it was forced by a new conjuration, to leave its hold; and we saw it creep up the fiend of pride, and fasten on its tail, where it remained concealed in the feathers; which we considered to be a

symbol of that alliance of parsimony and ostentation, which are not unfrequently found together. No questions were asked of the devil of covetousness.

Having thus expelled the devil of avarice, Father Kenny was proceeding to eject the devil of polemics, when it was suggested that Doctor Doyle was the best qualified theologian to perform this operation. Accordingly Father Kenny yielded his place to the Bachelor of Coimbra, and the Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns advanced to the office of exorcism. He did not, however, adopt the ordinary ritual of diabolical ejection; but in order to allure this devil out, who he knew was always prompt and willing to appear, he challenged him to a controversial disputation, respecting the comparative claims of the two rival religions, when instantly a direful hissing was heard, and the devil of polemics sprang from the Doctor into the midst of the fraternity.

The young Jesuits immediately assailed it, and the Reverend Mr. Esmonde laid his hand boldly upon the fiend, but the fierce adder turned upon him, and giving him a formidable sting, he was compelled to let him loose. The fiend went hissing in triumph round the Chapel, spitting its venom on the images of the saints and crucifixes, rearing itself aloft, and erecting itself upon its burnished spires. It must be owned that, however hateful from its venomous qualities, it was not destitute of beauty, and its brilliant skin and glossy scales were appropriately emblematic of the Doctor's intellectual qualifications. It was manifest that Doctor Doyle was the only divine competent to contend with this devil, and he was loudly called on to attack it.

The fiend, who did not at first appear to entertain any dread of the Carlow theologian, turned round, and seemed to collect and concentrate all its power to make a dreadful spring upon him; but Doctor Doyle subdued it with a single word. He merely articulated "plagiarism," and instantaneously the serpent shrunk back, and made an effort to escape; but Doctor Doyle set his foot upon its head, and, crushing it to the ground, commanded it to confess the misdeeds which it had caused the Doctor to perpetrate. The fiend, after twisting and contorting itself in vain, assumed a human voice, and answered :—

"I am the Devil of Polemics,
Who made the Doctor, for the heretics,
Ply tongue and pen in such a way,
That there has been the devil to pay;
Since with the rage of disputation
He hath driven mad one half the nation,
And all religions have gone amiss
Since he flung his fierce antithesis.

If discord rages through the land,
If controversy's furious band
From North to South, and East to West,
The country with their howls infest,
The Doctor has the fearful merit
Of having raised this frantic spirit,
That long hath set, and will for years
Still set the people by the ears.
Now, holy father, I entreat you,
Since I could never yet defeat you,
And since 'tis by opposing me,
You owe your fame in theology,
And if you lose an antagonist,
Your name in the papers will be miss'd—

I humbly pray you, I. K. L.,
Don't trample me too soon to Hell,
But long in Kildare-street let me dwell.
'Twould never answer me or you,
That neither should have aught to do."

"No!" exclaimed Doctor Doyle, "I will drive thee from the face of the country, and send thee for ever

'Down, down to Hell, and say I sent thee thither.'"

He was about to put his menace into execution, when there was a general remonstrance from the Jesuits, who felt the force of the devil's logic, and the cogency of his last argument. They perceived the near connexion between this devil's existence and their own, and interfered for his preservation, observing that there could not have been a more pernicious book than "Milner's End of Religious Controversy," if the contents had at all justified the title. The devil of polemics was in consequence permitted to escape. But the day began now to break, and the tapers with which the chapel was illumined "to pale their ineffectual ray." It was apprehended, that if all the devils by which the unfortunate Doctor was possessed, were driven out one by one, the operation would last a week.

To shorten the miracle, which was now becoming somewhat tedious, it was proposed by the Reverend Mr. Lestrange, who was anxious to be in Dublin at six o'clock, in order to give early mass to Counsellor O'Connell, that all the devils should be expelled at once. Father Kenny complied with this request, and with a loud voice commanded the whole legion to depart to the Red Sea. Whoever has seen the casting of the seventh bullet in Der Freischutz may form some

conception of the effects of this more summary exorcism. Successive claps of thunder shook the College of Clongowes to its foundations, and the whole Chapel was filled with the crowd of devils who had rushed from the Doctor. They were too numerous to be described. I should not, however, omit to mention one of them which was peculiarly hideous and emblematic.

This was the devil of ingratitude. It had the head of an unfledged pelican, (the bird that feeds upon its parent's blood), while the rest of the body was composed of a reptile that sought to hide itself in every corner: ingratitude, base as it is, having at least the merit of being ashamed of its own turpitude. (The Doctor denies his obligations to Lord Plunket). The whole of the infernal legion having been expelled from the possessed man, permission was given them to go their several ways, of which they immediately availed themselves; and the miracle was complete. The Doctor was raised from the ground, and having recovered from a swoon into which he had fallen, returned his thanks to Prince Hohenloe, and to the Jesuits, and expressed a desire to renounce the errors of Protestantism and become a member of the society. This proposition was acceded to; but, instead of entering the novitiate, as is the regular course, it was proposed that, for the benefit of religion, the Doctor should still continue ostensibly a member of the Established Church, and in the exercise of his ecclesiastical functions: for as nothing tended to bring Protestantism into greater disrepute in Ireland so much as his conduct, it was deemed advisable, that, with a view to aid the interests of Popery,

he should persevere in the same course; and, although in reality poor in spirit, and of an humble and truly Christian character of heart, he should appear to be insolent, avaricious, and overbearing.

It is almost unnecessary for me to mention that this suggestion was adopted, and that the Doctor still continues to render the same services to the Catholic religion.

IGNATIUS RABELAIS O'FLUMMERY.

THE CLARE ELECTION.*

[OCTOBER, 1828.]

PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

THE Catholics had passed a resolution, at one of their aggregate meetings, to oppose the election of every candidate who should not pledge himself against the Duke of Wellington's administration. This measure lay for some time a mere dead letter in the registry of the Association, and was gradually passing into oblivion, when an incident occurred which gave it an importance far greater than had originally belonged to it.

Lord John Russell, flushed with the victory which had been achieved in the repeal of the Test and Corpo-

* This memorable election, which exercised so important an influence upon the question of Catholic Emancipation, commenced on the 30th June, 1828. The circumstances that occasioned it are sufficiently detailed in Mr. Sheil's animated narrative. Mr. O'Connell went the daring length of affirming that he was not only eligible, as the law stood, but that, if returned, he could sit and vote without taking the oaths objected to by Roman Catholics; and this novel view of the law was supported by the opinion of an eminent legal authority in England, Mr. Charles Butler.

ration Acts, and grateful to the Duke of Wellington for the part which he had taken, wrote a letter to Mr. O'Connell, in which he suggested that the conduct of his Grace had been so fair and manly towards the Dissenters, as to entitle him to their gratitude; and that they would consider the reversal of the resolution which had been passed against his government, as evidence of the interest which was felt in Ireland, not only in the great question peculiarly applicable to that country, but in the assertion of religious freedom through the empire.

The authority of Lord John Russell is considerable, and Mr. O'Connell, under the influence of his advice, proposed that the anti-Wellington resolution should be withdrawn. This motion was violently opposed, and Mr. O'Connell perceived that the antipathy to the Great Captain was more deeply rooted than he had originally imagined. After a long and tempestuous debate, he suggested an amendment, in which the principle of his original motion was given up, and the Catholics remained pledged to their hostility to the Duke of Wellington's administration. Mr. O'Connell has reason to rejoice at his failure in carrying this proposition; for if he had succeeded, no ground for opposing the return of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald would have existed.

The promotion of that gentleman to a seat in the Cabinet created a vacancy in the representation of the County of Clare;* and an opportunity was afforded to

* Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald (afterwards Lord Fitzgerald and Vesci) was Paymaster of the Forces in the Goderich Ministry, and President of the Board of Trade in the Duke of Wellington's Administration of the same year. Mr. Fitzgerald succeeded Mr. Charles Grant, the present Lord Glenelg, on his retirement with Mr. Huskisson from the Wellington Cabinet

the Roman Catholic body of proving, that the resolution which had been passed against the Duke of Wellington's government was not an idle vaunt, but that it could be carried in a striking instance into effect. It was determined that all the power of the people should be put forth. The Association looked round for a candidate, and without having previously consulted him, nominated Major M'Namara. He is a Protestant in religion, a Catholic in politics, and a Milesian in descent. Although he is equally well known in Dublin and in Clare, his provincial is distinct from his metropolitan reputation. In Dublin he may be seen at half-past four o'clock, strolling, with a lounge of easy importance, towards Kildare-street Club-house, and dressed in exact imitation of the King; to whose royal whiskers the Major's are considered to bear a profusely powdered, and highly frizzed affinity. Not contented with this single point of resemblance, he has, by the entertainment of "a score or two of tailors," and the profound study of the regal fashions, achieved a complete look of Majesty; and by the turn of his coat, the dilation of his chest, and an aspect of egregious dignity, succeeded in producing in his person a very fine effigy of his sovereign.

With respect to his moral qualities, he belongs to the good old school of Irish gentlemen; and from the facility of his manners, and his graceful mode of arbitrating a difference, has acquired a very eminent character as "a friend." No man is better versed in the strategics of Irish honour. He chooses the ground with an O'Trigger eye, and by a glance over "the Fifteen Acres," is able to select, with an instantaneous accuracy, the finest position for the settlement of a

quarrel.* In his calculation of distances, he displays a peculiarly scientific genius; and, whether it be expedient to bring down your antagonist at a long shot, or at a more embarrassing interval of feet, you may be sure of the Major's loading to a grain.

In the county of Clare, he does not merely enact the part of a sovereign. He is the chief of the clan of the M'Namaras, and after rehearsing the royal character at Kildare-street, the moment he arrives on the coast of Clare, and visits the oyster-beds at Poldoody, becomes "every inch a king." He possesses great influence with the people, which is founded upon far better grounds than their hereditary reverence for the Milesian nobility of Ireland. He is a most excellent magistrate. If a gentleman should endeavour to crush a poor peasant, Major M'Namara is ready to protect him, not only with the powers of his office, but at the risk of his life. This creditable solicitude for the rights and the interests of the lower orders had rendered him most deservedly popular; and in naming him as their representative, the Association could not have made a more judicious choice. He was publicly called upon to stand. Some days elapsed and no answer was returned by the Major. The public mind was thrown into suspense, and various conjectures went abroad as to the cause of this singular omission. Some alleged that he was gone to an island off the coast of Clare, where the

* The "Fifteen Acres" is a portion of the Phœnix Park, and the "Champ-de-Mars" of Dublin, where the troops of the garrison are reviewed upon state occasions. When the duel was in fashion, the same ground corresponded to Chalk Farm in the neighbourhood of London. The farcical story of the Irish attorney challenging his opponent to "the Fifteen Acres, be the same more or less," is well known "omnibus lippis et tonsoribus."

proceedings of the Association had not reached him; while others suggested that he was only waiting until the clergy of the county should declare themselves more unequivocally favourable to him.

The Association were not, however, dismayed; and it having been conjectured that the chief reason for Major M'Namara having omitted to return an answer was connected with pecuniary considerations, it was decided that so large a sum as five thousand pounds of the Catholic rent should be allocated to the expenses of his election. Mr. O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. Steele were directed to proceed at once to Clare, in order that they might have a personal interview with him; and they immediately set off. After an absence of two days, Mr. O'Gorman Mahon returned, having left his colleague behind in order to arouse the people; and he at length conveyed certain intelligence with respect to the Major's determination. The obligations under which his family lay to Mr. Fitzgerald were such, that he was bound in honour not to oppose him. This information produced a feeling of deep disappointment among the Catholic body, while the Protestant party exulted in his apparent desertion of the cause, and boasted that no gentleman of the county would stoop so low as to accept of the patronage of the Association. In this emergency, and when it was universally regarded as an utterly hopeless attempt to oppose the Cabinet Minister, the public were astonished by an address from Mr. O'Connell to the freeholders of Clare, in which he offered himself as a candidate, and solicited their support.

Nothing but his subsequent success could exceed the sensation which was produced by this address, and all

eyes were turned towards the field in which so remarkable a contest was to be waged. The two candidates entered the lists with signal advantages upon both sides. Mr. O'Connell had an unparalleled popularity, which the services of thirty years had secured to him. Upon the other hand, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald presented a combination of favourable circumstances, which rendered the issue exceedingly difficult to calculate. His father had held the office of Prime Sergeant at the Irish Bar; and, although indebted to the Government for his promotion, had the virtuous intrepidity to vote against the Union. This example of independence had rendered him a great favourite with the people. From the moment that his son had obtained access to power, he had employed his extensive influence in doing acts of kindness to the gentry of the county of Clare. He had inundated it with the overflowings of ministerial bounty. The eldest sons of the poorer gentlemen, and the younger branches of the aristocracy, had been provided for through his means; and in the army, the navy, the treasury, the Four Courts, and the Custom House, the proofs of his political friendship were everywhere to be found.

Independently of any act of his which could be referred to his personal interest, and his anxiety to keep up his influence in the county, Mr. Fitzgerald, who is a man of a very amiable disposition, had conferred many services upon his Clare acquaintances. Nor was it to Protestants that these manifestations of favour were confined. He had laid not only the Catholic proprietors, but the Catholic priesthood, under obligation. The Bishop of the diocese himself, (a respectable old gentleman who drives about in a gig with a mitre upon it,) is

supposed not to have escaped from his bounties; and it is more than insinuated that some droppings of ministerial manna had fallen upon him. The consequence of this systematized and uniform plan of benefaction is obvious. The sense of obligation was heightened by the manners of this extensive distributor of the favours of the Crown, and converted the ordinary feeling of thankfulness into one of personal regard.

To this array of very favourable circumstances, Mr. Fitzgerald brought the additional influence which arose from his recent promotion to the Cabinet; which, to those who had former benefits to return, afforded an opportunity for the exercise of that kind of prospective gratitude which has been described to consist of a lively sense of services to come. These were the comparative advantages with which the ministerial and the popular candidate engaged in this celebrated contest; and Ireland stood by to witness the encounter.

Mr. O'Connell did not immediately set off from Dublin, but before his departure several gentlemen were despatched from the Association in order to excite the minds of the people, and to prepare the way for him. The most active and useful of the persons who were employed upon this occasion, were the two gentlemen to whom I have already referred, Mr. Steele and Mr. O'Gorman. They are both deserving of special commendation.

The former is a Protestant of a respectable fortune in the county of Clare, and who has all his life been devoted to the assertion of liberal principles. In Trinity College, he was amongst the foremost of the advocates of emancipation, and at that early period became the intimate associate of many Roman Catholic gentlemen

who have since distinguished themselves in the proceedings of their body. Being a man of independent circumstances, Mr. Steele did not devote himself to any profession, and having a zealous and active mind, he looked round for occupation. The Spanish war afforded him a field for the display of that generous enthusiasm by which he is distinguished. He joined the patriot army, and fought with a desperate valour upon the batteries of the Trocadero. It was only when Cadiz had surrendered, and the cause of Spain became utterly hopeless, that Mr. Steele relinquished this noble undertaking. He returned to England, surrounded by exiles from the unfortunate country for the liberation of which he had repeatedly exposed his life. It was impossible for a man of so much energy of character to remain in torpor; and on his arrival in Ireland, faithful to the principles by which he had been uniformly swayed, he joined the Catholic Association.

There he delivered several powerful and enthusiastic declamations in favour of religious liberty. Such a man, however, was fitted for action as well as for harangue; and the moment the contest in Clare began, he threw himself into the combat with the same alacrity with which he had rushed upon the French bayonets at Cadiz. He was serviceable in various ways. He opened the political campaign by intimating his readiness to fight any landlord who should conceive himself to be aggrieved by an interference with his tenants. This was a very impressive exordium. He then proceeded to canvass for votes; and, assisted by his intimate friend Mr. O'Gorman Mahon, travelled through the country, and, both by day and night, addressed the people from the altars round which they were assembled

to hear him. It is no exaggeration to say, that to him, and to his intrepid and indefatigable confederate, the success of Mr. O'Connell is greatly to be ascribed.

Mr. O'Gorman Mahon is introduced into this article as one amongst many figures. He would deserve to stand apart in a portrait. Nature has been peculiarly favourable to him. He has a very striking physiognomy, of the Corsair character, which the Protestant Gulnares, and the Catholic Medoras, find it equally difficult to resist. His figure is tall, and he is peculiarly free and *degagé* in all his attitudes and movements. In any other man his attire would appear singularly fantastical. His manners are exceedingly frank and natural, and have a character of kindliness as well as of self-reliance imprinted upon them. He is wholly free from embarrassment and *mauvaise honte*, and carries a well-founded consciousness of his personal merit; which is, however, so well united with urbanity, that it is not in the slightest degree offensive. His talents as a popular speaker are considerable. He derives from external qualifications an influence over the multitude, which men of diminutive stature are somewhat slow of obtaining. A little man is at first view regarded by the great body of spectators with disrelish; and it is only by force of phrase, and by the charm of speech, that he can at length succeed in inducing his auditors to overlook any infelicity of configuration; but when O'Gorman Mahon throws himself out before the people, and, touching his whiskers with one hand, brandishes the other, an enthusiasm is at once produced, to which the fair portion of the spectators lend their tender contribution. Such a man was exactly adapted to the excitement of the people of

Clare; and it must be admitted that, by his indefatigable exertions, his unremitting activity, and his devoted zeal, he most materially assisted in the election of Mr. O'Connell.

While Mr. Steele and Mr. O'Gorman Mahon harangued the people in one district, Mr. Lawless, who was also despatched upon a similar mission, applied his faculties of excitation in another. This gentleman has obtained deserved celebrity by his being almost the only individual among the Irish deputies who remonstrated against the sacrifice of the rights of the forty-shilling freeholders. Ever since that period he has been eminently popular; and although he may occasionally, by ebullitions of ill-regulated but generous enthusiasm, create a little merriment amongst those whose minds are not as susceptible of patriotic and disinterested emotion of his own, yet the conviction which is entertained of his honesty of purpose, confers upon him a considerable influence. "Honest Jack Lawless" is the designation by which he has been known since the "wings" were in discussion. He has many distinguished qualifications as a public speaker. His voice is deep, round, and mellow, and is diversified by a great variety of rich and harmonious intonation. His action is exceedingly graceful and appropriate: he has a good figure, which, by a purposed swell and dilation of the shoulders, and an elaborate erectness, he turns to good account; and by dint of an easy fluency of good diction, a solemn visage, an aquiline nose of no vulgar dimension, eyes glaring underneath a shaggy brow with a certain fierceness of emotion, a quizzing-glass, which is gracefully dangled in any pauses of thought or suspensions of utterance, and, above all, by

a certain attitude of dignity, which he assumes in the crisis of eloquence, accompanied with a flinging back of his coat, which sets his periods beautifully off, "Honest Jack" has become one of the most popular and efficient speakers at the Association.

Shortly after Mr. Lawless had been despatched, a great reinforcement to the oratorical corps was sent down in the person of the celebrated Father Maguire, or, as he is habitually designated, "Father Tom." This gentleman had been for some time a parish priest in the county of Leitrim. He lived in a remote parish, where his talents were unappreciated. Some accident brought Mr. Pope, the itinerant controversialist, into contact with him. A challenge to defend the doctrines of his religion was tendered by the wandering disputant to the priest, and the latter at once accepted it. Maguire had given no previous proof of his abilities, and the Catholic body regretted the encounter. The parties met in this strange duel of theology. The interest created by their encounter was prodigious. Not only the room where their debates were carried on was crowded, but the whole of Sackville-street, where it was situated, was thronged with population. Pope brought to the combat great fluency, and a powerful declamation. Maguire was a master of scholastic logic. After several days of controversy, Pope was overthrown, and "Father Tom," as the champion of orthodoxy, became the object of popular adoration.

A base conspiracy was got up to destroy his moral character, and by its failure raised him in the affection of the multitude.* He had been under great obligations

* The conspiracy, if such it was, took the shape of an action for seduction. The lady was examined on the trial, and swore that the

to Mr. O'Connell, for his exertions upon his trial; and from a just sentiment of gratitude, he tendered his services in Clare. His name alone was of great value; and when his coming was announced, the people everywhere rushed forward to hail the great vindicator of the national religion. He threw fresh ingredients into the caldron,* and contributed to impart to the contest that strong religious character which it is not the fault of the Association, but of the Government, that every contest of the kind must assume.

"Father Tom" was employed upon a remarkable exploit. Mr. Augustine Butler, the lineal descendant of the famous Sir Toby Butler, is a proprietor in Clare: he is a liberal Protestant, but supported Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. "Father Tom" proceeded from the town of Ennis to the country chapel where Mr. Butler's freeholders were assembled, in order to address them; and Mr. Butler, with an intrepidity which did him credit, went forward to meet him. It was a singular encounter in the house of God. The Protestant landlord called upon his freeholders not to desert him. "Father Tom" rose to address them in behalf of Mr. O'Connell. He is not greatly gifted with a command of decorated phraseology; but he is master of vigorous language, and has a power of strong and simple reasoning, which is equally intelligible to all classes. He employs the

reverend defendant triumphed over her virtue by a promise of marriage, to be fulfilled on his becoming a Protestant clergyman! The jury was incredulous, and acquitted Mr. Maguire.

* The "bowl" would have been a more appropriate image, for Mr. Maguire was noted for his conviviality, and as celebrated for his punch as for his polemics. Perhaps, like the parson, in the history of Jonathan Wild the Great, it was "a liquor he the rather preferred, as it is nowhere spoken against in scripture."

syllogism of the schools as his chief weapon in argument; but uses it with such dexterity, that his auditors of the humblest class can follow him without being aware of the technical expedient of logic by which he masters the understanding.

His manner is peculiar: it is not flowery, nor declamatory, but is short, somewhat abrupt, and, to use the French phrase, is *tranchant*. His countenance is adapted to his mind, and is expressive of the reasoning and controversial faculties. A quick blue eye, a nose slightly turned up, and formed for the tossing off of an argument, a strong brow, a complexion of mountain ruddiness, and thick lips, which are better formed for rude disdain than for polished sarcasm, are his characteristics. He assailed Mr. Butler with all his powers, and overthrew him. The topic to which he addressed himself, was one which was not only calculated to move the tenants of Mr. Butler, but to stir Mr. Butler himself. He appealed to the memory of his celebrated Catholic ancestor, of which Mr. Butler is justly proud. He stated, that what Sir Toby Butler had been, Mr. O'Connell was; and he conjured him not to stand up in opposition to an individual whom he was bound to sustain by a sort of hereditary obligation.* His appeal carried the freeholders away, and one hundred and fifty votes were secured to Mr. O'Connell. Mr. Maguire was seconded in this achievement by Mr. Dominick Ronayne, a barrister of the Association, of considerable talents, and who not only speaks the English language with eloquence, but is master of the

* See the paper on *The Catholic Bar*, where the author has collected some very interesting particulars respecting a man who took a very distinguished part in Irish affairs, before and after the Revolution of 1688.

Irish tongue; and, throwing an educated mind into the powerful idiom of the country, wrought with uncommon power upon the passions of the people.

Mr. Sheil was employed as counsel for Mr. O'Connell before the assessor; but proceeded to the county of Clare the day before the election commenced. On his arrival, he understood that an exertion was required in the parish of Corofin, which is situate upon the estate of Sir Edward O'Brien, who had given all his interest to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. Sir Edward is the most opulent resident landlord in the county. In the parish of Corofin he had no less than three hundred votes; and it was supposed that his freeholders would go with him. Mr. Sheil determined to assail him in the citadel of his strength, and proceeded upon the Sunday before the poll commenced to the chapel of Corofin. Sir Edward O'Brien having learned that this agitator intended this trespass upon his authority, resolved to anticipate him, and set off in an equipage, drawn by four horses, to the mountains in which Corofin is situated.

The whole population came down from their residences in the rocks, which are in the vicinity of the town of Ennis, and advanced in large bands, waving green boughs, and preceded by fifes and pipers, upon the road. Their landlord was met by them on his way. They passed him by in silence, while they hailed the demagogue with shouts, and attended him in triumph to the chapel. Sir Edward O'Brien lost his resolution at this spectacle; and feeling that he could have no influence in such a state of excitation, instead of going to the house of Catholic worship, proceeded to the church of Corofin. He left his carriage exactly opposite

the doors of the chapel, which is immediately contiguous, and thus reminded the people of his Protestantism by a circumstance of which, of course, advantage was instantaneously taken.

Mr. Sheil arrived with a vast multitude of attendants at the chapel, which was crowded with people, who had flocked from all quarters;—there a singular scene took place. Father Murphy, the parish priest, came to the entrance of the chapel dressed in his surplice. As he came forth, the multitude fell back at his command, and arranged themselves on either side, so as to form a lane for the reception of the agitator. Deep silence was imposed upon the people by the priest, who had a voice like subterraneous thunder, and appeared to hold them in absolute dominion. When Mr. Sheil had reached the threshold of the chapel, Father Murphy stretched forth his hand, and welcomed him to the performance of the good work. The figure and attitude of the priest were remarkable. My English reader draws his ordinary notion of a Catholic clergyman from the caricatures which are contained in novels, or represented in farces upon the stage; but the Irish priest, who has lately become a politician and a scholar, has not a touch of Foigardism about him;* and an artist would have found in Father Murphy rather a study for the enthusiastic Macbriar, who is so powerfully delineated in "Old Mortality," than a realization of the familiar notions of a clergyman of the Church of Rome.

As he stood surrounded by a dense multitude, whom he had hushed into profound silence, he presented a

* From Foigard, the sycophantic Irish priest in Farquhar's comedy of *The Beaux Stratagem*.

most imposing object. His form is tall, slender, and emaciated; but was enveloped in his long robes, that gave him a peculiarly sacerdotal aspect. The hand which he stretched forth was ample, but worn to a skinny meagritude and pallor. His face was long, sunken, and cadaverous, but was illuminated by eyes blazing with all the fire of genius, the enthusiasm of religion, and the devotedness of patriotism. His lank black hair fell down his temples, and eyebrows of the same colour stretched in thick straight lines along a lofty forehead, and threw over the whole countenance a deep shadow. The sun was shining with brilliancy, and rendered his figure, attired as it was in white garments, more conspicuous. The scenery about him was in harmony;—it was wild and desolate, and crags, with scarce a blade of verdure shooting through their crevices, rose everywhere around him. The interior of the chapel, at the entrance of which he stood, was visible. It was a large pile of building, consisting of bare walls, rudely thrown up, with a floor of clay, and at the extremity stood an altar made of a few boards clumsily put together.

It was on the threshold of this mountain temple that the envoy of the Association was hailed with a solemn greeting. The priest proceeded to the altar, and commanded the people to abstain, during the divine ceremony, from all political thinking or occupation. He recited the mass with great fervency and simplicity of manner, and with all the evidences of unaffected piety. However familiar from daily repetition with the ritual, he pronounced it with a just emphasis, and went through the various forms which are incidental to it with singular propriety and grace. The people were

deeply attentive, and it was observable that most of them could read; for they had prayer-books in their hands, which they read with a quiet devotion. Mass being finished, Father Murphy threw his vestments off, and without laying down the priest, assumed the politician. He addressed the people in Irish, and called upon them to vote for O'Connell in the name of their country and of their religion.

It was a most extraordinary and powerful display of the externals of eloquence; and as far as a person unacquainted with the language could form an estimate of the matter by the effects produced upon the auditory, it must have been pregnant with genuine oratory. It will be supposed that this singular priest addressed his parishioners in tones and gestures as rude as the wild dialect to which he was giving utterance. His action and attitudes were as graceful as an accomplished actor could use in delivering the speech of Antony, and his intonations were soft, pathetic, denunciatory, and conjuring, according as his theme varied, and as he had recourse to different expedients to influence the people. The general character of this strange harangue was impassioned and solemn, but he occasionally had recourse to ridicule, and his countenance at once adapted itself with a happy readiness to derision. The finest spirit of sarcasm gleamed over his features, and shouts of laughter attended his description of a miserable Catholic who should prove recreant to the great cause, by making a sacrifice of his country to his landlord.

The close of his speech was peculiarly effective. He became inflamed by the power of his emotions, and while he raised himself into the loftiest attitude to which he could ascend, he laid one hand on the altar, and

shook the other in the spirit of almost prophetic admonition, and as his eyes blazed and seemed to start from his forehead, thick drops fell down his face, and his voice rolled through lips livid with passion and covered with foam. It is almost unnecessary to say that such an appeal was irresistible. The multitude burst into shouts of acclamation, and would have been ready to mount a battery roaring with cannon at his command. Two days after the results were felt at the hustings; and while Sir Edward O'Brien stood aghast, Father Murphy marched into Ennis at the head of his tenantry, and polled them to a man in favour of Daniel O'Connell. But I am anticipating.

The notion which had gone abroad in Dublin that the priests were lukewarm, was utterly unfounded. With the exception of Dean O'Shaughnessy, who is a relative of Mr. Fitzgerald (and for whom there is perhaps much excuse), and a Father Coffey, who has since been deserted by his congregation, and is paid his dues in bad halfpence, there was scarcely a clergyman in the county who did not use his utmost influence over the peasantry. On the day on which Mr. O'Connell arrived, you met a priest in every street, who assured you that the battle should be won, and pledged himself that "the man of the people" should be returned. "The man of the people" arrived in the midst of the loudest acclamations. Near thirty thousand people were crowded into the streets of Ennis, and were unceasing in their shouts. Banners were suspended from every window, and women of great beauty were everywhere seen waving handkerchiefs with the figure of the patriot stamped upon them. Processions of freeholders, with their parish priests at their heads, were marching like

troops to different quarters of the city; and it was remarkable that not a single individual was intoxicated. The most perfect order and regularity prevailed; and the large bodies of police which had been collected in the town stood without occupation. These were evidences of organization, from which it was easy to form a conjecture as to the result.

THE CLARE ELECTION.

THE COURT-HOUSE AND THE POLL.

[OCTOBER, 1828.]

THE election opened, and the court-house in which the Sheriff read the writ, presented a very new and striking scene. On the left-hand of the Sheriff stood a Cabinet-minister, attended by the whole body of the aristocracy of the county of Clare. Their appearance indicated at once their superior rank and their profound mortification. An expression of bitterness and of wounded pride was stamped in various modifications of resentment upon their countenances; while others, who were in the interest of Mr. Fitzgerald, and who were small Protestant proprietors, affected to look big and important, and swelled themselves into gentry upon the credit of voting for the minister.

On the right hand of the Sheriff stood Mr. O'Connell, with scarcely a single gentleman by his side; for most even of the Catholic proprietors had abandoned him and joined the ministerial candidate. But the body of the court presented the power of Mr. O'Connell in a mass of determined peasants, amongst whom black coats and sarcerdotal visages were seen felicitously

intermixed, outside the balustrade of the gallery on the left hand of the Sheriff. Before the business began, a gentleman was observed on whom every eye was turned. He had indeed chosen a most singular position; for instead of sitting like the other auditors on the seats in the gallery, he leaped over it, and, suspending himself above the crowd, afforded what was an object of wonder to the great body of the spectators, and of indignation to the High-Sheriff.

The attire of the individual who was thus perched in this dangerous position was sufficiently strange. He had a coat of Irish tabinet, with glossy trowsers of the same national material; he wore no waistcoat; a blue shirt lined with streaks of white was open at his neck, in which the strength of Hercules and the symmetry of Antinous, were combined; a broad green sash, with a medal of "the Order of Liberators" at the end of it, hung conspicuously over his breast; and a profusion of black curls, curiously festooned about his temples, shadowed a very handsome and expressive countenance, a great part of which was occupied by whiskers of a bushy amplitude. "Who, Sir, are you?" exclaimed the High-Sheriff, in a tone of imperious melancholy, which he had acquired at Canton, where he had long resided in the service of the East India Company. But I must pause here, and even at the hazard of breaking the regular thread of the narration, I cannot resist the temptation of describing the High-Sheriff.

When he stood up with his wand of office in his hand, the contrast between him and the aerial gentleman whom he was addressing, was to the highest degree ludicrous. Of the latter some conception has already been given. He looked a chivalrous dandy,

who, under the most fantastic apparel, carried the spirit and intrepidity of an exceedingly fine fellow. Mr. High-Sheriff had, at an early period of his life, left his native county of Clare, and had migrated to China, where, if I may judge from his manners and demeanour, he must have been in immediate communication with a Mandarin of the first class, and made a Chinese functionary his favourite model. I should conjecture that he must long have presided over the packing of Bohea, and that some tincture of that agreeable vegetable had been infused into his complexion. An Oriental sedateness and gravity are spread over a countenance upon which a smile seldom presumes to trespass. He gives utterance to intonations which were originally contracted in the East, but have been since melodized by his religious habits into a puritanical chant in Ireland. The Chinese language is monosyllabic, and the Sheriff has extended its character to the English tongue; for he breaks all his words into separate and elaborate divisions, to each of which he bestows a due quantity of deliberate intonation. Upon arriving in Ireland, he addicted himself to godliness, having previously made great gains in China, and he has so contrived as to impart the cadences of Wesley to the pronunciation of Confucius.

Such was the aspect of the great public functionary, who, rising with a peculiar magisteriality of altitude and stretching forth the emblem of his power, inquired of the gentleman who was suspended from the gallery who he was.—"My name is O'Gorman Mahon," was the reply, delivered with a firmness which clearly showed that the person who had conveyed this piece of intelligence thought very little of a High-Sheriff, and a

great deal of O'Gorman Mahon. The Sheriff had been offended by the general appearance of Mr. Mahon, who had distracted the public attention from his own contemplation; but he was particularly irritated by observing the insurgent symbol of "the Order of Liberators" dangling at his breast. "I tell that gentleman," said the Sheriff, "to take off that badge." There was a moment's pause, and then the following answer was slowly and articulately pronounced:—"This gentleman (laying his hand on his breast) tells that gentleman (pointing with the other to the Sheriff), that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman, or any other gentleman, while he has got the arm of a gentleman to protect him."

This extraordinary sentence was followed by a loud burst of applause from all parts of the court-house. The High-Sheriff looked aghast. The expression of self-satisfaction and magisterial complacency passed off from his visage, and he looked utterly blank and dejected. After an interval of irresolution, down he sat. "The soul" of O'Gorman Mahon (to use Curran's expression) "walked forth in its own majesty;" he looked "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." The medal of "the Order of Liberators" was pressed to his heart. O'Connell surveyed him with gratitude and admiration; and the first blow was struck, which sent dismay into the heart of the party of which the Sheriff was considered to be an adherent.

This was the opening incident of this novel drama. When the sensation which it had created had in some degree subsided, the business of the day went on. Sir Edward O'Brien proposed Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald as a

proper person to serve in Parliament. Sir Edward had upon former occasions been the vehement antagonist of Mr. Fitzgerald, and in one instance a regular battle had been fought between the tenantry of both parties. It was supposed that this feud had left some acrimonious feelings which were not quite extinct behind, and many conjectured that the zeal of Sir Edward in favour of his competitor was a little feigned. This notion was confirmed by the circumstance that Sir Edward O'Brien's son (the member for Ennis) had subscribed to the Catholic Rent, was a member of the Association, and had recently made a vigorous speech in Parliament in defence of that body.* It is, however, probable that the feudal pride of Sir Edward O'Brien, which was deeply mortified by the defection of his vassals, absorbed every other feeling, and that, however indifferent he might have been on Mr. Fitzgerald's account, yet that he was exceedingly irritated upon his own. He appeared at least to be profoundly moved, and had not spoken above a few minutes when tears fell from his eyes.

He has a strong Irish character impressed upon him. It is said that he is lineally descended from the Irish emperor, Brian-Borue; and indeed he has some resemblance to the sign-post at a tavern near Clontarf, in which the image of that celebrated monarch is represented. He is squat, bluff, and impassioned. An expression of good nature, rather than of good humour, is mixed up with a certain rough consciousness of his own dignity, which in his most familiar moments he never lays aside; for the Milesian predominates in his demeanour, and his royal recollections wait perpetually

* Mr. William Smith O'Brien, second son of Sir Edward.

upon him. He is a great favourite with the people, who are attached to the descendants of the ancient indigenous families of the country, and who see in Sir Edward O'Brien a good landlord, as well as the representative of Brian Boruc.

I was not a little astonished at seeing him weep upon the hustings. It was, however, observed to me, that he is given to the "melting mood," although his tears do not fall like the gum of "the Arabian tree." In the House of Commons he once produced a great effect by bursting into tears, while he described the misery of the people of Clare, although at the same time, his granaries were full. It was said that his hustings pathos was of the same quality, and arose from the peculiar susceptibility of the lacrymatory nerves, and not from any very nice fibres about the heart; still I am convinced that his emotion was genuine, and that he was profoundly touched.* He complained that he had been deserted by his tenants, although he had deserved well at their hands; and exclaimed that the country was not one fit for a gentleman to reside in, when property lost all its influence, and things were brought to such a pass. The motion was seconded by Sir A. Fitzgerald in a few words. Mr. Gore, a gentleman of very large estate, took occasion to deliver his opinions in favour of Mr. Fitzgerald; and Mr. O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. Steele proposed Mr. O'Connell.

It then fell to the rival candidates to speak, and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, having been first put in nomination, first addressed the freeholders. He seemed to me to

* Old Campion, in his *Historie of Ireland*, mentions an ancient proverbial expression "*to weepe Irish.*" See the first book of his history, the chapter on "The dispositions of the people."

be about five-and-forty years of age, his hair being slightly marked with a little edging of scarcely perceptible silver, but the care with which it was distributed and arranged, showed that the cabinet minister had not yet entirely dismissed his Lothario recollections. I had heard, before I had even seen Mr. Fitzgerald, that he was in great favour with the Calistas at Almack's; and I was not surprised at it, on a minute inspection of his aspect and deportment. It is not that he is a handsome man, (though he is far from being the reverse), but that there is an air of blended sweetness and assurance, of easy intrepidity and gentle gracefulness about him, which are considered to be eminently winning. His countenance, though too fully circular, and a little tinctured with vermilion, is agreeable. The eyes are of a bright hazel, and have an expression of ever earnest frankness, which an acute observer might suspect, while his mouth is full of a strenuous solicitude to please.

The moment he rose, I perceived that he was an accomplished gentleman: and when I had heard him utter a few sentences, I was satisfied that he was a most accomplished speaker. He delivered one of the most effective and dexterous speeches which it has ever been my good fortune to hear. There were evident marks of deep pain and of fear to be traced in his features, which were not free from the haggardness of many an anxious vigil; but though he was manifestly mortified in the extreme, he studiously refrained from all exasperating sentiment or expression. He spoke at first with a graceful melancholy, rather than a tone of impassioned adjuration. He intimated that it was rather a measure of rigorous if not unjustifiable policy, to display the

power of the Association in throwing an individual out of Parliament who had been the warm and uniform advocate of the Catholic cause during his whole political life. He enumerated the instances in which he had exerted himself in behalf of that body which were now dealing with him with such severity, and referred to his services with regard to the College of Maynooth.

The part of his speech which was most powerful, related to his father. The latter had opposed the Union, and had many claims upon the national gratitude.* The topic was one which required to be most delicately touched, and no orator could treat it with a more exquisite nicety than Mr. Fitzgerald. He became, as he advanced, and the recollection of his father pressed itself more immediately upon his mind, more impassioned. At the moment he was speaking, his father, to whom he is most tenderly attached, and by whom he is most beloved, was lying upon a bed from whence it was believed that he would never rise, and efforts had been made to conceal from the old man the contest in which his son was involved. It is impossible to mistake genuine grief, and when Mr. Fitzgerald paused for an instant, and turning away, wiped off the tears that came streaming from his eyes, he won the sympathies of every one about him. There were few who did not give the same evidence of emotion; and when he sat down, although the great majority of the audience were strongly opposed to him, and were

* The father of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald was the Right Honourable James Fitzgerald, who in 1799 threw up his office of Prime Serjeant, in order to oppose the measure of the Legislative Union—an act of patriotism and self-devotion which justly entitled him to the respect and gratitude of Irishmen.

enthusiasts in favour of the rival candidate, a loud and unanimous burst of acclamation shook the Court-house.

Mr. O'Connell rose to address the people in reply. It was manifest that he considered a great exertion to be requisite in order to do away the impression which his antagonist had produced. It was clear that he was collecting all his might, to those who were acquainted with the workings of his physiognomy. Mr. O'Connell bore Mr. Fitzgerald no sort of personal aversion, but he determined, in this exigency, to have little mercy on his feelings, and to employ all the power of vituperation of which he was possessed, against him. This was absolutely necessary; for if mere dexterous fencing had been resorted to by Mr. O'Connell, many might have gone away with the opinion that, after all, Mr. Fitzgerald had been thanklessly treated by the Catholic body. It was therefore disagreeably requisite to render him, for the moment, odious.

Mr. O'Connell began by awakening the passions of the multitude in an attack on Mr. Fitzgerald's allies. Mr. Gore had lauded him highly. This Mr. Gore is of Cromwellian descent, and the people detest the memory of the Protector to this day. There is a tradition (I know not whether it has the least foundation) that the ancestor of this gentleman's family was a nailer by trade in the Puritan army. Mr. O'Connell, without any direct reference to the fact, used a set of metaphors, such as "striking the nail on the head,"— "putting a nail into a coffin," which at once recalled the associations which were attached to the name of Mr. Gore; and roars of laughter assailed that gentleman on every side. Mr. Gore has the character of being not only very opulent, but of bearing a regard

to his possessions proportioned to their extent. Nothing is so unpopular as prudence in Ireland; and Mr. O'Connell rallied Mr. Gore to such a point upon this head, and that of his supposed origin, that the latter completely sunk under the attack. He next proceeded to Mr. Fitzgerald, and, having drawn a picture of the late Mr. Perceval, he turned round and asked of the rival candidate, with what face he could call himself their friend, when the first act of his political life was to enlist himself under the banners of "the bloody Perceval." This epithet (whether it be well or ill deserved is not the question) was sent into the hearts of the people with a force of expression, and a furious vehemence of voice, that created a great sensation amongst the crowd, and turned the tide against Mr. Fitzgerald. "This too," said Mr. O'Connell, "is the friend of Peel,—the bloody Perceval, and the candid and manly Mr. Peel,—and he is our friend! and he is everybody's friend! The friend of the Catholic was the friend of the bloody Perceval, and is the friend of the candid and manly Mr. Peel!"

It is unnecessary to go through Mr. O'Connell's speech. It was stamped with all his powerful characteristics, and galled Mr. Fitzgerald to the core. That gentleman frequently muttered an interrogatory, "Is this fair?" when Mr. O'Connell was using some legitimate sophistication against him. He seemed particularly offended when his adversary said, "I never shed tears in public," which was intended as a mockery of Mr. Fitzgerald's references to his father. It will be thought by some sensitive persons that Mr. O'Connell was not quite warranted in this harsh dealing, but he had no alternative. Mr. Fitzgerald had made a very

powerful speech, and the effect was to be got rid of. In such a warfare a man must not pause in the selection of his weapons, and Mr. O'Connell is not the man to hesitate in the use of the rhetorical sabre.

Nothing of any peculiar interest occurred after Mr. O'Connell's speech upon the first day. On the second the polling commenced; and on that day, in consequence of an expedient adopted by Mr. Fitzgerald's committee, the parties were nearly equal. A Catholic freeholder cannot, in strictness, vote at an election without making a certain declaration upon oath respecting his religious opinions, and obtaining a certificate of his having done so from a magistrate. It is usual for candidates to agree to dispense with the necessity of taking this oath. It was, however, of importance to Mr. Fitzgerald to delay the election; and with that view his committee required that the declaration should be taken. Mr. O'Connell's committee were unprepared for this form, and it was with the utmost difficulty that magistrates could be procured to attend to receive the oath. It was therefore impossible, on the first day, for Mr. O'Connell to bring his forces into the field, and thus the parties appeared nearly equal. To those who did not know the real cause of this circumstance, it appeared ominous, and the O'Connellites looked sufficiently blank; but the next day everything was remedied.

The freeholders were sworn *en masse*. They were brought into a yard inclosed within four walls. Twenty-five were placed against each wall, and they simultaneously repeated the oath When one batch of swearers had been disposed of, the person who administered the declaration, turned to the adjoining division,

and despatched them. Thus he went through the quadrangle, and in the course of a few minutes was able to discharge one hundred patriots upon Mr. Fitzgerald. It may be said that an oath ought to be more solemnly administered. In reply, it is only necessary to observe, that the declaration in question related principally to "the Pretender," and when the legislature persevere in compelling the name of God to be thus taken in vain, the ritual becomes appropriately farcical, and the manner of the thing is only adapted to the ludicrous matter upon which it is legally requisite that Heaven should be attested. The oath which is imposed upon a Roman Catholic is a violation of the first precept of the decalogue.

This species of machinery having been thus applied to the art of swearing, the effects upon the poll soon became manifest, and Mr. O'Connell ascended to a triumphant majority. It became clear that the landlords had lost all their power, and that their struggles were utterly hopeless. Still they persevered in dragging the few serfs whom they had under their control to the hustings, and in protracting the election. It was Mr. Fitzgerald's own wish, I believe, to abandon the contest, when its ultimate issue was already certain; but his friends insisted that the last man whom they could command should be polled out. Thus the election was procrastinated. In ordinary cases the interval between the first and the last day of polling is monotonous and dull; but during the Clare election, so many ludicrous and extraordinary incidents were every moment occurring, as to relieve any attentive observer from every influence of ennui.

The writer of this article was under the necessity of

remaining during the day in the Sheriff's booth, where questions of law were chiefly discussed, but even here there was much matter for entertainment. The Sheriff afforded a perpetual fund of amusement. He sat with his wand of office leaning against his shoulder, and always ready for his grasp. When there was no actual business going forward, he still preserved a magisterial dignity of deportment, and with half-closed eye-lids, and throwing back his head, and forming with his chin an obtuse angle with the horizon, reproved any indulgence in illicit mirth which might chance to pass amongst the Bar. The gentlemen who were professionally engaged having discovered the chief foible of the Sheriff, which consisted in the most fantastical notions of himself, vied with each other in playing upon this weakness. "I feel that I address myself to the first man of the county," was the usual exordium with which each legal argument was opened.

The Sheriff, instead of perceiving the sneer which involuntarily played round the lips of the mocking sycophant, smiled with an air of Malvolio condescension, and bowed his head. Then came some noise from the adjoining booths, upon which the Sheriff used to start up and exclaim, "I declare I do not think that I am treated with proper respect—verily I'll go forth and quell this tumult—I'll show them I am the first man in the county, and I'll commit somebody." With that, "the first man in the county," with a step slightly accelerated by his resentment at a supposed indignity to himself, used to proceed in quest of a riot, but generally returned with a good-humoured expression of face, observing,—"It was only Mr. O'Connell, and I must say when I remonstrated with him, he paid me

every sort of proper respect. He is quite a different person from what I had heard. But let nobody imagine that I was afraid of him. I'd commit him, or Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, if I was not treated with proper respect; for by virtue of my office, I am the first man in the county." This phrase of the Sheriff became so familiar, that a set of wags, who in their intervals of leisure, had set about practising mimicry, emulated each other in repeating it, and succeeded in producing various pleasant imitations of the "first man in the county."

These vagaries enlivened occupations which in their nature were sufficiently dull. But the Sheriff's booth afforded matter more deserving of note than his singularities. Charges of undue influence were occasionally brought forward, which exhibited the character of the election in its strongest colours. One incident I particularly remember. An attorney employed by Mr. Fitzgerald rushed in and exclaimed that a priest was terrifying the voters. This accusation produced a powerful effect. The counsel for Mr. O'Connell defied the attorney to make out his charge. The assessor very properly required that the priest should attend; and behold Father Murphy of Corofin!

His solemn and spectral aspect struck every body. He advanced with fearlessness to the bar, behind which the Sheriff was seated, and inquired what the charge was which had been preferred against him, with a smile of ghastly derision. "You were looking at my voters," cries the attorney. "But I said nothing," replied the priest, "and I suppose that I am to be permitted to look at my parishioners." "Not with such a face as that!" cried Mr. Dogherty, one of

Mr. Fitzgerald's counsel. This produced a loud laugh; for, certainly, the countenance of Father Murphy was fraught with no ordinary terrors. "And this, then," exclaimed Mr. O'Connell's counsel, "is the charge you bring against the priests? Let us see if there be an Act of Parliament which prescribes that a Jesuit shall wear a mask." At this instant, one of the agents of Mr. O'Connell precipitated himself into the room, and cried out, "Mr. Sheriff, we have no fair play—Mr. Singleton is frightening his tenants—he caught hold of one of them just now, and threatened vengeance against him."

This accusation came admirably apropos. "What!" exclaimed the advocate of Mr. O'Connell, "is this to be endured? Do we live in a free country, and under a constitution? Is a landlord to commit a battery with impunity, and is a priest to be indited for his physiognomy, and to be found guilty of a look?" Thus a valuable set-off against Father Murphy's eyebrows was obtained. After a long debate, the assessor decided that, if either a priest or a landlord actually interrupted the poll, they should be indiscriminately committed; but thought the present a case only for admonition. Father Murphy was accordingly restored to his physiognomical functions.

The matter had been scarcely disposed of, when a loud shout was heard from the multitude outside the Court-house, which had gathered in thousands, and yet generally preserved a profound tranquillity. The large window in the Sheriff's booth gave an opportunity of observing whatever took place in the square below; and, attracted by the tremendous uproar, every body ran to see what was going on amongst the crowd. The tumult

was produced by the arrival of some hundred freeholders from Kilrush, with their landlord, Mr. Vandeleur, at their head. He stood behind a carriage, and, with his hat off, was seen vehemently addressing the tenants who followed him. It was impossible to hear a word which he uttered; but his gesture was sufficiently significant; he stamped, and waved his hat, and shook his clenched hand. While he thus adjured them, the crowd through which they were passing, assailed them with cries, "Vote for your country, boys! Vote for the old religion!—Three cheers for liberty!—Down with Vesey, and hurra for O'Connell!" These were the exclamations which rent the air, as they proceeded. They followed their landlord until they had reached a part of the square where Mr. O'Connell lodged, and before which a large platform had been erected, which communicated with the window of his apartment, and to which he could advance whenever it was necessary to address the people. When Mr. Vandeleur's freeholders had attained this spot, Mr. O'Connell rushed forward on the platform, and lifted up his arm. A tremendous shout succeeded, and in an instant Mr. Vandeleur was deserted by his tenants.

This platform exhibited some of the most remarkable scenes which were enacted in this strange drama of "The Clare Election." It was sustained by pillars of wood, and stretched out several feet from the wall to which it was attached. Some twenty or thirty persons could stand upon it at the same time. A large quantity of green boughs were wreathed about it; and from the sort of bower which they formed, occasional orators addressed the people during the day. Mr. M'Dermot, a young gentleman from the county of Galway, of

considerable fortune, and a great deal of talent as a speaker, used to harangue the multitude with great effect. Father Sheehan, a clergyman from Waterford, who had been mainly instrumental in the overthrow of the Beresfords, also displayed from this spot his eminent popular abilities. A Dr. Kenny, a Waterford surgeon, thinking that "the times were out of joint," came "to set them right." Father Maguire, Mr. Lawless, indeed the whole company of orators, performed on this theatre with indefatigable energy. Mirth and declamation, and anecdote and grotesque delineation, and mimicry, were all blended together for the public entertainment.

One of the most amusing and attractive topics was drawn from the adherence of Father Coffey to Mr. Fitzgerald. His manners, his habits, his dress, were all selected as materials for ridicule and invective; and puns, not the less effective because they were obvious, were heaped upon his name. The scorn and detestation with which he was treated by the mob, clearly proved that a priest has no influence over them when he attempts to run counter to their political passions. He can hurry them on in the career into which their own feelings impel them, but he cannot turn them into another course. Many incidents occurred about this rostrum, which, if matter did not crowd too fast upon me, I should stop to detail. I have not room for a minute narration of all that was interesting at this election, which would occupy a volume, and must limit myself to one, but that a very striking circumstance.

The generality of the orators were heard with loud and clamorous approbation, but, at a late hour, one

evening, and when it was growing rapidly dark, a priest came forward on the platform, who addressed the multitude in Irish. There was not a word uttered by the people. Ten thousand peasants were assembled before the speaker, and a profound stillness hung over the living, but almost breathless mass. For minutes they continued thus deeply attentive, and seemed to be struck with awe as he proceeded. Suddenly, I saw the whole multitude kneel down, in one concurrent genuflection. They were engaged in silent prayer, and when the priest arose (for he too had knelt down on the platform), they also stood up together from their orison. The movement was performed with the facility of a regimental evolution. I asked (being unacquainted with the language) what it was that had occasioned this extraordinary spectacle? and was informed that the orator had stated to the people that one of his own parishioners, who had voted for Mr. Fitzgerald, had just died; and he called upon the multitude to pray to God for the repose of his soul, and the forgiveness of the offence which he had committed in taking the Bribery Oath. Money, it seems, had been his inducement to give his suffrage against Mr. O'Connell. Individuals, in reading this, will exclaim, perhaps, against these expedients for the production of effect upon the popular passions. Let me observe in parenthesis, that the fault of all this (if it is to be condemned) does not lie with the Association, with the priesthood, or with the people, but with the law, which has, by its system of anomalies and alienations, rendered the national mind susceptible of such impressions. But I proceed.

Thus it was the day passed, and it was not until

nearly nine o'clock that those who were actively engaged in the election went to dinner. There a new scene was opened. In a small room in a mean tavern, kept by a Mrs. Carmody, the whole body of leading patriots, counsellors, attorneys, and agents, with divers interloping partakers of election hospitality, were crammed and piled upon one another, while Mr. O'Connell sat at the head of the feast almost overcome with fatigue, but yet sustained by that vitality which success produces. Enormous masses of beef, pork, mutton, turkeys, tongues, and fowl were strewed upon the deal boards, at which the hungry masticators proceeded to their operations. For some time nothing was heard but the clatter of the utensils of eating, interrupted by an occasional hob-nobbing of "The Counsellor," who, with his usual abstinence, confined himself to water. The cravings of the stomach having been satisfied, the more intellectual season of potations succeeded. A hundred tumblers of punch, with circular slices of lemon, diffused the essence of John Barleycorn in profuse and fragrant streams. Loud cries for hot water, spoons, and materials, were everywhere heard, and huge jugs were rapidly emptied and replenished by waiters, who would have required ubiquity to satisfy all the demands upon their attention. Toasts were then proposed and speeches pronounced, and the usual "hip, hip, hurra!" with unusual accompaniments of exultation, followed.

The feats of the day were then narrated;—the blank looks of Ned Hickman, whose face had lost all its natural hilarity, and looked at the election like a full moon in a storm; the shroud-coloured physiognomy of Mr. Sampson; and the tears of Sir Edward O'Brien,

were alternately the subjects of merriment. Mr. Whyte was then called upon for an imitation of the Sheriff, when he used to ride upon an elephant at Calcutta. But in the midst of this conviviality, which was heightened by the consciousness that there was no bill to be paid by gentlemen who were the guests of their country, and long before any inebriating effect was observable, a solemn and spectral figure used to stride in, like the ghost of Hamlet, and the same deep churchyard voice which had previously startled my ears raised its awful peal, while it exclaimed "The wolf, the wolf is on the walk. Shepherds of the people, what do you here? Is it meet that you should sit carousing and in joyance, while the freeholders remain unprovided, and temptation, in the shape of famine, is amongst them? Arise, I say, arise from your cups,—the wolf, the wolf is on the walk!"

Such was the disturbing and heart-appalling adjuration of Father Murphy of Corofin, whose enthusiastic sense of duty never deserted him, and who, when the feast was unfinished, entered like the figure of Death which the Egyptians employed at their banquets. He walked round the room with a measured pace, like the envoy of another world, chasing the revellers before him, and repeating the same dismal warning—"The wolf, the wolf is upon the walk!"

Nothing was comparable to the aspect of Father Murphy upon these occasions, except the physiognomy of Mr. Lawless. This gentleman, who had been usefully exerting himself during the whole day, somewhat reasonably expected that he should be permitted to enjoy the just rewards of patriotism for a few hours without any nocturnal molestation. It was about the

time that he had just commenced his second tumbler, and when the exhilarating influence of his eloquent chalices was beginning to display itself, that the dismal cry was wont to come upon him. The look of piteous despair with which he surveyed this unrelenting foe to conviviality, was almost as ghastly as that of his merciless disturber; and as, like another Tantalus, he saw the draughts of pleasantness hurried away, a schoolmaster, who sat by him, and who "was abroad" during the election, used to exclaim—

> " ——— A labris sitiens fugientia captat
> Flumina——"

It was in vain to remonstrate against Father Murphy, who insisted that the whole company should go forth to meet "the wolf upon the walk."

Upon going down stairs, the lower apartments were found thronged with freeholders and priests. To the latter had been assigned the office of providing food for such of the peasants as lived at too great distance from the town to return immediately home; and each clergyman was empowered to give an order to the victuallers and tavern-keepers to furnish the bearer with a certain quantity of meat and beer. The use of whiskey was forbidden. There were two remarkable features observable in the discharge of this office. The peasant, who had not tasted food perhaps for twenty-four hours, remained in perfect patience and tranquillity until his turn arrived to speak "to his reverence;" and the Catholic clergy continued with unwearied assiduity, and the most amiable solicitude, though themselves quite exhausted with fatigue, in the performance of this necessary labour. There they stayed until a late hour

in the morning, and until every claimant had been contented. It is not wonderful that such men, animated by such zeal, and operating upon so grateful and so energetic a peasantry, should have effected what they succeeded in accomplishing.

THE CLARE ELECTION.

[NOVEMBER, 1828.]

O'CONNELL RETURNED.

THE poll at length closed; and, after an excellent argument delivered by the assessor, Mr. Richard Keatinge, he instructed the Sheriff to return Mr. O'Connell as duly elected.* The Court-house was again crowded, as upon the first day, and Mr. Fitzgerald appeared at the head of the defeated aristocracy. They looked profoundly melancholy. Mr. Fitzgerald himself did not affect to disguise the deep pain which he felt; but preserved that gracefulness and perfect good temper which had characterized him during the contest, and which, at its close, disarmed hostility of all its rancour. Mr. O'Connell made a speech distinguished by just feeling and good taste, and begged that

* Mr. Keatinge is the present Judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. The polling terminated on the 5th July, 1828, the election having lasted six days. The votes were, for O'Connell 2,057, for Fitzgerald 982—majority 1,075. The question whether Mr. O'Connell, being a Roman Catholic, could be legally returned, was formally argued before the Assessor, who ruled that the election was valid; leaving it to be decided by the House of Commons what oaths were necessary to qualify a Roman Catholic to sit and vote.

Mr. Fitzgerald would forgive him, if he had upon the first day given him any sort of offence. Mr. Fitzgerald came forward and unaffectedly assured him, that whatever was said should be forgotten. He was again hailed with universal acclamation, and delivered a speech, which could not surpass, in good judgment and persuasiveness, that with which he had opened the contest, but was not inferior to it. He left an impression, which hereafter will, in all probability, render his return for the county of Clare a matter of certainty; and, upon the other hand, I feel convinced that he has himself carried away from the scene of that contention, in which he sustained a defeat, but lost no honour, a conviction that not only the interests of Ireland, but the safety of the empire, require that the claims of seven millions of his fellow-citizens should be conceded. Mr. Fitzgerald, during the progress of the election, could not refrain from repeatedly intimating his astonishment at what he saw, and from indulging in melancholy forebodings of the events, of which these incidents are perhaps but the heralds. To do him justice, he appeared at moments utterly to forget himself, and to be absorbed in the melancholy presages which pressed themselves upon him. "Where is all this to end?" was a question frequently put in his presence, and from which he seemed to shrink.

At the close of the poll, Mr. Sheil delivered a speech, in which the views of the writer of this article were expressed; and as no faithful account of what he said upon that occasion appeared in the London papers, an extract from his observations will be justified not by any merit in the composition as a piece of oratory, but by the sentiments of the speaker, which appear to me to be just, and were suggested by the scenes in which he

had taken a part. The importance of the subject may give a claim to attention, which in other instances the speaker may not be entitled to command. He spoke in the following terms:—

"I own that I am anxious to avail myself of this opportunity to make a reparation to Mr. Fitzgerald. Before I had the honour of hearing that gentleman, and of witnessing the mild and conciliatory demeanour by which he is distinguished, I had in another place expressed myself with regard to his political conduct, in language to which I believe that Mr. Fitzgerald referred upon the first day of the election, and which was perhaps too deeply tinctured with that virulence, which is almost inseparable from the passions by which this country is so unhappily divided. It is but an act of justice to Mr. Fitzgerald to say, that, however we may be under the necessity of opposing him as a Member of an Administration hostile to our body, it is impossible to entertain towards him a sentiment of individual animosity; and I confess, that, after having observed the admirable temper with which he encountered his antagonists, I cannot but regret that, before I had the means of forming a just estimate of his personal character, I should have indulged in remarks, in which too much acidity may have been infused.

"The situation in which Mr. Fitzgerald was placed, was peculiarly trying to his feelings. He had been long in possession of this County. Though we considered him as an inefficient friend, we were not entitled to account him an opponent. Under these circumstances it may have appeared harsh, and perhaps unkind, that we should have selected him as the first object for the manifestation of our power; another would have found

it difficult not to give way to the language of resentment and of reproach, but so far from doing so, his defence of himself was as strongly marked by forbearance as it was by ability. I thought it, however, not altogether impossible that before the fate of this election was decided, Mr. Fitzgerald might have been merely practising an expedient of wily conciliation, and that when he appeared so meek and self-controlled in the midst of a contest which would have provoked the passions of any ordinary man, he was only stifling his resentment, in the hope that he might succeed in appeasing the violence of the opposition with which he had to contend.

"But Mr. Fitzgerald, in the demeanour which he has preserved to-day, after the election has concluded with his defeat, has given proof that his gentleness of deportment was not affected and artificial; and, now that he has no object to gain, we cannot but give him as ample credit for his sincerity, as we must give him for that persuasive gracefulness by which his manners are distinguished. Justly has he said that he has not lost a friend in this country ; and he might have added that, so far from having incurred any diminution of regard among those who were attached to him, he has appeased to a great extent the vehemence of that political enmity in which the associate of Mr. Peel was not very unnaturally held.

"But, Sir, while I have thus made the acknowledgment which was due to Mr. Fitzgerald, let me not disguise my own feelings of legitimate, but not I hope offensive exultation at the result of this great contest, that has attracted the attention of the English people beyond all example. I am not mean enough to indulge in any contumelious vaunting over one who has sustained his defeat with so honourable a magnanimity

The victory which has been achieved, has been obtained not so much over Mr. Fitzgerald, as over the faction with which I excuse him to a great extent for having been allied. A great display of power has been made by the Catholic Association, and that manifestation of its influence over the national mind, I regard as not only a very remarkable, but a very momentous incident. Let us consider what has taken place, in order that we may see this singular political phenomenon in its just light. It is right that we attentively survey the extraordinary facts before us, in order that we may derive from them the moral admonitions which they are calculated to supply. What then has happened? Mr. Fitzgerald was promoted to a place in the Duke of Wellington's councils, and the representation of this great County became vacant. The Catholic Association determined to oppose him, and at first view the undertaking seemed to be desperate. Not a single Protestant gentleman could be procured to enter the lists, and in the want of any other candidate, Mr. O'Connell stood forward on behalf of the people.*

"Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald came into the field encompassed with the most signal advantages. His father is a gentleman of large estate, and had been long and deservedly popular in Ireland. Mr. Fitzgerald himself,

* It is a curious fact, that the idea of a movement pregnant with results so important to the Catholic cause, occurred first to a Protestant gentleman of the name of Sir David Roose, who had in the previous year been sheriff of Dublin. Roose suggested it to Mr. Patrick Vincent Fitzpatrick, one of Mr. O'Connell's most intimate and devoted friends, to whose memory it then recurred that Mr. John Keogh, an experienced Catholic leader of the past generation, had frequently given an opinion that emancipation would only be achieved by the return of a Catholic to Parliament, under the existing laws. See the papers entitled "Catholic Leaders and Associations," where the subject is again introduced,

inheriting a portion of the popular favour with a favourite name, had for twenty years been placed in such immediate contiguity with power, that he was enabled to circulate a large portion of the influence of Government through this fortunate district. There is scarcely a single family of any significance among you, which does not labour under Mr. Fitzgerald's obligations. At this moment it is only necessary to look at him, with the array of aristocracy beside him, in order to perceive upon what a high position for victory he was placed. He stands encompassed by the whole gentry of the county of Clare, who, as they stood by him in the hour of battle, come here to cover his retreat. Almost every gentleman of rank and fortune appears as his auxiliary; and the gentry, by their aspect at this instant, as well as by their devotedness during the election, furnish evidence that in his person their own cause was to be asserted.

"To this combination of favourable circumstances,—to the promising friend, to the accomplished gentleman, to the eloquent advocate, at the head of all the patrician opulence of the County, what did we oppose? We opposed the power of the Catholic Association, and with that tremendous engine we have beaten the Cabinet Minister, and the phalanx of aristocracy by which he is surrounded, to the ground. Why do I mention these things? Is it for the purpose (God forbid that it should) of wounding the feelings or exasperating the passions of any man? No! but in order to exhibit the almost marvellous incidents which have taken place, in the light in which they ought to be regarded, and to present them in all their appalling magnitude. Protestants who hear me, Gentlemen of the County Clare, you whom I address with boldness, perhaps, but cer-

tainly not with any purpose to give you offence, let me entreat your attention.

"A Baronet of rank and fortune, Sir Edward O'Brien, has asked whether this was a condition of things to be endured; he has expatiated upon the extraordinary influence which has been exercised in order to effect these signal results; and, after dwelling upon many other grounds of complaint, he has with great force inveighed against the severance which we have created between the landlord and tenant.—Let it not be imagined that I mean to deny that we have had recourse to the expedients attributed to us; on the contrary, I avow it. We have put a great engine into action, and applied the entire force of that powerful machinery which the law has placed under our control. We are masters of the passions of the people, and we have employed our dominion with a terrible effect. But, Sir, do you, or any man here, imagine that we could have acquired this dreadful ability to sunder the strongest ties by which the different classes of society are fastened, unless we found the materials of excitement in the state of society itself? Do you think that Mr. Daniel O'Connell has himself, and by the single powers of his own mind, unaided by any external co-operation, brought the country to this great crisis of agitation? Mr. O'Connell, with all his talents for excitation, would have been utterly powerless and incapable, unless he had been allied with a great conspirator against the public peace; and I will tell you who that confederate is—it is the Law of the land itself that has been Mr. O'Connell's main associate, and that ought to be denounced as the mighty agitator of Ireland. The rod of oppression is the wand of this potent enchanter of the passions, and the book of his spells is the Penal Code. Break

the wand of this political Prospero, and take from him the volume of his magic, and he will evoke the spirits which are now under his control, no longer.

"But why should I have recourse to illustration which may be accounted fantastical, in order to elucidate what is in itself so plain and obvious? Protestant gentlemen, who do me the honour to listen to me, look, I pray you, a little dispassionately at the real causes of the events which have taken place amongst you. I beg of you to put aside your angry feelings for an instant, and believe me that I am far from thinking that you have no good ground for resentment. It must be most painful to the proprietors of this County to be stripped in an instant of all their influence; to be left destitute of all sort of sway over their dependents, and to see a few demagogues and priests usurping their natural authority. This feeling of resentment must be aggravated by the consciousness that they have not deserved such a return from their tenants; and as I know Sir Edward O'Brien to be a truly benevolent landlord, I can well conceive that the apparent ingratitude with which he was treated, has added to the pain which every landlord must experience; and I own that I was not surprised to see tears bursting from his eyes, while his face was inflamed with the emotions to which it was not in human nature that he should not give way.

"But let Sir Edward O'Brien, and his fellow-proprietors, who are gathered about him, recollect, that the facility and promptitude with which the peasantry have thrown off their allegiance, are owing not so much to any want of just moral feeling on the part of the people, as to the operation of causes for which the people are not to blame. In no other country, except in this, would such a revolution have been effected. Wherefore?

—Because in no other country are the people divided by the law from their superiors, and cast into the hands of a set of men, who are supplied with the means of national excitement by the system of Government under which we live. Surely no man can believe that such an anomalous body as the Catholic Association could exist, excepting in a community which had been alienated from the State by the State itself. The discontent and the resentment of seven millions of the population have generated that domestic government which sways through the force of public opinion, and uses the national passions as the instruments for the execution of its will. From that body there has now been issuing, for many years, a continuous supply of exciting matter, which has overflowed the nation's mind. The lava has covered and inundated the whole country, and is still flowing, and will continue to flow from its volcanic source. But, if I may so say, the Association is but the crater in which the fiery matter finds a vent, while its fountain is in the depth of the law itself. It would be utterly impossible, if all men were placed upon equality of citizenship, and there were no exasperating distinctions amongst us, to create any artificial causes of discontent. Let men declaim for a century, with far higher powers than any Catholic agitator is endowed with, and if they have no real ground of public grievance to rest upon, their harangues will be empty sound and idle air. But when what they tell the people is true—when they are sustained by substantial facts, then effects are produced, of which what has taken place at this election is only an example. The whole body of the people being grievously inflamed and rendered susceptible, the moment any incident such as this election, occurs, all the popular passions

start simultaneously up, and bear down every obstacle before them. Do not, therefore, be surprised that the peasantry should thus at once throw off their allegiance to you, when they are under the operation of emotions which it would be wonderful if they could resist. The feeling by which they are now actuated would make them not only vote against their landlords, but would make them rush into the field, scale the batteries of a fortress, and mount the breach; and, gentlemen, give me now leave to ask you, whether, after a due reflection upon the motives by which your vassals (for so they are accounted) are governed, you will be disposed to exercise any measure of severity in their regard.

"I hear it said, that before many days go by, there will be many tears shed in the hovels of your slaves, and that you will take a terrible vengeance of their treason. I trust in God that you will not, when your own passions have subsided, and your blood has had time to cool, persevere in such a cruel, and let me add, such an unjustifiable determination. Consider, gentlemen, whether a great allowance should not be made for the offence which they have committed. If they are, as you say they are, under the influence of fanaticism, I would say to you, that such an influence affords many circumstances of extenuation, and that you should forgive them, 'for they know not what they do.' They have followed their priests to the hustings, and they would follow them to the scaffold. But you will ask, wherefore should they prefer their priests to their landlords, and have purer reverence for the altars of their religion, than for the counter on which you calculate your rents? Ah, gentlemen, consider a little the relation in which the priest stands towards the peasant. Let us put the priest into one scale, and the landlord

into the other, and let us see which should preponderate. I will take an excellent landlord and an excellent priest. The landlord shall be Sir Edward O'Brien, and the priest shall be Mr. Murphy of Corofin. Who is Sir Edward O'Brien? A gentleman who has a great fortune, who lives in a splendid mansion, and who, from the windows of a palace, looks upon possessions almost as wide as those which his ancestors beheld from the summit of their feudal towers. His tenants pay him their rent twice a-year, and they have their land at a moderate rate. So much for the landlord.

"I come now to Father Murphy of Corofin. Where does he reside? In an humble abode, situate at the foot of a mountain, and in the midst of dreariness and waste. He dwells in the midst of his parishioners, and is their benefactor, their friend, their father. It is not only in the actual ministry of the sacraments of religion that he stands as an object of affectionate reverence among them. I saw him, indeed, at his altar, surrounded by thousands, and felt myself the influence of his contagious and enthusiastic devotion. He addressed the people in the midst of a rude edifice, and in a language which I did not understand; but I could perceive what a command he has over the minds of his devoted followers. But it is not merely as the celebrator of the rites of Divine Worship that he is dear to his flock; he is their companion, the mitigator of their calamities, the soother of their afflictions, the trustee of their hearts, the repository of their secrets, the guardian of their interests, and the sentinel of their death-beds. A peasant is dying—in the midst of the winter's night, a knock is heard at the door of the priest, and he is told that his parishioner requires his spiritual assistance—the wind is howling, the snow descends upon the hills,

and the rain and storm beat against his face; yet he goes forth, hurries to the hovel of the expiring wretch, and taking his station beside the mass of pestilence of which the bed of straw is composed, bends to receive the last whisper which unloads the heart of its guilt, though the lips of the sinner should be tainted with disease, and he should exhale mortality in his breath.

"Gentlemen, this is not the language of artificial declamation—this is not the mere extravagance of rhetorical phrase. This, every word of this, is the truth—the notorious, palpable, and unquestionable truth. You know it, every one of you know it to be true; and now let me ask you can you wonder for a moment that the people should be attached to their clergy, and should follow their ordinances as if they were the injunctions of God? Gentlemen, forgive me, if I venture to supplicate, on behalf of your poor tenants, for mercy to them. Pardon them, in the name of that God who will forgive you your offences in the same measure of compassion which you will show to the trespasses of others. Do not, in the name of that Heaven before whom every one of us, whether landlord, priest, or tenant, must at last appear—do not prosecute these poor people: don't throw their children out upon the public road—don't send them forth to starve, to shiver, and to die. For God's sake, Mr. Fitzgerald, and for your own sake, and as you are a gentleman and a man of honour, interpose your influence with your friends, and redeem your pledge. I address myself personally to you. On the first day of the election you declared that you would deprecate all persecution by the landlords, and that you were the last to wish that harsh and vindictive measures should be employed. I believe you—and now I call upon you to redeem that

pledge of mercy, to fulfil that noble engagement, to perform that great moral promise. You will cover yourself with honour by so doing, in the same way that you will share in the ignominy that will attend upon any expedients of rigour. Before you leave this country to assume your high functions, employ yourself diligently in this work of benevolence, and enjoin your friends with that eloquence of which you are the master, to refrain from cruelty, and not to oppress their tenants.

"Tell them, sir, that instead of busying themselves in the worthless occupation of revenge, it is much fitter that they should take the political condition of their country into their deep consideration. Tell them that they should address themselves to the Legislature, and implore a remedy for these frightful evils. Tell them to call upon the men, in whose hands the destiny of this great empire is placed, to adopt a system of conciliation and of peace, and to apply to Ireland the great canon of political morality, which has been so powerfully expressed by the poet—'*pacis imponere morem.*' Our manners, our habits, our laws must be changed. The evil is to be plucked out at the root. The cancer must be cut out of the breast of the country. Let it not be imagined that any measure of disfranchisement, that any additional penalty, will afford a remedy. Things have been permitted to advance to a height from which they cannot be driven back.

"Protestants, awake to a sense of your condition. Look round you. What have you seen during this election? Enough to make you feel that this is not mere local excitation, but that seven millions of Irish people are completely arrayed and organised. That which you behold in Clare, you would behold, under

similar circumstances, in every county in the kingdom. Did you mark our discipline, our subordination, our good order, and that prophetic tranquillity, which is far more terrible than any ordinary storm? You have seen sixty thousand men under our command, and not a hand was raised, and not a forbidden word was uttered in that amazing multitude. You have beheld an example of our power in the almost miraculous sobriety of the people. Their lips have not touched that infuriating beverage to which they are so much attached, and their habitual propensity vanished at our command. What think you of all this? Is it meet and wise to leave us armed with such a dominion? Trust us not with it; strip us of this appalling despotism; annihilate us by concession; extinguish us with peace; disarray us by equality; instead of angry slaves, make us contented citizens; if you do not, tremble for the result."*

* The sequel of the Clare Election was briefly this. In the interval between Mr. O'Connell's return and the meeting of Parliament, on the 5th February, 1829, the Cabinet yielded to the course of events, and the Catholic Question was in fact carried. To avoid embarrassing the Government, Mr. O'Connell waited until the Relief Bill was passed, and then presented himself to the House of Commons, claiming to sit and vote under the provisions of the new law, having been duly elected. He argued his own case with consummate ability at the bar, but it was decided, on the motion of the Solicitor-General, that "having been returned before the commencement of the Act he was not entitled to sit or vote without first taking the oath of Supremacy." The lawyers in the House took different views of the question, which was probably decided at least as much by party feelings as by legal principles. Some members of the House, who were not lawyers, were for giving Mr. O'Connell the benefit of the doubt that unquestionably existed on the point of law. Mr. Wynn suggested a declaratory act in Mr. O'Connell's favour. But neither of these courses was taken. A new writ was ordered for the county of Clare, and Mr. O'Connell was again returned without opposition.

CATHOLIC LEADERS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

[NOVEMBER, 1828.]

CATHOLIC Associations have been of very long existence. The Confederates of 1642 were the precursors of the Association of 1828. The Catholics entered into a league for the assertion of their civil rights. They opened their proceedings in the City of Kilkenny, where the house is shown in which their assemblies were held. They established two different bodies to represent the Catholic people, namely, a general assembly, and a supreme council. The first included all the lords, prelates, and gentry of the Catholic body; and the latter consisted of a few select members, chosen by the general assembly out of the different provinces, who acted as a kind of executive, and were recognised as their supreme magistrates. These were "the Confederates." Carte, in his Life of Ormonde, calls them "an Association." He adds, that the first result of their union was an address to the King, in which they demanded justice, and besought him "timely to assign a place where they might with safety express their grievances." On receiving this address, the King

issued a commission under the great seal, empowering the commissioners to treat with "the Confederates," to receive in writing what they had to say or propound, and to transmit it to his Majesty. This commission was dated the 11th of January, 1642. Ormonde says, in one of his letters, that "the Lords Justices used every endeavour to prevent the success of the commission, and to impede the pacification of the country." The supreme council of "the Confederates" was sitting at Ross, and a despatch was transmitted by the Lords Justices to them, in which the phrase "odious rebellion" was applied to their proceedings.

At this insult they took fire—they had arms in their hands, and returned an answer, in which they stated "that it would be a meanness beyond expression in them who fought in the condition of loyal subjects, to come in the repute of rebels to set down their grievances. We take God to witness," added they, "that there are no limits set to the scorn and infamy that are cast upon us, and we will be in the esteem of loyal subjects, or die to a man!" A terrible civil war ensued. On the 28th of July, 1646, Lord Digby published a proclamation of peace with the Confederates. The Pope's Nuncio, Rinuccini, induced the former to reject the terms. The war raged on. At length, in 1648, Ormonde concluded a treaty with them; but soon after Cromwell landed in Ireland, and crushed the Catholics to the earth.

Thus an early precedent of a Catholic Association is to be found at the distance of upwards of a hundred and eighty-six years. I pass over the events of the Revolution. The penal code was enacted. From the Revolution to the reign of George the Second, the

Catholics were so depressed and abject, that they did not dare to petition, and their very silence was frequently the subject of imputation, as affording evidence of a discontented and dissatisfied spirit. Upon the accession of George the Second, in 1727, Lord Delvin, and the principal of the Roman Catholic gentry, presented a servile address, to be laid by the Lord Justices before the Throne. They were in a condition so utterly despicable and degraded, that not even an answer was returned. But Primate Boulter, who was a shrewd and sagacious master of all the arts of colonial tyranny, in a letter to Lord Carteret, intimates his apprehension at this first act since the Revolution, of the Catholics as a community; and immediately after they were deprived of the elective franchise by the 1st Geo. II. ch. 9, sec. 7.

The next year came a Bill which was devised by Primate Boulter, to prevent Roman Catholics from acting as solicitors. Here we find, perhaps, the origin of the Catholic rent. Several Catholics in Cork and in Dublin raised a subscription to defray the expense of opposing the Bill, and an apostate priest gave information of this conspiracy (for so it was called) to bring in the Pope and the Pretender. The transaction was referred to a Committee of the House of Commons, who actually reported that five pounds had been collected, and resolved "That it appeared to them, that under pretence of opposing heads of bills, sums of money had been collected, and a fund established by the Popish inhabitants of this kingdom, highly detrimental to the Protestant interest." These were the first efforts of the Roman Catholics to obtain relief, or, rather, to prevent the imposition of additional burthens.

They did not, however, act through the medium of a committee or association.

It was in the year 1757, upon the appointment of the Duke of Bedford to the viceroyalty of Ireland, that a committee was for the first time formed, of which the great model, perhaps, was to be discovered in "the Confederates" of 1642; and ever since that period, the affairs of the body have been more or less conducted through the medium of assemblies of a similar character. The Committee of 1757 may be justly accounted the parent of the great convention which has since brought its enormous seven millions into action. The members of the Committee formed in that year were delegated and actually chosen by the people. They were a parliament invested with all the authority of representation. Their first assembly was held in a tavern called "The Globe," in Essex-street, Dublin. After some sittings, Mr. Wyse, of Waterford, the ancestor of the gentleman who has lately made so conspicuous a figure in Catholic politics, proposed a plan of more extended delegation, which was at once adopted. In 1759, this body was brought into recognition by the State; for, upon the alarm of the invasion of Conflans, the Roman Catholic Committee prepared a loyal address, which was presented to John Ponsonby, the then speaker, by Messrs. Crump and Mac Dermot, two delegates, to be transmitted by him to the Lord Lieutenant. A gracious answer to this address was returned, and published in the Gazette. The Speaker summoned the two delegates to the House of Commons, and the address was then read. Mr. Mac Dermot, in the name of his body, thanked the Speaker for his condescension.

This was the first instance in which the political existence of the Irish Catholics was acknowledged, through the medium of their Committee. This recognition, however, was not followed by any immediate relaxation of the penal code. Twelve years elapsed before any legislative measure was introduced which indicated a more favourable disposition towards the Catholic community, if, indeed, the 11th and 12th of George the Third can be considered as having conferred any boon upon that degraded people. The statute was entitled "An Act for the reclaiming of unprofitable bogs;" and it enabled Papists to take fifty acres of unprofitable bog for sixty-one years, with half an acre of arable land adjoining, provided that it should not be within one mile of a town.

The provisions of this Act of Parliament indicate to what a low condition the great mass of the population had been reduced, and illustrate the justice of Swift's remark, that the Papists had become mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. However, the first step was taken in the progress of concession; and every day the might of numbers, even destitute of all territorial possession, pressed more and more upon the Government. The Catholic Committee pursued its course, and in 1777 extorted the first important relaxation; for they acquired the right of taking leases for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and their landed property was made descendible and deviseable, in the same manner as Protestant estates. In 1782, the difficulties of the Government augmented, and the Catholic Committee pressed the consideration of their claims upon the ministry. By the 21st and 22nd of George the Third, Papists were enabled to purchase and dispose of

landed property, and were placed, in that respect, upon an equality with Protestants. Thus they were rashly left beyond the state, but were furnished with that point from which the engine of their power, has been since wielded against it.

From 1782 until 1793, no farther concessions were made; but the Catholics increased in power, until, in 1792, their Committee assumed a formidable aspect. Theobald Wolfe Tone, in his Memoirs, gives the following account of what may be termed the Association of that period:—"The General Committee of the Catholics, which, since the year 1782, has made a distinguished figure in the politics of Ireland, was a body composed of their bishops, their country gentlemen, and of a certain number of merchants and traders, all resident in Dublin, but named by the Catholics in the different towns corporate to represent them. The original object of this institution was to obtain the repeal of a partial and oppressive tax called Quarterage, which was levied on the Catholics only; and the Government, which found the Committee at first a convenient instrument on some occasions, connived at their existence.

"So degraded was the Catholic mind at the period of the formation of their Committee, and long after, that they were happy to be allowed to go up to the Castle with an abominable slavish address to each successive Viceroy; of which, moreover, until the accession of the Duke of Portland in 1782, so little notice was taken, that his grace was the first who condescended to give them an answer (N.B. this is a mistake); and, indeed, for above twenty years, the sole business of the General Committee was to prepare and deliver in those records of their depression. The effort which an honest

indignation had called forth at the time of the Volunteer Convention of 1783, seemed to have exhausted their strength, and they sunk back into their primitive nullity. Under this appearance of apathy, however, a new spirit was gradually arising in the body, owing principally to the exertions and the example of one man, John Keogh, to whose services his country, and more especially the Catholics, are singularly indebted. In fact, the downfal of feudal tyranny was acted in little on the theatre of the General Committee The influence of their clergy and of their barons was gradually undermined; and the third estate, the commercial interest, rising in wealth and power, was preparing by degrees to throw off the yoke, in the imposing, or at least continuing of which, the leaders of the body, I mean the prelates and the aristocracy, to their disgrace be it spoken, were ready to concur. Already had those leaders, acting in obedience to the orders of the Government, which held them in fetters, suffered one or two signal defeats in the Committee, owing principally to the talents and address of John Keogh; the parties began to be defined, and a sturdy democracy of new men, with bolder views and stronger talents, soon superseded the timid counsels and slavish measures of the ancient aristocracy."

Until John Keogh appeared amongst them, and asserted that superiority in public assemblies which genius and enterprise will always obtain over the sluggish pride of inert and apathetic rank, the proceedings of the Committee had been, as Tone here intimates, under the control of the Catholic aristocracy. They were the sons of men who had lived in the period of utter Catholic degradation; and many of them re-

membered the time when the privileges of a gentleman were denied to a Catholic nobleman, and a Popish peer was not allowed to wear a sword! They had contrived to retain their properties by expedients which were calculated to debase their political spirit; and it is not very wonderful that even when the period had arrived when they might hold themselves erect, they did not immediately divest themselves of that stoop, which the long habit of bearing burthens had of necessity given. Accordingly, they opposed the measures of a bold and adventurous character, which the plebeian members of the Committee had suggested; and at last adopted the preposterous expedient of seceding from the body.

Wolfe Tone, who was secretary to the Committee, and whose evidence is of great value, gives the following account of this incident:—"The Catholics," he says, "were rapidly advancing in political spirit and information. Every month, every day, as the Révolution in France went prosperously forward, added to their courage and their force, and the hour seemed at last arrived when, after a dreary oppression of above one hundred years, they were once more to appear in the political theatre of their country. They saw the brilliant prospect of success, which events in France opened to their view, and they determined to avail themselves with promptitude of that opportunity which never returns to those who omit it. For this the active members of the General Committee resolved to set on foot an immediate application to Parliament, praying or a repeal of the penal laws. The first difficulty they had to surmount arose in their own body; their peers, their gentry, as they affected to call themselves, and heir prelates, either reduced or intimidated by Govern-

ment, gave the measure all possible opposition; and, at length, after a long contest, in which both parties strained every nerve, and produced the whole of their strength, the question was decided on a division in the Committee, by a majority of at least six to one, in favour of the intended application.

"The triumph of the young democracy was complete; but, though the aristocracy was defeated, they were not yet entirely broken down. By the instigation of Government, they had the meanness to secede from the General Committee, to disown their acts, and even to publish in the papers, that they did not wish to embarrass the Government, by advancing their claims of emancipation. It is difficult to conceive such a degree of political degradation. But what will not the tyranny of an execrable system produce in time? Sixty-eight gentlemen, individually of high spirit, were found, who publicly, and in a body, deserted their party, and their own just claims, and even sanctioned this pitiful desertion by the authority of their signatures. Such an effect had the operation of the penal laws on the Catholics of Ireland, as proud a race as any in all Europe!"

The secession of the aristocracy did not materially enfeeble the people. New exertions were made by the democracy. A plan of more general and faithful representation was devised by Mr. M'Keon, which converted the Committee into a complete Catholic parliament. Members were elected for every county in Ireland, and regularly came to Dublin to attend the meetings of this extraordinary convention. At the head of this assembly was the individual of whom Wolfe Tone makes such honourable mention, John Keogh.

He was, in the years 1792 and 1793, the unrivalled

leader of the Catholic body. He belonged to the middle class of life, and kept a silk mercer's shop in Parliament Street, where he had accumulated considerable wealth. His education had corresponded with his original rank, and he was without the graces and refinements of literature; but he had a vigorous and energetic mind, a great command of pure diction, a striking and simple earnestness of manner, great powers of elucidation, singular dexterity, and an ardent, intrepid, and untameable energy of character. His figure was rather upon a small scale; but he had great force of countenance, an eye of peculiar brilliancy, and an expression in which vehement feelings and the deliberative faculties were combined. He was without a competitor in the arts of debate; occasionally more eloquent speeches were delivered in the Catholic convention, but John Keogh was sure to carry the measure which he had proposed, however encountered with apparently superior powers of declamation.*

* As a proof of the political sagacity of this eminent Catholic leader, it is worth mentioning that, after his retirement from public life, he frequently expressed a strong opinion that the Catholics would never be emancipated until a Catholic should be returned to Parliament: as Mr. O'Connell was, many years afterwards, at the great Clare election. The reason Mr. Keogh used to give for this opinion was, that such an event would tend powerfully to moderate the anti-Catholic feelings of the English people, by bringing into play their equally characteristic jealousy of the constitutional privileges of the subject. At all events, as a political prediction, the fact is curious, and deserves to be recorded. The Editor is indebted for it to Mr. P. Vincent Fitzpatrick, who, when a young man, had frequently seen Mr. Keogh in his retirement, and heard him inculcate what he considered the secret of Catholic success, When the occasion arose, in 1828, Mr. Fitzpatrick pressed the authority of Keogh earnestly upon Mr. O'Connell, who was slow to perceive the importance of the step, although when induced to take it, he displayed his customary vigour and enthusiasm.

Wolfe Tone has greatly praised him in several passages of his work; but there are occasional remarks in the diary which was kept by that singular person, when secretary to the Catholic Committee, in which statements unfavourable to John Keogh are expressed. This diary was never intended for publication, and is written in a very easy and familiar style. He calls John Keogh by the name of "Gog," and represents him as exceedingly subtle, dexterous and cunning, and anxious to such an extent to do everything himself, as to oppose good measures when they were suggested by others. He might have had this fault, but as Wolfe Tone wrote down the ephemeral impressions which were made upon him by occasional incidents in his journal, it is more reasonable to look at the general result of the observations on this able man, which are to be found in his autobiography, than to the remarks which were committed every day to his tablets. As secretary to the Catholics, he was himself liable to be sometimes thwarted by Mr. Keogh; and it is likely that, under the influence of some small annoyances, he has set down in his journal some strictures upon his friend.

Afterwards, however, when Wolfe Tone was in France, he reverts in the diary, subsequently kept by him, to John Keogh, and, when far away, voluntarily writes a high encomium upon the leader of the Irish Catholics. It is to be collected from his work, that John Keogh had a deep hostility to England, and that he was disposed to favour the enterprise of Wolfe Tone. However, he did not in Ireland, escape the usual charges of corruption. In the year 1793, he negotiated with the Minister the terms upon which the partial emancipation, which was then granted to the Catholics, was to

be conceded. Whenever a leader of the people is brought into contact with authority, he will incur injurious surmises, should the result not correspond with popular expectation. It was said, that had John Keogh insisted upon complete emancipation, everything would, in that moment of emergency, have been obtained. It was insinuated, and for a long time believed, that he received a large sum of money as a remuneration for his complaisance; but there is no sort of proof that he sold his country, and his opulence should, by generous men, who are slow to believe in the degradation of human nature, be rather referred to his honourable industry in his trade, than to any barter of the liberties of Ireland It is difficult to determine whether, if the Catholics had been peremptory in their requisition for equality, they could have forced the Minister to yield. I am inclined to think that they would have encountered obstacles in the mind of the late King, which could not have been overcome; and it must be acknowledged, that for what was obtained (and that was much), his country is principally indebted to Mr. Keogh, and to the Committee of which he was the head.*

In 1793 the elective franchise was obtained. The seed was then cast, of which we have seen the fruits in the elections of Waterford, and Louth, and Clare.

* Mr. Charles Butler observes in his *Reminiscences*, that when delegates from Ireland were appointed to negotiate with Mr. Pitt, in 1793, "Mr. Keogh was the soul of the delegation; he possessed a complete knowledge of the subject; uncommon strength of understanding, firmness, and a solemn imposing manner, with an appearance of great humility." Mr. Butler then relates a remarkable interview which Keogh and the other delegates had with Mr. Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) and other members of the Government. There was

Great joy prevailed through the Catholic body, who felt that they had now gained, for the first time, a footing in the state, and were armed with the power, if not of bursting open, of at least knocking loudly at the gates of the constitution. For some time the question lay at rest. The rebellion then broke out—the Union succeeded—and the Catholic cause was forgotten. It was not even debated in the British House of Commons until the year 1805, when the measure was lost by an immense majority.

John Keogh being advanced in life, had retired, in a great degree, from public proceedings, and confined himself to his residence at Mount Jerome, in the vicinity of Dublin. He had been previously defeated in a public assembly by a young barrister, who had begun to make a figure at the Bar, to which he was called in the year 1798, and who, the moment he took a part in politics, made a commanding impression. This barrister was Daniel O'Connell, who, in overthrowing the previous leader of the body upon a question connected with the

a long conference and then ensued a short silence, which was broken by Mr. Keogh, who addressed Mr. Dundas and said, "There was one thing which it was essential that he should know, and of which he (Mr. Dundas) had not the slightest conception. It was extraordinary that a person of Mr. Dundas's high station and his humble lot should be in the same room, yet since it had so happened, he wished to avail himself of the opportunity of making the disclosure, but could not think of doing so without Mr. Dundas's permission and promise not to be offended." The promise was given, and then Keogh said, "You, Mr. Dundas, know nothing of Ireland." Mr. Dundas was surprised, but good humouredly said he believed Mr. Keogh was mistaken there; for though he had never been in Ireland, he had conversed with many Irishmen; "I have drunk many a good bottle of wine," he added, "with Lord Hillsborough, Lord Clare, and the Beresfords." "Yes, Sir," said Keogh, "I believe you have; you drank many a good bottle of wine with them before you went to war with America."

propriety of persevering to petition the legislature, gave proof of the extraordinary abilities which have been since so successfully developed. Mr. Keogh was mortified, but his infirmities, without reference to any pain which he might have suffered, were a sufficient inducement to retire from the stage where he had long performed the principal character with such just applause.

Mr. O'Connell was, however, too deeply engaged in his professional pursuits to dedicate as much of his attention and of his time, as he has since bestowed, to political concerns; and, indeed, the writer of this article remembers the time, when his power of public speaking, and of influencing popular assemblies, was by no means so great as it has since become. The fortune with which he came to the Bar (for his father and uncle were then alive) was not considerable, and it was of more importance to him to accumulate legal knowledge and pecuniary resources than to obtain a very shining political name. So much has been already written with respect to this eminent individual, and the public are so well acquainted with the character of his mind and talents, that it is not necessary to expatiate upon them.

Another person appeared after the secession of John Keogh, of very great abilities, with whose name the English public have been less familiar. Mr. Dennis Scully, the eldest son of a gentleman of large property in the county of Tipperary, and who had been called to the Bar, obtained by his admirable writings an influence almost equal to that of Mr. O'Connell in the Catholic Committee, which was revived in all its vigour, and became the object of Mr. Saurin's prosecutions in 1811. Mr. Scully* had, upon his entrance into public life,

written some pamphlets in support of Government, and it was believed that his marriage to a lady, who was related to Lady Hardwicke, had given a determination to his opinions. When Lord Hardwicke was in Ireland, Mr. Scully was a good deal sought for at the Castle. His first writings, however, were mere juvenile effusions, and he afterwards felt that the only means of obtaining justice for Ireland, was by awakening a deep sense of their injuries among the great mass of the people. Accordingly the character of his compositions was materially changed; and from his study in Merrion Square there issued a succession of powerful and inflammatory writings.* A newspaper, of which Mr. Æneas Mac Donnel was named the editor, was established by Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Scully; and both those gentlemen, but especially the latter, contributed their money and their talents to its support. The wrongs of the country were presented in the most striking view; and while the Government looked with alarm on these eloquent and virulent expositions of the condition of the people, the people were excited to a point of discontent, to which they had never before been raised.

* It is to be remembered that (although Mr. Pitt was then Minister) the Irish Government of Lord Hardwicke was neither illiberal nor anti-catholic. Both Mr. Plunket and Mr. Bushe held office under it. Mr. Scully's support, therefore, of Lord Hardwicke was by no means (as might be inferred from the remarks in the text) inconsistent with his strenuous opposition to the Government of the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Saurin. Mr. Scully was a decided enemy to French or revolutionary principles, and the object of his early writings was chiefly to dissuade his Roman Catholic countrymen from looking to France for aid in their domestic struggles. Upon this ground an Irish Roman Catholic might have supported the Government in 1803 without any compromise of his independence.

Mr. Scully gained great influence over the public mind by these services. His work upon the penal code, which is an admirable digest of the laws, and of their results, set a crown upon his reputation. No book so able, so convincing, and uniting so much philosophy with so much eloquence, had yet appeared. It brought the whole extent of Catholic suffering at once under view, and condensed and concentrated the evils of the country. This work created an unprecedented impression, and gave to its author an ascendancy in the councils of the Catholic Committee. He was greatly inferior to Mr. O'Connell as a speaker; but was considered fully as able in preliminary deliberation. The measures of the body were generally believed to be of his suggestion, and it was said that he had gained a paramount influence over Mr. O'Connell himself. "The witchery resolutions," as they are generally designated, for they related to the influence of an enchantress of fifty over the King, were supposed to be his composition, and it was alleged that he omitted no efforts, in conjunction with the late Lord Donoughmore, to cause them to be carried. The resolutions passed at the "Black Abbey" at Kilkenny, were also framed by Mr. Scully, who narrowly escaped incarceration for his lucubrations. Mr. John Magee, the proprietor of the Evening Post, and Mr. Fitzpatrick, were imprisoned for his sins; but I have always understood that Mr. Scully made them a compensation for their sufferings on his account.* He

* Mr. Magee, the proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, was prosecuted and suffered imprisonment for the publication of what were called the "Black Abbey Resolutions;" but whether these resolutions were drawn by Mr. Scully, or not, it is obvious that he was not more responsible for them than any other person who took a part in the proceedings of the meeting. It is rather too much, therefore, to say that Mr. Magee

became an object of great detestation with the Protestant party, and of corresponding partiality with his own. But in the height of his political influence the death of his father, and a domestic lawsuit, which ingrossed all his mind, induced him to retire in a great measure from public life; and afterwards the decay of health prevented him from taking any part in the proceedings of the body.

The Catholics have sustained a great loss in him. His large property, his indefatigable industry, his profound sense of the injustice which his country had suffered, and the eloquent simplicity with which he gave it expression, rendered him adequate to the part which had devolved upon him. His manner and aspect were in singular contrast and opposition to his political tendencies. In utterance he was remarkably slow and deliberate, and wanted energy and fire. His cadences were singularly monotonous, every sentence ending with a sort of see-saw of the voice, which was by no means natural or agreeable. His gesture was plain and unaffected, and it was easier to discover his emotions by the trembling of his fingers than by his countenance. For his hand would, under the influence of strong

was imprisoned for what are playfully called Mr. Scully's "sins." With respect to Mr. Fitzpatrick the case is different. He was prosecuted, as publisher, for reflections on the Government contained in Mr. Scully's book on the Penal Laws, which Mr. Sheil has so highly and so justly eulogized. The prosecution was one of the numerous vindictive proceedings of the worst days of Irish misgovernment—the autocracy of Mr. Saurin, when the administration of justice was notoriously a mockery. The author paid the heavy fine that was imposed upon the publisher, and though Mr. Fitzpatrick (a man of learning and considerable political importance) was also imprisoned, that portion of his sentence caused no interruption of his friendship with Mr. Scully.

feeling or passion, shake and quiver like an aspen leaf, while his countenance looked like marble. It was impossible to detect his sensations in his features. A deep smile played over his mouth, whether he was indulging in mirthful, in pleasurable, or sarcastic observation. He had some resemblance to Bonaparte, in figure, when the latter grew round and corpulent, but was more unwieldy. I have often thought, too, that in his massive and meditative features, I could trace an imperial likeness.

It was about sixteen or seventeen years ago that this gentleman made so distinguished a figure in the Catholic Committee. There were many others who, at that time, took an active share in Catholic politics, and who are since either dead, or have retreated from publicity. The late Lord French was among the most remarkable. He was a very tall, brawny, pallid, and ghastly looking man, with a peculiarly revolutionary aspect, and realized the ideal notions which one forms of the men who are most likely to become formidable and conspicuous in the midst of a political convulsion. He had a long and oval visage, of which the eyebrows were thick and shaggy, and whose aquiline nose stood out in peculiar prominence, while a fierce smile sat upon cheeks as white as parchment, and his eyes glared with the spirit that sat within them. His manners were characterized by a sort of drawling urbanity, which is observable among the ancient Catholic gentry of Connaught; and he was studiously and sometimes painfully polite. He was not a scholar, and must have received an imperfect education. But his mind was originally a powerful one, and his deep voice, which rolled out in a peculiarly melancholy modification of

the Irish brogue, had a dismal and appalling sound. He spoke with fluency a diction which belonged exclusively to him. It was pregnant with vigorous but strange expression, which was illustrated by gesture as bold, but as wild. He was an ostentatious duellist, and had frequent recourse to gladiatorial intimations. Pride was his leading trait of character, and he fell a victim to it. He had connected himself with a bank in Dublin, and having become bankrupt, rather than brook the examination of the commissioners at the Exchange, he put himself, in a paroxysm of insanity, to death. I thought him, with all his defects, a lover of his country.

It would be difficult to imagine two persons more strongly opposite in character and in manner than Lord French, and the Premier Catholic nobleman the Earl of Fingal. He has since left to his able and intelligent son the office which he so long and usefully filled, as head of the Catholic body; but, about the period of which I am speaking, he was the chief, in point of rank, of the Irish Catholics, and presided at their meetings. Lord Fingal is one of the most amiable and kind men, whom it has been my good fortune to have been ever acquainted with. Without the least shadow of arrogance, and although incapable of hurting the feelings of any man, he still preserves his patrician dignity unimpaired, and commands the respect, as well as the partiality, of every one who approaches him. Although not equal to his son in intellectual power, he has excellent sense and admirable discretion. He has made few or no mistakes in public life, and very often, by his coolness and discretion, has prevented the adoption of rash and injudicious measures. His

manners are disarming; and I have understood upon good authority, that when in London, where he used almost annually to go, as head of the Catholic body, he has mitigated, by the charm of his converse, the hostility of some of his most rancorous political opponents. As a speaker, he is without much ability; but there is a gentleness and a grace about him which supply the place of eloquence, and render his audience so favourable to him, that he has often succeeded in persuading, where others of greater faculty might have employed the resources of oratory in vain.

An individual, who is now dead, abut this time made a great sensation, not only in the Catholic Association, but through the empire. This was the once famous Doctor Drumgoole, whom Lord Kenyon seems determined not to allow to remain in peace. He was the grand anti-vetoist, and was, I believe, a most sincere and unaffected sentinel of religion. He kept watch over the Catholic hierarchy, and took the whole body of the clergy under his vigilant protection. It was, however, a speech which he delivered at the Shakspeare Gallery in Exchequer-street, at a Catholic meeting, that tended chiefly to give him notoriety. He assailed the tenets of the established religion with a good deal of that sort of candour, which Protestants at that period regarded as the height of presumption, but which is now surpassed every day by the harangues of the orators of the Catholic Association.

The Doctor's speech may be considered as a kind of epoch in Catholic politics; for he was the first who ventured to employ against the opponents of emancipation the weapons which are habitually used against the professors of the Roman Catholic religion. Men who

swear that the creed of the great majority of Christians is idolatrous and superstitious, should not be very sensitive when their controversial virulence is turned upon them. The moment Doctor Drumgoole's philippic on the Reformation appeared, a great outcry took place, and Roman Catholics were not wanting to modify and explain away the Doctor's scholastic vituperation. He himself, however, was fixed and stubborn as the rock on which he believed that his doctrines were built. No kind of apology could be extorted from him. He was, indeed, a man of a peculiarly stubborn and inflexible cast of mind. It must, however, be admitted, that for every position which he advanced, he was able to adduce very strong and cogent reasoning. He was a physician by profession, but in practice and in predilection he was a theologian of the most uncompromising sort. He had a small fortune, which rendered him independent of patients, and he addicted himself, strenuously and exclusively, to the study of the scholastic arts.

He was beyond doubt a very well-informed and a clever man. He had a great command of speech, and yet was not a pleasing speaker. He was slow, monotonous, and invariable. His countenance was full of medical and theological solemnity, and he was wont to carry a huge stick with a golden head, on which he used to press both his hands in speaking; and indeed, from the manner in which he swayed his body, and knocked his stick at the end of every period to the ground, which he accompanied with a species of strange and guttural "hem!" he seemed to me a kind of rhetorical paviour, who was busily engaged in making the great road of liberty, and paving the way to emancipation. The

Doctor was in private life a very good and gentle-natured man. You could not stir the placidity of his temper, unless you touched upon the Veto; and upon that point he was scarcely master of himself.

I remember well, years after all discussion upon the subject had subsided, when I was in Paris, on a visit at the house of a friend of the Doctor's and my own, he suddenly walked in, just after his arrival from Rome. I had not seen him for a considerable time, but I had scarcely asked him how he was, when he reverted to the Veto; and a debate (it was in the year 1819) was immediately opened on the subject. Some Irish gentlemen dropped casually in; they all took their share in the argument. The eloquence of the different disputants became inflamed: the windows towards the street had been left unhappily open; a crowd of Frenchmen collected outside, and the other inhabitants of the house gathered at the doors to hear the discussion. It was only after the Doctor, who was still under the influence of Vetophobia, had taken his leave, that I perceived the absurdity of the incident. A volume of Gil Blas was on the table where we happened to have been assembled, and by accident I lighted on the passage in which he describes the Irish disputants at Salamanca—"Je rencontrois quelquefois des figures Hibernoises. Il falloit nous voir disputer," &c. We are a strange people, and deserve our designation at the foreign universities, where it was proverbially said of the Irish that they were "ratione furentes."

There were others besides the persons whom I have described, who at this juncture took a part in Catholic politics, and who are deserving of mention; but as they have recently made a figure even more

conspicuous than at the Catholic Committee, I reserve them for subsequent delineation. The only other person whom I remember as worthy of much note, and who has retired from Catholic assemblies, was Peter Bodkin Hussey. Peter was a very droll, sarcastic, and amusing debater. He dealt almost exclusively in irony, and employed a good deal of grotesque imagery in his orations, which, if it did not instruct, served at least the purposes of entertainment. He had a very rubicund and caustic countenance, that was surmounted with a profusion of red hair; and from his manner and aspect he was not unhappily designated as "red precipitate." I don't know from what motive he has retired from political life; but, though he is still young, he has not recently appeared at any Roman Catholic assembly.

These were the individuals who, besides the performers who still continue on the boards, chiefly figured at the Catholic Committee, which in the year 1811, was made the object of a prosecution by Mr. Saurin. Mr. Kirwan and Doctor Sheridan were indicted, under the Irish Convention Act, for having been elected to sit in the Catholic Parliament. The Government strained every nerve to procure a conviction. Mr. Saurin commenced his speech in the following words:— "My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury, I cannot but congratulate you and the public that the day of justice has at length arrived;" and the then Solicitor-General the present Chief-Justice Bushe, in speaking of the Committee, constituted as it was, concluded his oration thus:—"Compare such a constitution with the established authorities of the land, all controlled, confined to their respective spheres, balancing and gravitating

to each other—all symmetry, all order, all harmony. Behold, on the other hand, this prodigy in the political hemisphere, with eccentric course and portentous glare, bound by no attraction, disdaining any orbit, disturbing the system, and affrighting the world." Upon the first trial the Catholic Committee were acquitted; but upon the second the Attorney-General mended his hand, and the jury having been packed, the comet was put out.*

The Catholic Committee, as a representative body elected by the people, and consisting of a certain number of members delegated from each town and county, ceased to exist. A great blow had been struck at the cause, and a considerable time elapsed before Ireland recovered from it. The Russian war ensued, and Bonaparte fell. The hopes of the Catholics fell with the peace. A long interval elapsed, in which nothing very important or deserving of record took place. A political lethargy spread itself over the great body of the people, and the assemblies of the Catholics became more unfrequent, and their language more despondent and hopeless than it had ever before been. The unfortunate differences which had taken place between the aristocracy and the great body of the people respecting the Veto, had left many traces of discord behind, and divided them from each other; they no longer exhibited any very formidable object to their antagonists.

* Two of the delegates were tried, Doctor Sheridan, and Mr. Kirwan, a merchant. The first was acquitted, the second found guilty. The punishment was only nominal, the Government declaring itself satisfied with the assertion and vindication of the law.—See the sketch of Mr. Bushe, then Solicitor General, in the first volume.

Thus matters stood till the year 1821, when the King intimated his intention to visit Ireland. The nation awoke at this intelligence; and it was believed by the Catholics, and surmised by the Protestants, that their sovereign could scarcely mean to visit this portion of his dominions from any idle curiosity, or from an anxiety to play the principal part in a melodramatic procession through the Irish metropolis. It was reasonably concluded that he must have intended to come as the herald of national tranquillity, and as the great pacificator of his people. Before his arrival, the two parties formed a temporary amnesty; and Mr. O'Connell, who had gained the first eminence in his profession, and had become the undisputed leader of the Catholic body, used his best endeavours to effect a reconciliation between the Orangemen of the Corporation and the Irish Catholics. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield arrived in Dublin before his master, and intimated the Royal anxieties that all differences and animosities should be laid aside. Accordingly, it was agreed that a public dinner should be held at Morrison's tavern, where the leaders of both factions should pledge each other in libations of everlasting amity. This national festivity took place; and from the vehement protestations on both sides, it was believed by many that a lasting reconciliation had been effected. Master Ellis and Mr. O'Connell almost embraced each other.

The King arrived; the Catholics determined not to intrude their grievances upon him. Accordingly our gracious Sovereign passed rather an agreeable time in Dublin. He was hailed with tumultuous hurras wherever he passed; and in return for the enthusiastic

reception which he had found, he directed Lord Sidmouth to write a letter, recommending it to the people to be united. His Majesty shortly afterwards set sail, with tears in his eyes, from Kingstown. For a little while the Catholics continued under the miserable deception under which they had laboured during the Royal sojourn, but when they found that no intention existed to introduce a change of system into Ireland—that the King's visit seemed an artifice, and Lord Sidmouth's epistle meant nothing—and that while men were changed, measures continued substantially unaltered, they began to perceive that some course more effectual than a loyal solicitude not to disturb the repose of Majesty should be adopted.

The present Catholic Association rose out of the disappointment of the people. Its foundations were laid by Mr. O'Connell, in conjunction with Mr. Sheil. They both happened to meet at the house of a common friend in the mountains of Wicklow, and after exchanging their opinions on the deplorable state to which the Catholic mind had been reduced, and the utter want of system and organization in the body, it was agreed by those gentlemen that they should both sign an address to the Irish Catholics, and inclose it to the principal members of the body. This proceeding was considered presumptuous by many of the individuals to whom their manifesto was directed; and under other circumstances, perhaps, it might be regarded as an instance of extreme self-reliance; but it was absolutely necessary that some endeavour should be made to rouse the national mind from the torpor into which it had fallen. A very thin meeting, which did not consist of more than about twenty individuals, was

held at a tavern set up by a man of the name of Dempsey, in Sackville-street; and it was there determined that something should be done.

The foundations of the Association were then laid, and it must be owned that its first meetings afforded few indications of the importance and the magnitude to which it was destined to be raised. The attendance was so thin, and the public appeared so insensible to the proceedings which took place in those small convocations, that it is almost surprising that the enterprise was not relinquished in despair. The Association in its origin was treated with contempt, not only by its open adversaries, but Catholics themselves spoke of it with derision, and spurned at the walls of mud, which their brethren had rapidly thrown up, and which were afterwards to become "altæ mœnia Romæ." At length, however, the men who had formerly been active in Catholic affairs were got together, and the great body of the people were awakened from their insensibility. The powerful appeals of Daniel O'Connell, who now began to develop even greater abilities than he had before exhibited, and whose ambition was excited by the progress which he had made in his profession, stirred the mind of Ireland. The aristocracy, who had been previously alienated, had forgotten many affronts which had been put upon them, and began to reunite themselves with the people.

Lord Killeen, the son of the Earl of Fingal, came forward as the representative of his father and of the Catholic nobility.* He was free from the habits of submission which the Catholic aristocracy had contracted

* The present Earl of Fingal.

at the period of their extreme depression, and was animated by an ardent consciousness of the rights which were withheld from him. This young nobleman threw himself into a zealous co-operation with Mr. O'Connell, and by his abilities aided the impression which his rank and station were calculated to produce. His example was followed by other noblemen; and Lord Gormanstown, a Catholic peer of great fortune and of very ancient descent, although hitherto unused to public life, appeared at the Catholic Association. This good man had laboured for many years under the impression that the Catholics were frustrating their own objects by the violence with which they were pursued, and had in consequence absented himself from their assemblies; but at length the delusion passed away. His example was followed by the Earl of Kenmare, who, though he did not actually attend the Association (for he abhors popular exhibition), sent in the authority of his name, and his pecuniary contribution.

Thus the aristocracy was consolidated with the Catholic democracy, and Mr. O'Connell began to wield them both with the power of which new manifestations were every day given. In a little time a general movement was produced through the country; the national attention was fixed upon the deliberations of the body which had thus started up from the ruins of the old Catholic Committee; its meetings became crowded to excess. The newspapers teemed with vehement harangues; and the public mind, heated and excited by these impassioned and constantly repeated appeals, began to exhibit an entirely different character.

The junction of the aristocracy and of the democracy was a most important achievement. But this con-

federacy was greatly strengthened by the alliance of another and still more powerful body, the Catholic priesthood of Ireland. The sympathy which the clergy have manifested in the efforts of the Association, and the political part which they have lately played, are to be referred, in a great measure, to the influence of a very greatly gifted man. Doctor Doyle, the Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, is certainly among the most remarkable men who have appeared in this strange state of things, and has most essentially contributed to the moral and political feeling which has grown up amongst the people.

He was educated at an university in Portugal, where it was not very likely that he would contract any very ardent attachment to freedom, but his original love of his country overcame the theology of Coimbra, and he returned to Ireland with a mind deeply imbued with learning, fraught with eloquence, and burning with patriotism. He was for some time a professor in the ecclesiastical college at Carlow, and before he was made a bishop was unknown as a politician. But the crosier had been scarcely placed in his hands, when he raised it in the cause of his country. He wrote, and his writings were so strikingly eloquent in diction and powerful in reasoning, that they at once invited the attention of the public. He fearlessly broached doctrines which not only startled the Government, but gave alarm to some of the hoary professors at Maynooth.

In the following passage in his letter to Mr. Robertson, after speaking of the likelihood of a rebellion and a French invasion, he says—"The Minister of England cannot look to the exertions of the Catholic priesthood: they have been ill-treated, and they may yield for a

moment to the influence of nature, though it be opposed to grace. This clergy, with a few exceptions, are from the ranks of the people; they inherit their feelings; they are not, as formerly, brought up under despotic governments; and they have imbibed the doctrines of Locke and Paley, more deeply than those of Bellarmine, or even of Bossuet, on the divine right of kings. They know much more of the principles of the constitution, than they do of passive obedience. If a rebellion were raging from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear, no sentence of excommunication would ever be fulminated by a Catholic prelate."

This announcement of what is now obviously the truth, created a sort of consternation. Lord Wellesley, it is said, in order to neutralize the effects of this fierce episcopal warning, appealed to Maynooth; and from Maynooth there issued a document in which it is well understood that the students, and even the President, Dr. Crotty, did not agree, but to which the names of five of the theological professors were attached. The persons who were mainly instrumental in getting up a declaration in favour of passive obedience (which is, however, more mitigated than the famous proclamation of servility which issued from the University of Oxford), were two old French Doctors of the Sorbonne, who had found bread in the Irish College, Monsieur de la Hogue and Monsieur François D'Anglade. These individuals belonged, when in their own country, to the "ancien régime;" and, with a good deal of learning, imported into Ireland a very strong relish for submission. The following was their protest against Dr. Doyle:—

"*Royal Catholic College of St. Patrick, Maynooth.*— In consequence of recent public allusions to the domes-

tic education of the Catholic Clergy, we, the undersigned Professors of the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, deem it a duty which we owe to Religion, and to the country, solemnly and publicly to state, that in our respective situations, we have uniformly inculcated allegiance to our gracious Sovereign, respect for the constituted authorities, and obedience to the Laws.

"In discharging this solemn duty, we have been guided by the unchangeable principles of the Catholic Religion, plainly and forcibly contained in the following precepts of St. Peter and St. Paul:—

"'Be ye subjects therefore to every human creature for God's sake; whether it be to the King, as excelling, or to governors sent by him, for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of the good; for so is the will of God, that by doing well you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men, as free and not as making liberty a cloak for malice, but as the servants of God. Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the King. For this is thanks-worthy, if for conscience towards God a man endures sorrows, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if committing sin, and suffering for it you endure? But if doing well you suffer patiently, this is thanks-worthy before God." 1st Ep. of St. Peter, c. 2.

"'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers: for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation. For Princes are not a terror to the good work, but to the evil. Wilt thou then, not be afraid of the Power? Do that

which is good, and thou shalt have praise for the same. —Wherefore be subject of necessity, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake." Ep. to the Romans, c. 13.

"Our commentaries on these texts cannot be better conveyed than in the language of Tertullian. 'Christians are aware who has conferred their power on the Emperors: they know it is God, after whom they are first in rank, and second to no other. From the same source, which imparts life, they also derive their power. We Christians invoke on all the Emperors the blessings of long life, a prosperous reign, domestic security, a brave army, a devoted senate, and a moral people.'—Apology, chap. 30.

"Into the sincerity of these professions we challenge the most rigid inquiry; and we appeal with confidence to the peaceable and loyal conduct of the Clergy educated in this Establishment, and to their exertions to preserve the public order, as evidence of the soundness of the principles inculcated in this College. These principles are the same which have been ever taught by the Catholic Church: and if any change has been wrought in the minds of the Clergy of Ireland, it is, that religious obligation is here strengthened by motives of gratitude, and confirmed by sworn allegiance, from which no power on earth can absolve."

Such was the Sorbonne manifesto, which, notwithstanding the awful names of La Hogue and D'Anglade, was laughed at by the Irish priesthood. The reputation of Dr. Doyle was more widely extended by this effort of antiquated divinity to suppress him; and the Government found additional proofs in the result of his publication of the unfortunate truths which it contained.

I. K. L., the name by which Dr. Doyle is generally known, and which is composed of the initials of his titular designation, threw into the Catholic Association all the influence of his sacred authority; and, having openly joined that body, increased the reverence with which the people had previously considered its proceedings, and imparted to it something of a religious character. The example which was given by Dr. Doyle was followed by other dignitaries of the church, of whom the most remarkable are Dr. Murray, the Archbishop of Dublin; and Doctor Kelly, the Bishop of Waterford.

Dr. Murray is the successor of the late Dr. Troy. That excellent ecclesiastic had for many years presided over the see of Dublin, rather with the prudence and caution which had been acquired in times of political oppression, than with the energy and determination which became the augmenting power of the Catholic body. He had acquired his habits at an epoch, if not of servility, of oppression, and had been accustomed to accomplish, by dexterous acquiescence, what would now be insisted upon as a right. During the Irish rebellion he is said to have shown great skill; and, by his influence at the Castle, prevented the Roman Catholic chapels from being closed up. He was accounted a good divine, but had neither the faculty of composition nor of speech. He had received his education at Rome, and was a member of the order of St. Dominic. He had the look, too, of a holy *bon vivant*, for he was squat and corpulent, had a considerable abdominal plenitude, and a ruddy countenance, with a strong determination of blood to the nose. Yet his aspect belied him, for he was conspicuous for the simplicity and abstemiousness

of his life; and although Lord Norbury, observing Mr. Æneas M'Donnel descending the steps of his house, exclaimed, "There is pious Æneas coming from the sack of Troy," and by the celebrity of the pun extended to the Doctor a renown for hospitality, the latter had scarcely the means of supporting himself in a manner consistent with his clerical station. He died in exceeding poverty, for one guinea only was found in his possession. This arose partly from the narrowness of his income, and partly from his generous disposition. He had about eight hundred pounds a-year, and expended it on the poor.

This good man was succeeded by the present Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Murray. He was educated in the university of Salamanca, but his mind is untarnished by the smoke of the scholastic lamp, and he has a spirit of liberty within him which shows how compatible the ardent citizen is with the enthusiastic priest. His manners are not at all Spanish, although he passed many years in Spain under the tuition of Dr. Curtis, the Catholic Primate, who was professor of Theology in Salamanca, and is one of its peculiar "Bachelors." Dr. Curtis is almost more Spanish than the Spanish themselves, for he has a restlessness of gesture, and a flexibility of the physiognomical muscles, which surpass the vivacity of Andalusia, and with one finger laid upon his nose, with his eyes starting from his head, and with the other hand quivering like that of a Chinese juggler, he presents the most singular spectacle of episcopal vivacity at the age of ninety-one, which I have ever seen. His pupil and brother Archbishop of Dublin is meek, composed, and placid, and has an expression of patience, of sweetness, and benignity, united with

strong intellectual intimations, which would fix the attention of any ordinary observer who chanced to see him in the public way. He has great dignity and simplicity of deportment, and has a bearing befitting his rank without the least touch of arrogance. His voice is singularly soft and harmonious; and even in reproof itself, he does not put his Christian gentleness aside. His preaching is of the first order. It is difficult to hear his sermons upon charity without tears, and there is, independently of the charms of diction and the graces of elocution, of which he is a master, an internal evidence of his own profound conviction of what he utters, that makes its way to the heart. When he stands in the pulpit, it is no exaggeration to say, that he diffuses a kind of piety about him; he seems to belong to the holy edifice; and it may be said of him with perfect truth—

> "At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
> His looks adorn'd the venerable place."

It is obvious that such a man, attended by all the influence which his office, his abilities, and his apostolic life confer upon him, must have added great weight to the proceedings of the Association, when, with a zeal in patriotism corresponding with his ardour in religion, he caused himself to be enrolled amongst its members.

"The contemplation of the wrongs of my country (he exclaimed, at a public meeting held in the magnificent Catholic Cathedral in Marlborough-street)—the contemplation of the wrongs of my country makes my soul burn within me!"

As he spoke thus, he pressed to his heart the hand which the people were accustomed to see exalted from

the altar in raising the Host to Heaven. His fine countenance was inflamed with emotion; and his whole frame trembled under the dominion of the vehement feeling by which he was excited.—These are the men whom our Government, in its wisdom, have placed in alienation from the state, and whose character has been sketched in the passage which I have quoted from the works of Dr. Doyle.

THE PENENDEN HEATH MEETING.

[NOVEMBER, 1828.]

ANXIOUS to witness the great assembly of "the Men of Kent," of which the High Sheriff had called a meeting, (having appointed twelve o'clock upon Friday the 24th of October, for the immense gathering), I proceeded from Rochester to Maidstone at an early hour. Upon my way, I saw the evidences of prodigious exertion to call the yeomanry together, and from the summit of a hill that surmounts a beautiful valley near Maidstone, I beheld a long array of waggons moving slowly towards the spot which had been fixed by the High Sheriff for the meeting. The morning was peculiarly fine and bright, and had a remnant of "summer's lingering bloom;" and the eye, through the pure air, and from the elevated spot on which I paused to survey the landscape, traversed an immense and glorious prospect. The fertile county of Kent, covered with all the profusion of English luxury, and exhibiting a noble spectacle of agricultural opulence, was before me; under any circumstances the scene would have attracted my

attention, but upon the occasion on which I now beheld it, it was accompanied by circumstances which greatly added to its influence, and lent to the beauty of nature a sort of moral picturesque.

The whole population of an immense district, seemed to have swarmed from their towns and cottages, and filled the roads and avenues which led to the great place of political rendezvous. In the distance lay Penenden Heath, and I could perceive that long before the hour appointed by the Sheriff for the meeting, large masses had assembled upon the field, where the struggle between the two contending parties was to be carried on. After looking upon this extraordinary spectacle, I proceeded on my journey. I passed many of the Men of Kent, who were going on foot to the meeting; but the great majority were conveyed in those ponderous teams which are used for the purposes of conveying agricultural produce; and, indeed, "the Men of Kent," who were packed up in those vehicles, seemed almost as unconscious as the ordinary burthens with which their heavy vehicles are laden. The waggons went on in their dull and monotonous rotation, filled with human beings, whose faces presented a vacant blank, in which it was impossible to trace the smallest interest or emotion. They did not exchange a word with each other, but sat in their waggons, with a half sturdy and half fatuitous look of apathy, listening to the sound of the bells which were attached to the horses by which they were drawn, and as careless as those animals of the events in which they were going to take a part.

It was easy, however, to perceive, to which faction they belonged; for poles were placed in each of these waggons, with placards attached to them, on which

directions were given to the loads of freeholders to vote for their respective proprietors. I expected to have seen injunctions to vote for Emancipation, or for the Constitution, or against Popery and Slavery; these ordinances would, in all likelihood, have been above the comprehension of "the Men of Kent;" and accordingly the more intelligible words, "Vote for Lord Winchilsea," or "Vote for Lord Darnley," were inscribed upon the placards. I proceeded to my place of destination, and reached Penenden Heath.

It is a gently sloping amphitheatrical declivity, surrounded with gradually ascending elevations of highly cultivated ground, and presenting in the centre a wide space, exceedingly well calculated for the holding of a great popular assembly. On arriving, I found a great multitude assembled at about an hour before the meeting. A large circle was formed, with a number of waggons placed in close junction to each other, and forming an area capable of containing several thousand persons. There was an opening in the spot immediately opposite the Sheriff for the reception of the people, who were pouring into the enclosure and had already formed a dense mass. The waggons were laden with the better class of yeomen, with the gentry at their head. A sort of hustings was raised for the Sheriff and his friends, with chairs in the front, and from this point the waggons branched off in two wings, that on the left of the Sheriff being allotted to the Protestant, and the right having been appropriated to the Catholic party. The waggons bore the names of the several persons to whom they belonged, and were designated as "Lord Winchilsea's," or "Lord Darnley's," or, as "The Committee's," and ensigns were

displayed from them which indicated the opinions of their respective occupiers.

The moment I ascended one of the waggons, where all persons were indiscriminately admitted, I saw that the Protestants, as they called themselves, had had the advantage in preparation, and that they were well arrayed and disciplined. Of this the effects produced by Lord Winchilsea's arrival afforded strong proof; for the moment he entered, there was a simultaneous waving of hats by his party, and the cheering was so well ordered and regulated that it was manifest that every movement of the faction was preconcerted and arranged. The appearance of Lord Darnley, of Lord Radnor, and the other leaders of the Catholic party, was not hailed with the same concurrence of applause from their supporters; not that the latter were not warmly zealous, but that they had not been disciplined with the same care.

I anxiously watched for the coming of Cobbett and of Hunt. I not only desired to see two persons of whom I had heard so much, but to ascertain the extent of their influence upon the public mind. Cobbett, I understood, had, before the meeting took place, succeeded in throwing discord into the ranks of the liberal party. He had intimated that he would move a petition against tithes—to this Lord Darnley vehemently objected, and asked very reasonably how he could, as a peer of the realm, co-operate in such a proposal. Several others, however, although they greatly disapproved of Cobbett's proposition in the abstract, were disposed to support any expedient which would have the effect of extinguishing the Brunswick faction. It had therefore been decided first, to try whether the

Brunswick measure could not be got rid of, without having recourse to any substitute, and in the event of failing in that course, to sustain Cobbett's amendment. Cobbett had dined the preceding day at Maidstone, with about a hundred farmers, and had been very well received. He there gave intimations of his intended proposition against the Church. His friends said that he had devoted great care to his petition, and that he plumed himself upon it. I thought it exceedingly probable that he would succeed in carrying his measure, especially as he had obtained a signal triumph at a meeting connected with the Corn Laws, and borne down the gentry before him.

These anticipations had greatly raised my curiosity about this singular person, and I watched the effect which his coming should produce with some solicitude. He at length arrived: upon his entering the enclosure, I heard a cry of "Cobbett, Gobbett!" and turning my eyes to the spot from which the exclamation came, I perceived less sensation than I had expected to find. Some twenty of the lowest class of freeholders made some demonstration of pleasure at his appearance, and followed him as he made his way towards a waggon on the right of the Sheriff. He was dressed in a gray frieze coat, with a red handkerchief, which gave him a very extraordinary aspect, and presented him in contrast with the body of those who occupied the waggons, who, on account of the public mourning, were dressed in black.* He seemed in excellent health and spirits, for his cheeks were almost as ruddy as his neckcloth, and set off his white hair, while his eyes sparkled at

* The Duke of York had died shortly before.

the anticipation of the victory which he was confident that he should obtain.

He seemed to me to mistake the following and acclamation of a few of the rabble for the applauses of the whole meeting. When, however, he ascended the waggon, and stood before the assembly, he ought to have discovered that he did not stand very high in the general favour; for while the circle about him cheered him with rather faint plaudits, the moment his tall but somewhat fantastical figure was exhibited to the meeting, he was assailed by the Brunswickers with the grossest insults, which, instead of exciting the anger, produced a burst of merriment among the Catholic party. "Down with the old Bone-grubber!"* "Oh, Cobbett, have you brought Burdett along with you?" "Where's your gridiron?" "Will you pay Burdett out of the next crop of Indian corn?" These, and other contumelies, were lavished upon him by a set of fellows who were obviously posted in the meeting, in order to assail their antagonists and beat them down. Cobbett was so flushed with the certainty of success, and so self-deluded by his egregious notions of his own importance, that his temper was not at first disturbed, but looking down triumphantly to those immediately about him, and drawing forth a long petition, told them that he had brought them something that should content them all.

* Cobbett was called the "bone-grubber," in consequence of the respect which, with ostentatious bad taste, he paid to the memory of Thomas Paine, whose remains he brought to England from America. Lord Norbury, on being asked what Cobbett meant by importing the bones, is said to have answered, that he supposed he "wanted to make a *broil.*"

I surveyed him attentively at this moment. Cobbett is generally represented as a man of rather a clownish-looking demeanour; and I have read, in some descriptions of him, that he could not, at first view, suggest any notion of his peculiar intellectual powers. I do not at all agree in the opinion. He has certainly a rude and rough bearing, and affects a heedlessness of form, amounting to coarseness and rusticity. But it is only requisite to look at him, in order to see in the expression of his countenance the vigorous mind with which he is endowed. The higher portion of his face is not unlike Sir Walter Scott's, to whom he bears, especially about the brow, a resemblance. His eyes are more vivid than the great author's, while the lower part of his countenance is expressive of fierce and vehement emotions. His attire and aspect certainly suggest, at first view, his early occupations, and the predilections of his later life (for he is more attached to agriculture than to politics); but whoever looks at him narrowly, will see the impress of intellectual superiority upon his countenance, and perceive, under his rude bearing, the predominance of mind.

When he first addressed the people, he was in exceedingly good humour; and as he snapped his fingers, and cried out, "Emancipation is all roguery!" the laugh which the recollection of his own devotedness to the Catholic cause created, was echoed by his own merriment, and he seemed to enjoy his political inconsistency as an exceeding good joke. He told the people, that he was well aware that the Sheriff intended to adjourn the meeting, but that he would stay there, and hold a meeting himself.

Next to Cobbett stood the great leader of the radicals,

Mr. Hunt. A reconciliation has been recently effected between them, and they stood together in the front of the same waggon before the people. I was surprised to find in Mr. Hunt, a man of an exceedingly mild and gentle aspect, with a smooth and almost youthful cheek, a bright and pleasant eye, a sweet and urbane smile, and altogether a most gentlemanlike and disarming demeanour. His voice, too, is exceedingly melodious, and as soft as his manners. This Gracchus of Manchester is utterly unlike the picture which the imagination is apt to form of a tribune of the people; and indeed I do not consider him to possess the external qualifications of a great demagogue, though he is certainly endowed with that plain and simple eloquence which is so peculiarly effective with an English multitude. Near Hunt and Cobbett, the Pylades and Orestes of radicalism, stood Counsellor French, an Irish Catholic barrister, who is now a proselyte among the reformers, but seems to have many of the qualities necessary to constitute an apostle in the cause, and is likely one day to set up for himself.

In the waggon next that in which Cobbett, Darrel, and Hunt were placed, sat Mr. Sheil, the Irish demagogue. This gentleman was said, by some people, to have been sent over by the Association; while others asserted, that he had of his own accord embarked in the perilous enterprise of addressing "the Men of Kent." There was a feeling of curiosity, mingled with disrelish, produced by his appearance there. The English Catholics had endeavoured to dissuade him from the undertaking; and Mr. Darrel, a gentleman of property in the county, was particularly anxious that he should not attempt to speak. Lord Darnley was also very

adverse to this adventurous step, and so far from having given Mr. Sheil a freehold, had intimated, I heard, that the death-bed of the Duke of York was not yet so much forgotten, that Mr. Sheil should venture into such an assembly.*

That gentleman sat in one of the waggons, apparently careless of the impression which he should produce; but his pale and bilious face, in which discontent and solicitude, mingled with a spirit of Sardonic virulence, are expressed, and his restless and unquiet eye, gave indications that he was annoyed at the opprobrious epithets which were showered upon him, and that he was anxious about the event, as it should personally affect himself. There is certainly in Mr. Sheil's face and person little to bespeak the favour of a public assembly; and if he produces oratorical effects, he must be indebted to a power of phrase, and an art in delivery, of which, in the uproar in which he spoke, it was impossible in that meeting to form any estimate. Next to Mr. Sheil was the waggon appropriated to the Committee, where there were some English Catholics; and Lord Darnley's and Lord Radnor's waggons succeeded.

The opposite wing was, as I have mentioned, occupied by the Brunswickers, of whom by far the most conspicuous was Lord Winchilsea. He is a tall, strong-

* Mr. Sheil had made a speech shortly before, at a public meeting at Mullingar, in which he had alluded to the illness of the royal Duke in a strain which was ill excused even by the license of an agitator and the notorious hostility of the Duke of York to the Catholic claims. The speech naturally gave great offence, and Mr. Sheil apologized for it subsequently in Dublin, when it became known that the Duke's illness was mortal.

built, vigorous-looking man, destitute of all dignity or grace, but with a bluff, rude, and direct nautical bearing, which reminds one of the quarter-deck, and would lead you to suppose that he was the mate of a ship (a conjecture which a black silk handkerchief tied tightly about his neck, tends to assist) rather than an hereditary Counsellor of the Crown. Whatever feelings of partiality his late conduct may have generated towards him with his own faction, he is certainly not popular in the county; for he is the terror of poachers, and is most arbitrary in the enforcement of the game laws. It is but justice to him to say, that he has, upon one or two occasions, when he has detected poachers upon his estate, given them the alternative of going to prison or fighting with him; for to his political he superadds no inconsiderable pugilistic qualifications. He seems very well qualified to lead an English mob, and possesses in a far greater perfection than Hunt or Cobbett, the demagogic qualities of voice, which gave him, at Penenden Heath, a great advantage over his opponents. Before the chair was taken, he was actively engaged in marshalling his troops, and cheering them on to battle, and it was manifest that he felt all the excitement of a leader engaged in a cause, upon the issue of which his own political importance was depending.

I did not remark any persons of rank about him, and indeed the Protestant was conspicuously inferior in this particular to the Catholic wing. There were, however, on the left side, a number of persons, in whom it was easy to recognize the sacerdotal physiognomy, of far more influence than noblemen could have been; the whole body of the Kent Clergy were marshalled for the occasion; and not only the priests of the esta-

blished religion, but many of the dissenting preachers of the Methodist school, were arrayed under the Winchilsea banners. It was easy to recognize them even amidst the crowd of men habited in black, by their lugubrious and dismal expression. The clergy at the meeting were so numerous, that the Protestant side had much more a clerical than an agricultural aspect.

The different parties being thus distributed, and every waggon having been occupied, and the whole of the area within the inclosure having been filled by the dense crowd, the Sheriff, Sir T. Maryon Wilson, appeared exactly at twelve o'clock, and took the chair. He seemed to me, from the distance at which I saw him, a young man, quite untutored in the business of public meetings; but he had beside him his sub-sheriff, Mr. Scudamore, who appeared to have all the zeal by which his employer was actuated in the cause of Protestantism, and to be perfectly well versed in the stratagems by which an advantage may be given to one party, without affording to the other the opportunity of complaining of any very gross breach of decorum. This gentleman had a coarse, red whiskered, and blunt face, of the Dogberry character, in which a vulgar authoritativeness was combined with those habits of submission to his superior, which are generally found in subordinate functionaries.

The High Sheriff having taken his station, delivered a brief speech, in which he stated the object of the meeting to be the adoption of such measures as should be deemed most advisable for the support of the church establishment; and he concluded by enjoining the assembly to hear all parties, a precept which he cer-

tainly exhibited no very great solicitude to embody in his own conduct. A letter from the brother of Mr. Honeywood was then read, in which an excuse was made for that gentleman upon the ground of indisposition, (it was well known that he was adverse to the objects of the meeting,) and then Mr. Gipps rose to move the petition. I found it difficult to ascertain exactly who he was; but thus far I learned, that he is not a man of influence or weight from property in the county, and indeed I could see no motive for putting him in the foreground, excepting that he has a clear and distinct voice, which, in a less clamorous assembly would have been probably heard by a considerable part of the meeting.

He dwelt upon a variety of the common topics which are pressed into the service of Anti-catholicism, but gave no novelty by any unusual display of diction to the old arguments against Popery. He seemed himself to chuckle at what he conceived to be a peculiarly jocular and picturesque representation of Mr. O'Connell, at the Clare election, bowing down to receive the benediction of a bishop, forgetting that it was hardly stranger on the part of Mr. O'Connell to go through, what is after all, I believe, a common form with pious Roman Catholics, than for a duchess to print her beautiful lips on the black and bearded mouth of a coal-heaver, in order to obtain a vote for Mr. Fox. I am surprised that this parallel was not adduced in Mr. O'Connell's defence. After Mr. Gipps had expended himself in a monotonous and wearisome diatribe against the Catholic religion, he proceeded to read a petition, which the liberal party had anticipated would have prayed dis-

tinctly against all concessions to the Roman Catholics. To their surprise it was couched in the following words:—

"Your Petitioners beg leave to express to your Honourable House, their sense of the blessings they enjoy under the Protestant Constitution of these Kingdoms, as settled at the Revolution, viewing with the deepest regret the proceedings which have for a long time been carrying on in Ireland.

"Your Petitioners feel themselves imperatively called upon to declare their strong and inviolable attachment to those Protestant principles, which have proved to be the best security for the civil and religious liberty of these Kingdoms.

"They therefore approach your Honourable House, humbly but earnestly praying that the Protestant Constitution of the United Kingdom may be preserved entire and inviolable."

The phraseology of this petition, from its moderate character, excited some surprise; and it was justly said, that no Protestant could object to the matter for which it ostensibly purported to pray. The compatibility of concession to the Catholics with the entirety and inviolability of the Protestant Church, has been always maintained, not only by the Protestant, but Catholic advocates of their claims. This subdued tone of the Petition gave distinct proof that the Clubbists calculated upon a strong opposition to any more forcible interference with the legislature. The object, however, of the Clubbists was obvious, and the Petition was resisted, not so much upon the ground of its containing any thing in itself very objectionable, as that the intent of the Petitioners themselves was avowed.

A Mr. Plumtree seconded Mr. Gipps. It was said that he was a Calvinist, and he certainly had the aspect which we might suppose to have been worn by the founder of his religion, when he ordered Servetus to be consumed by a slow fire. He said nothing at all worth note.

When Mr. Plumtree sat down, Lord Camden addressed the Sheriff. He occupied a peculiar station. Instead, as was observed in one of the Morning Papers, of taking his place upon the right side, and bringing up his tenants in a body, he came unattended, and selected a place upon the hustings near the Sheriff. He deprecated all kind of partizanship in the course which he took in the proceedings; and certainly his deportment and look indicated that it was with no other feeling than one of duty, and without any kind of struggle for superiority, that he had mingled in the contest. I do not know whether it was his office as Lord Lieutenant of the county that procured him a patient hearing from both sides, or whether before their passions were strongly excited, they forbore from offering an indignity to a person who from his age and rank derived a title to universal respect. He was the only person who was heard with scarcely any interruption. His speech was exceedingly well delivered, in a surprisingly clear, sonorous, and audible intonation. He condemned the conduct of the Catholics in the language of vehement vituperation, but at the same time pointed out the extreme violence with which their demands were resisted.

The only circumstance in his speech worth recording is, that he mentioned his belief that some measure of concession was intended by Government. This attracted

great attention, and it is difficult to conceive how a person, so prudent and so calm as Lord Camden manifestly is, would have intimated any belief of his upon the subject, unless there were some foundation on which something more substantial than a mere conjecture could be raised. Towards the end of his speech the Clubbists became exceedingly impatient, and one of them called him "an old Radical;" a term of which he protested that he was at a loss to discover the applicability, as he had never done anything to please the Radicals. This, Mr. Hunt afterwards controverted, and insisted that he had done much to gratify the Radicals by giving up his sinecure—a panegyric which was well merited, and was most happily pronounced.*

Lord Darnley followed Lord Camden, but was received with loud and vehement hooting. This nobleman is considered to be very proud, without being arrogant, and to have as full consciousness of the dignity and rights of his order, as Lord Grey could charge any Whig disciple to entertain. He must have been deeply galled when he perceived that his rank and wealth were only turned into scoff, and when in the outset of his speech, a common boor cried out, "That there fellow is a Hirishman. Tim, put a potato down his throat, and choke his d——d Hirish jaw." He was not deterred from going on by the howlings which surrounded him, and with far more intrepidity than I should have been disposed to give him credit for, he proceeded with his speech.

* This venerable nobleman died in 1840, at the age of eighty-one. He had for many years paid into the receipt of the Exchequer the large income of his sinecure office, the Tellership of the Exchequer—a just and a rare claim to the respect and gratitude of the nation.

He soon, however, received a blow, which wounded him much more than the potato proposition; for the moment he began to talk of his estate in Ireland (where he has a very large property) several people cried out, "Why don't you live on your estate, and be d——d to you, and every other d——d absentee!" This was a thrust which it was impossible to parry. Lord Darnley endeavoured to proceed; but the uproar became so terrible, that not a word which he uttered could be heard in the tumult. Whatever faults the Clubbists may have committed, any excessive deference to rank and wealth was not on this occasion, at least, among their defects; and, indeed, with the exception of Cobbett and Sheil, no man was listened to with more angry impatience than the noble Earl. After speaking for about twenty minutes, he sat down with evident marks of disappointment and personal mortification.

On his resuming his place, with a determination, I should presume, never to expose himself to such an affront again, Lord Winchilsea and Mr. Sheil rose together. The competition for precedence into which the Irish demagogue was so audacious as to enter with the chief and captain of the Brunswickers, excited the fury of the latter.* Mr. Sheil insisted, that as Lord Camden had, as was I believe the case, alluded to him, he had a right to vindicate himself, and there were many who surmised that his motive for presenting himself at this early stage of the proceedings was, that he

* The Brunswick Clubs sprang up towards the close of the struggle for Emancipation. They were the last efforts of the expiring Orange ascendancy. Lord Plunket, in the House of Lords, called them "Titus Oates' Clubs." They deserved contempt for the stupid violence of their proceedings.

had sent his speech to London to be printed; and he was heard to say, that he did not care whether the Brunswickers listened to him, provided his arguments were read. Whatever was his object, it was certainly not a little presumptuous in a stranger thus to enter the lists with an Earl, and to demand a prior audience. "I am an Irishman," said Mr. Sheil. "I'll be sworn you are," cried Cobbett; "you are such a d——d impudent fellow." The party on the right endeavoured to support Mr. Sheil, and for a long time both Lord Winchilsea and that gentleman continued to speak together, amidst a confusion in which neither could be heard.

At length the Sheriff interposed, and declared that Lord Winchilsea had first obtained his eye. That nobleman proceeded to deliver himself of a quantity of common-place against the Catholic religion, amidst the vehement plaudits of his own faction, intermingled with strong marks of disapprobation from the right. "Mushroom Lord—upstart—go mind your rabbits," and "the Papists are not poachers," were the cries of the liberal party: while the Brunswickers exclaimed, "Bravo Winchilsea!" and waved their hats, as with the lungs of Stentor, with the gesture of a pugilist, and the frenzy of a fanatic, he proceeded. Although utterly destitute of idea, and though scarcely one distinct notion perhaps could be detected in his speech, yet Lord Winchilsea, by the energy of his action, and the impetuosity of his manners, and the strong evidences of rude sincerity about him, made an impression upon his auditors far greater than the cold didactic manner of Lord Camden or Lord Darnley was calculated to produce.

There can be no greater mistake than the supposition

that the English people are not fond of ardent speaking, and of a vehement rhetorical enunciation. Lord Winchilsea is perfectly denuded of knowledge, reflection, or command of phrase; yet by dint of strong feeling he contrives to awaken a sympathy which a colder speaker, with all the graces of eloquence, could never attain. He seems to be in downright earnest; and although his personal vanity may be an ingredient in his sincerity, it is certain, whatever be the cause, that his ardour and vehemence are far more powerful auxiliaries to his cause, than the contemplative philosophy of the Whigs, who, contented with their cold integrity of purpose, adopted no efficient means to bring their tenants to the field, and encounter their opponents with the weapons which were so powerfully wielded against them. After having whirled himself round, and having beaten his breast and bellowed for about half an hour, Lord Winchilsea sat down in the midst of the constitutional acclamations of the Brunswickers; and Mr. Sheil, and Mr. Shea, an English Catholic gentleman, both presented themselves to the Sheriff.

The Sheriff gave a preference to Mr. Shea, who made a bold manly speech, but was interrupted by the continued hootings of the Protestant party. The only fault committed by Mr. Shea was, that he dwelt too long on the pure blood of the English Catholics; a topic of which they are naturally, but a little tediously fond: it were to be desired that this old blood of theirs did not stagnate so much in their veins, and beat a little more rapidly in its circulation. With their immense fortunes, and a little more exertion, what might they not accomplish in influencing the public mind? Excellent men in private life, they are not sufficiently ardent

for politicians, and should remember that their liberty may be almost bought, and that two or three thousand pounds well applied might have turned the Kent meeting.

Mr. Shea having concluded, Lord Teynham rose; and Mr. Sheil, at the Sheriff's request, gave way to him. Lord Teynham had been a Roman Catholic. His name is Roper, and, I believe, he is descended from Mrs. Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas More. He was assailed with reproaches for his apostasy by the Protestants; and though he made a very good speech, it was neutralised in its effect by his desertion of his former creed. So universal, however unjust, perhaps, is the antipathy to a renegade, that among the Brunswickers themselves, his having ceased to be a Catholic rendered him an object of scorn. "That fellow's a-going to shift his religion again." "Oh, my Lord, there's a man here as says that what your Lordship's saying is all a d——d Popish lie;" and other ejaculations of the same character warned my Lord Teynham that his change of creeds had not rendered him more acceptable to his audience.

Lord Teynham having sat down amidst the Brunswick groans, Mr. Sheil rose amongst them. He was vehemently applauded on the right, and as furiously howled at from the left. "Down with him, the traitor!" "Down with the rebel!" "Apologise for what you said of the Duke of York!" "Send him and O'Connell to the Tower!" "He got his freehold last night in Maidstone!"—"Down with him!"—"Off, Sheil, off!"—"We're not the Clare freeholders;" —"See how the viper spits!"—"How the little hanimal foams at the mouth; take care of him, he'll bite

you;"—"Off, Sheil, off!" were the greetings with which this gentleman was hailed by the Brunswickers, while his own party cried out "Fair play!" "Oh, you cowards, you are afraid to hear him!" Of what Mr. Sheil actually said, it is impossible to give any account, and the miraculous power by which the "Sun" newspaper of that night contrived to publish his oration in three columns, must be referred to some Hohenloe's interposition in favour of that journal. I heard but one sentence, which I afterwards recognised in print, as having been spoken.

"See to what conclusion you must arrive, when you denounce the advocates of Emancipation as the enemies of their country. How far will your anathema reach? It will take in one-half of Westminster Abbey; and is not the very dust, into which the tongues and hearts of Pitt and Burke and Fox have mouldered, better than the living hearts and tongues of those who have survived them? If you were to try the question by the authorities of the illustrious dead, and by those voices which may be said to issue from the grave, how would you determine? If instead of counting votes in St. Stephen's Chapel, you were to count monuments in the mausoleum beside it, how would the division of the great departed stand! Enter the aisles which contain the ashes of your greatest legislators, and ask yourselves as you pass, how they felt and spoke, when they had utterance and emotion, in that senate where they are heard no more: write 'Emancipator' upon the tomb of every advocate, and its counter epitaph on that of every opponent of the peace of Ireland, and shall we not have a majority of sepulchres in our favour?"

With this exception, I do not think that the Irish demagogue uttered one word of what appeared in the shape of an elaborate essay in the newspapers. After having stamped, and fretted, and entreated, and menaced the Brunswickers for half an hour, during which he sustained a continued volley of execrations, Mr. Sheil thought it prudent to retreat, and was succeeded by Mr. Larkin, an auctioneer from Rochester, who delivered a very clever speech in favour of radicalism, but had the prudence to keep clear of emancipation. His occupation afforded a fine scope for Brunswick wit. "Knock him down—going, going, gone!" and similar reminiscences exhibited the aristocracy of the mob. Mr. Larkin was not at all disturbed, but with an almost unparalleled *sang-froid,* drew a flask from his pocket, and refreshed himself for the next sentence, when the uproar was at its height.

When he had finished, Sir Edward Knatchbull, the member for the county, and Cobbett, who had been railing for hours at the long speeches, got up together. The Sheriff preferred Sir Edward, upon which Cobbett got into a fit of vehement indignation. He accused the Sheriff of gross partiality, and while Sir Edward Knatchbull was going on, shook his hand repeatedly at him, and exhibited the utmost savageness of demeanour and of aspect. His face became inflamed with rage, and his mouth was contorted into a ferocious grin. He grasped a large pole, with a placard at the head of it in favour of Liberty, and standing with this apparatus of popularity, which assisted him in supporting himself at the verge of his waggon, he hurled out his denunciations against the Sheriff. The Brunswickers roared at him, and showered contumely of all kinds upon his head, but

with an undaunted spirit, he persevered. Sir Edward Knatchbull was but indistinctly heard in the tumult which his own party had got up, to put Cobbett down. He seems a proud, obstinate, dogged sort of Squire, with an infinite notion of his own importance as an English County Member, and a corresponding contempt for seven millions of his fellow-citizens. He has in his face and bearing many of the disagreeable qualities of John Bullism, without any of its frankness and plain-dealing. Cobbett was almost justified in complaining that such a man should be preferred to him. When he had terminated a speech, in which it was evident that he was thinking of the next election, at which the Derings intend to dispute the county with him, Cobbett was allowed by the Sheriff to proceed.

His hilarity was restored for a little while, and holding out his petition against tithes, he set about abusing both parties. In a letter published in the "Morning Herald," he takes care, in his account of the meeting, to record the opprobious language applied by the multitude to others; but he omits all mention of what was said of himself. "Down with the old Bone-grubber!" —"Roast him on his gridiron;"—"D—n him and his Indian corn;" was shouted from all quarters. He was not, however, much discomposed at first, for he was confident of carrying his petition, and retorted with a good deal of force and some good-humour on those who were inveighing against him. "You cry out too weakly, my bucks!" said he, snapping his fingers at them. "You cry like women in the family-way. There's a rascal there, that is squeaking at me, like a parson's tithe-pig."

These sallies amused everybody; but still the roar against him continued, and I was astonished to see what little influence he had with even the lower orders by whom he was surrounded. The Catholic party looked upon him as an enemy, who came to divide them, and the Brunswickers treated him with mingled execrations and scorn. At length he perceived that the day was going against him, and his eyes opened to his own want of power over the people. Though he afterwards vaunted that the great majority were with him, he appeared not to have above a dozen or two to support his proposition, and when he sat down, evident symptoms of mortification and of rage against all parties appeared in his countenance. Altogether he acquitted himself as badly as can be well imagined; and it seems to me as clear that he is a most inefficient and powerless speaker, as that he is a great and vigorous writer. Hunt got up to second him, and was received almost as badly as his predecessor, though his conduct and manner were quite opposite, and he did everything he could by gentleness and persuasiveness to allay the fury of the Brunswick party. But after he had begun, Sir Edward Knatchbull interrupted him in a most improper and offensive manner, which induced Lord Radnor to stand up and reprobrate Sir Edward's conduct as a most gross violation of decorum.

Mr. Hunt went on; but, whatever may be his sway with public assemblies on other occasions, he certainly showed few evidences of omnipotence upon this. He seemed to be crest-fallen, and to have quailed under the force which was brought to bear against him. One story he told well, of Sir Edward Knatchbull having refused to pay him for four gallons of beer when he was

a brewer at Bristol, because he had sold him a less quantity than that prescribed by the law: altogether his speech, if it might be so called, when he was not allowed to utter a connected sentence, was a complete failure; but I am convinced that no estimate of his ability can be formed from this specimen of him, as his voice was stifled by the faction to which he was opposed. Indeed both parties seemed to repudiate Cobbett and Hunt, as their common enemies.

Before Hunt had finished, there was a tremendous and seemingly a preconcerted cry of Question from the Brunswickers; Hunt went on speaking, and immense confusion took place. Mr. Calcraft interfered in vain. Mr. Hodges and Lord Radnor then moved an amendment, declaring that the measure should be left to the discretion of the legislature; and amidst a tumult, to which I never witnessed anything at all comparable, the Sheriff put the question. It has been stated in the newspapers that the Brunswickers had a great majority; the impression of a vast number of persons was quite the reverse. They were indeed so well disciplined, that their show of hats was simultaneous; while the liberal party hardly knew what was going forward. The Sheriff omitted to put Cobbett's amendment, which seemed to be forgotten by every one but himself; and having announced that there was a large majority for the petition moved by Mr. Gipps, retired from the chair. The acclamations of the Brunswickers were reiterated; the whole body waved their hats, and lifted up their voices; the parsons shook hands with each other; the Methodists smiled with a look of ghastly satisfaction; and Lord Winchilsea, losing all decency and self-restraint, was thrown into convulsions of joy,

and leaped, shouted, and roared, in a state of almost insane exultation. The whole party then joined in singing "God save the King" in one howl of appropriate discord, and the assembly broke up.

Thus terminated the great Kent Meeting; to which, however, I conceive that more importance, as it affects the Catholic Question, is attached than it deserves. I have not room left for many comments, but a few brief observations on this striking incident are necessary. The triumph of Protestantism is not complete. The whole body of the clergy, who are in Kent exceedingly numerous, were not only present, but used all their influence to procure an attendance, and the utmost exertions were employed to bring the tenantry of the anti-Catholic proprietors to the field.

No exertion was made upon the other side. Lord Camden boasted that he had not interfered with a single individual; yet it is admitted that at least one third of the assembly were favourable to the Catholics. The spirit of Lord George Gordon may, by the metempsychosis of faction, have migrated into Lord Winchilsea; but while he is as well qualified in intellect and in passion to conduct a multitude of fanatics, his troops are of a very different character. Will the legislature shrink before him? Or will it not rather exclaim, "*contempsi Catilinæ gladios, non pertimescam tuos?*" Will the Government permit such precedents of popular excitation to be held up? And does it never occur to the Tory party that the time may not be far distant when republicanism may choose Protestantism for its model, and by rallying the people, act upon the same principle of intimidation? If the Catholics are to be put down by these means, may not the aristocracy be

one day put down by similar expedients? Will the House of Lords stand by and allow all the opulence and the rank of a large county to be trampled upon by the multitude? For it must occur to everybody, that Lord Winchilsea was the only nobleman on the side of the Petitioners, while the rest of the Peerage were marshalled on the other. Do the patricians of England desire to see a renewal of scenes in which the nobles of the land were treated with utter scorn, and the feet of peasants trod upon their heads? Let statesmen reflect upon these very obvious subjects of grave meditation, and determine whether Ireland is to be infuriated by oppression, and England is to be maddened with fanaticism; whether they are not preparing the way for the speedy convulsion of one country, and the ultimate revolution of the other.

EFFECTS OF EMANCIPATION.

[DECEMBER, 1829.]

"WHAT will Catholic Emancipation do for Ireland?"* was the interrogatory which the opponents of that measure (called by many great men, a great one), had, for years before its enactment, strenuously reiterated. It was said in reply, that Catholic Emancipation would, by the removal of the causes for dissension, annihilate dissension itself—that it would banish those disastrous divisions which were the sources of not only national

* The date of this paper will sufficiently account for whatever crudeness may be noticed in some of its views and recommendations. In the first flush of their recent political victory—a victory, too, which, notwithstanding the length of the struggle, almost took the conquerors themselves by surprise—the Catholic mind was not sufficiently composed to take a clear view of the new prospect before them, or distinctly apprehend its probable and legitimate results. Mr. Sheil threw out his first impressions like other speculators. Substantially, indeed, most of the things he suggested have been done, though not exactly in the way he contemplated, or as speedily as he hoped. In some respects it is curious to remark how events outstripped his expectations. He speaks, for example, of the extinction of Protestant monopoly in the municipal corporations as a reform rather desirable than probable; and seems not to have had the boldness to raise his eyes to the judicial bench, or sufficient strength of imagination (although a man of so lively a fancy) to conjure up the figure of a Catholic judge.

rancour, but of crime, which, from its universality, became almost equally national — that tranquillity would be speedily restored, and that peace would lead commerce and capital into a country from which an agitation, bordering upon insurrection, had made them exiles—that the distinctions between Protestants and Roman Catholics would almost instantaneously vanish, and the feeling of common citizenship would supersede the artificial and odious relations of sect in which men were placed towards each other — that the ancient antipathy to England would not merely subside, but that the hostility which previously prevailed, would be superseded by a lofty gratitude for the great boon of liberty—that the Union, which had hitherto consisted in a mere statute, would be converted into palpably beneficial results; and, that if Ireland had lost her existence as a province, she would become an integral portion of the empire, co-ordinate with England itself.

These, and still warmer even than these, were the prophecies of those annunciators of felicity, who discovered in this single measure a remedy for every evil, and the origin of every good; who believed that Emancipation would operate as a specific as immediate in its relief as universal in its influence; and that nothing else would be required in order to convert a country beyond almost every other in the European system distracted and miserable, into a spot as happy as perfect civilization, equal laws, well-regulated habits, the general diffusion of wealth, and the unlimited propagation of intelligence, could render it. The event, which was regarded as the probable author of all this good, has taken place; and in lieu of the former interrogatory, which was so long pressed in earnest

reiteration upon our ears, another has been substituted; and instead of hearing it asked, "What will Emancipation do?" we hear it every day inquired, What has Emancipation done for Ireland?"

The last time this question was put to me, I happened to be sitting at the table of a friend of mine, who, although he differed from me in politics and in religion, has not allowed his polemical and theological predilections to interrupt a friendship which has been of some years' continuance. He put the question to me with a good deal of taunting, anticipating that I should be unable to give him a satisfactory answer. I remained for a moment silent, and he availed himself of my taciturnity to repeat the question. "Has it," he added, "realized those visions of prosperity which were spread out in all the gorgeousness of a splendid rhetoric before us? Has it at all contributed to calm the public mind, to charm the envenomed antipathies which are twined about our hearts, and to make them let loose their hold; to introduce into society a more kindly and cordial demeanour; to produce a confidence between the landlord and the tenant; to generate cordiality amongst those who stand so much in need of all the mutualities of good-will; to induce men to confederate in the support of the law, instead of arraying themselves against it; to remove the old and almost inveterate grudge to Protestantism, and the country from which it has been imported; to associate the Catholic clergy with the State, to pave the way for education, and to render us a moral, a religious, a peaceful, a united, an instructed, and English people?"

These questions were put to me with a strength and energy of interrogation, to which I should have found

it difficult to make any sort of effective response, when, fortunately for me, three of the little children of my friend, entered the room, and at once furnished me with a reply. They approached their father, and straight began to climb his knees in the usual emulative spirit of endearment, in order to share the kiss, which was the object of their infantine competition. While the eldest, a girl of eight years of age, with beautiful eyes, and with her fine flaxen hair streaming over her shoulders and temples, was gaining the height for which she struggled, and fastening her arms, like tendrils, round the neck of her father, who, while he affected to push her away, was all the while helping her up to his embrace, I advanced, and laying my hand upon the child in such a way as to startle her, while she shrank back into the bosom of her father, I said,—

"What has Emancipation done for Ireland? You have the answer at your heart. It has saved your home from profanation—barred the doors of your house against rapine and against massacre—given you leave to hold your children in your bosom without trembling at the fate which lately impended over them —given you a security that the earnings of your honourable industry will descend to your offspring without the chances of spoliation, and afforded you a just ground for the conviction, that as the peace of your country has been secured against the tremendous hazards to which it was exposed, your children will grow up in the midst of happiness and of plenty, and in place of being the victims, as they were recently likely to be, of a terrific struggle, which, though delayed for years, was still receiving every day the

ingredients of acceleration, will be safe from every peril; and when you are dead (though you will not be altogether gone while they remain), will be exempt from those calamities of which even the anticipated possibility is a disaster in itself."

This was my reply. Many of my readers may, at the first perusal, deem it to be fraught with exaggerated matter; but let them pause a little, and looking back, and as far as it can be done with calmness and a cool and tranquil spirit, at what has befallen, let us endeavour to ascertain whether already Emancipation has done nothing for Ireland.

But a few months ago, in what condition were we placed? There was a time, and it has only just gone by, when the man who was bold enough to state that the country was upon the verge of convulsion, would have provoked the Attorney-General, and called down his *ex-officio* terrors upon his head. It is not very surprising that the Government should have listened to those dismal announcements with great disrelish, and should have been unwilling that truths so formidable should be told. At present, however, in pointing to the danger which has been escaped, we have a deeper consciousness of our security, and the rolling of the waves makes us only feel the firmness of the shore from which we survey their tremendous agitation.

In my opinion, and I have had some means of forming a correct estimate of the condition of the country, the state of Ireland was, before the settlement of the great question, terrible indeed. The local government had been entirely superseded. A power had arisen, under the name of the Catholic Association, whose democratic influence, exercised through the medium of

the sacerdotal confederation, which had been brought into alliance, engrossed all authority. No representative assembly ever presented to the people a more faithful and express image of themselves. They were delighted with a government which, in truth, consisted of themselves, or was, at least, the condensed and concentrated spirit of the seven millions over which it exercised an undisputed and absolute sway. The Lord-Lieutenant and his secretary, and all the inferior machinery of the ordinary executive, together with the crown officers and the judges, were held at nought, when compared with the formidable Association, whose harangues were proclamations, and whose resolutions were law. From the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, the two extremities of the country, there prevailed a sentiment of deep and imperturbable unanimity; and it is now useless to disguise it, that of that unanimity, a profound detestation of England, and a longing for retribution, were among the principal constituents.

In the south of Ireland, under pretence of assembling for the purposes of reconciliation, the peasantry met in bodies, which men accustomed to the calculation of the materials of which large masses are composed, estimated at twenty thousand men. The north presented a spectacle as strange, and even more alarming. Mr. Lawless, without, I believe, intending to produce any such effect, gathered about him an assemblage of the Roman Catholic population, which exceeded any which had ever before been collected in Ireland; and, but for the providential interposition of his own well-grounded apprehension of the consequences, this amazing body would have advanced upon their antagonists,

and upon their first shock would have created a civil war.

All this while the eyes of France and America were fixed upon Ireland. The journals of the former country teemed with paragraphs announcing the weakness to which England was reduced in this most vulnerable portion of her dominions; and the leading speakers in the Chamber of Deputies did not hesitate to declare that an invasion would not only be justifiable as a measure of retaliation, but would be attended with a certain success. In America, the whole population were brought into sympathy with Ireland; and not only were the Irish refugees (a most active and powerful, as well as most vindictive set of men,) animated with all the zeal which the recollection of their supposed injuries had produced, but the great mass of the Republic was agitated with a strong feeling of interest for a country in which their national antipathy to England would be likely to find an aliment. The wrongs of the Irish Catholics made their way as far as Canada and Nova Scotia, and the allegiance of the Colonies was affected by the contagion, which extended itself beyond the Atlantic.

He must be a sceptic, indeed, who can hesitate with respect to the results which must have ensued from such a condition of things. Invasion, civil war, and a massacre, upon a large scale, of the hated caste, would have inevitably taken place. Scarce a single gentleman in Tipperary, and in the other southern counties, would have escaped. More than the ordinary horrors of civil war would have attended the movement of an enormous mass of the peasantry, who would have simultaneously arisen together, and for a season at least,

have swept all the mounds and boundaries of civilization before them. The cataract would have been, for a long while, irresistible; and, in its progress, all that is dear, and valuable, and good, and useful, would have been carried down the gulf, into which it would have been ultimately lost.

What would have succeeded these events it is difficult to conjecture. It is not unlikely that England would have reconquered the desolation which her policy would have produced, and the desert to which Ireland would have been reduced, would have been subdivided amongst soldiers and adventurers in an universal confiscation. Or perhaps France would have laid her grasp upon this unfortunate country under the forms of an alliance, and established a Hiberno-Gallican Proconsulate at the Castle; or the people might have been left to themselves, and, raising an absolute democracy out of the ruins of every established institution, have built up a system of government, where the shouts of the multitude would have furnished a legislature, and the guillotine would have provided a prompt executive; and of which the only advantage would have been, that each successive faction that got possession of authority, would, by inflicting justice upon their predecessors, have afforded a precedent for its salutary extension to themselves.

The danger of these calamities has happily passed away, and if no other good had been attained, or were likely to be achieved, still the security in which we are at present placed would afford a noble refutation of the disingenuous sophistries of those who insist that no benefit has as yet resulted from the measure, and who see, in the present state of things, nothing but a verifi-

cation of their dismal and ominous announcements. I am far from meaning to say that strong emotion does not still exist amongst all classes, and that we are not still in an exceedingly uneasy condition, which it will require both wisdom and time, the ally of wisdom, to relieve; but the passions which continue to be felt are no more than the innocuous commotion which agitates the surface of the waters in the anchorage where we are moored at last: and where, although the vessel may continue to toss, and its heaving may be attended with discomfort, yet there is no real danger to be apprehended, and there is no hazard that a single cable will be slipped, or that the vessel will be blown back into the deep.

The asperities of party have not altogether subsided, but the revolutionary tendencies are entirely gone by. The Protestants of Ireland may be dissatisfied at the sudden and unexpected equalization with those over whom they had exercised an ascendency, to which habit had attached the attributes of a secondary nature. The Roman Catholics, upon the other hand, may feel that as yet they have not received any individual proofs that a considerable alteration in the system of patronage has taken place. Their craving for office, which is proportioned in its violence to the extent of its duration, has not been appeased. But although this over-anxious solicitude for place, attended with a suspicion, not unnatural in men who have been so often disappointed, that the course of practical exclusion is to continue, may work for the present in a way which is more annoying than it is injurious; yet there can be no doubt that a feeling of loyalty, in the true and genuine signification of the word, has begun to diffuse

itself; and, even at this moment, I am convinced that, although a few months only have elapsed since the time that all Ireland was ready to start, at a signal, to arms, an attempt to seduce the great body of the people from their allegiance to the empire would utterly fail.

I do not hesitate to declare it as my deliberate opinion, formed from opportunities of most minute and extensive observation, that if, before the Catholic Question had been adjusted, a small body of foreign forces, with a considerable supply of arms, had effected a descent upon the Irish coast, the great mass of the nation would have instantly joined them, and I am equally confident, that if a great army of invaders were, under existing circumstances, to make so rash an experiment, the peasantry would not co-operate in such an undertaking; and there is scarcely a Roman Catholic in the country raised beyond the debasement of agrarian serfship, who would not rally under the standards of the State, and readily expose his life in the preservation of those liberties, in which every Irishman now bears an equal, and, I may venture to call it, a glorious participation.

It must not, however, be imagined that while I am thus enthusiastic (for as I write, I feel myself a good deal excited by the preposterous averment that Emancipation has done nothing for Ireland), and while I thus zealously point out the advantages which have been gained by this transition from the most imminent hazard to a perfect safety, upon that account I am insensible to the existence of the evils which still continue, and that I do not think it necessary to adopt very speedy and efficacious means, in order to give

completion to the work which has been effected. Not only much, but what is almost incalculably useful, has been already effected; but it is not because a great deal has been accomplished that little remains to be performed. To adopt the illustration which I have previously ventured to employ, although the vessel is in her moorings, yet she requires to be refitted; there is no risk of her going down, but her rigging must be repaired; full many a rotten plank, which had well nigh let in destruction, must be struck boldly out; and although a great part of her framework must remain, yet, when she is put on the stocks, she must be newly timbered.

Great, although they should be gradual, alterations are required in the whole system by which the country has been ruled; the spirit of Catholic Emancipation must be diffused and dispersed into every department of the state, and into every recess of the executive—it must pervade the whole frame and body of the administration; it must be worked into the essence and being of the Government. It must be found everywhere—at the desks of office; on the bench of justice; at the green tables in the courts; in the boxes of the jury, and of the sheriff; in the treasury, the custom-house, and the Castle;—nay, it must appear in the village school room and in the policeman's barrack. In every public department, and in almost every walk of society, and every path of life, the great moral and political change must be demonstrated; and then, and only then, will all the useful consequences which it is calculated to create be fully developed.

Let it not be conceived, that, when I inculcate the necessity of embodying Catholic Emancipation in

palpable and substantive acts, I mean to convey that an ascendency over Protestantism, or even a perfect equality with the religion of the state, is my object. I am well aware that the fee-simple of Ireland is in the hands of the adherents to the Establishment. As I write without any feeling of partizanship—as, at all events, I do my best to divest myself of it (and it is not always easy to do so)—it is only consistent with the end which I propose to myself to admit, that if I were to travel as interpreter to an Englishman from north to south, and from east to west, in Ireland, until every county had been traversed, and in passing beside a fine mansion and the walls of a beautiful demesne, I were to be asked to whom the noble trees, the long avenues, the green park belonged, in nearly nineteen instances out of twenty, I should answer that the proprietor was a Protestant. The truth is, that even to this day, the greater proportion of the land abides in Cromwellian or Williamite ownership. This being the case, it were idle to maintain that the Protestants of Ireland, few indeed in number, but engrossing so large a proportion of the opulence of the country, ought not to engage the attention of the Government, and should not be allowed a certain preponderance in the state. If no sort of regard were to be paid to the religion of individuals, yet in the allocation of the honours and emoluments which are at the disposal of the Government, its patronage would naturally flow into Protestant channels, if station and connection were to be permitted to give it an influence.

Many years, indeed, must go by before such a diffusion of wealth among the Catholic body will take

place, and Protestant property will be so broken up, as to give to the professors of the faith of the country a title to individual favour superior to that of those who profess the creed of the state. The majority of persons who hold office, no matter in what department, will be Protestant. The Bench and the Bar of Ireland (a body which exercises a vast control over the national mind) must be filled of necessity from that portion of the population which is most wealthy and intelligent. The same observation applies to every profession, and every class of offices which are connected with the Government; and if the plan of purposed and meditated exclusion be wholly abandoned, still the larger mass of property which is in the possession of Protestants must insensibly draw to it, by the attraction which it is always sure to exercise, the favours of the state.

I have thus conceded in the outset that no violent disturbance should take place in the general order of our institutions; but while I have made this admission, I think that it will be readily perceived, by an impartial and sober-minded person, uninfluenced by the passions with which it is so difficult in Ireland to avoid being impregnated, that this continuance of a modified Protestant ascendency is perfectly compatible with measures which will have the effect of raising the Catholic body into legitimate association with the state, and, instead of shaking the foundations of existing institutions, will, on the contrary, give them strength and permanence, by showing their consistency with the national interests, and by maintaining the system upon which they lean, and of which they are considered by many to constitute an essential part.

Having, then, laid it down as a principle that a

certain ascendancy must be maintained, it remains to be determined what measures should be adopted, which will be at once perfectly reconcilable with the modified predominance, and will, at the same time, bring the great body of the nation into genuine and close adhesion to the state. I am of opinion that, to preserve a well-regulated ascendancy, nothing is requisite but to leave that ascendancy alone. Property itself will work its own way, and to its influence the body of the people, if in other particulars they shall be fairly dealt with, will readily assent. If the ground on which individuals shall be selected for the purposes of favour be unconnected with religion, still the great bulk of them will be Protestant, and thus, without any discriminations and distinctions of a sectarian character, a predominance will be maintained.

It is otherwise with respect to the Roman Catholic body. Protestantism, with property as its auxiliary, will always carry with it a great influence, which will affect individual cases, and there will be no motive for selecting a Protestant as such; but as the vast superiority of numbers in the Roman Catholic population will not give to the individual Catholic the advantage which his individual property will give to the Protestant, it will be right to employ, with regard to the members of one class, a standard which will not be properly applicable to the other. To express myself unequivocally, I think that Catholics ought to be promoted, because they are Catholics, while I do not think that the same motive should be allowed to operate in the nomination of Protestants, whose personal influence, drawn from connexion and station, will necessarily secure to them a general course of preference, without

any sort of reference to their particular forms of religion.

I have thus suggested the general views which have offered themselves to me, respecting the manner in which Roman Catholic Emancipation may be carried into effect. It will not be deemed inapposite that I should proceed to details, and point out the particular means by which I conceive that the great ends of national conciliation may be attained.

The first and the most essential object to be accomplished is the alliance of the Catholic clergy with the state; and this conjunction (for I prefer the phrase to connexion) may be produced by means which will be at the same time perfectly consistent with the political and religious integrity of that great sacerdotal corporation, and will not shock the prejudices of those who cannot brook the notion that the public money is to be applied in the support of an obnoxious and antichristian priesthood.

It is scarcely needful to suggest the great importance of effecting this union. If the Roman Catholic body contained a great and powerful aristocracy, who, in every district, exercised a great sway over the popular passions, it might then answer every purpose to conciliate such a body, and the clergy of the people might be treated with disregard; for I have often remarked, that in those parishes where a Catholic gentleman of great estate happens to reside, the priest is destitute of consequence, whilst in those parts of the country where there is no Catholic resident of large property, the priest assumes and exercises a nearly absolute sway. The number of Catholic proprietors of fortune being small, and there being a parish priest, with a brace of

coadjutors, in every ecclesiastical subdivision of Ireland, it follows that this body must needs possess a nearly paramount dominion. They hold the reins of the public passions; and although it sometimes happens that the fiery coursers pull too hard for them, still they generally contrive, by a mixture of caresses and of menaces, to bring them under management.

Statesmen have felt the power of this most important national body, and it has been proposed to attach them by the payment of direct salaries,—a suggestion which was unpalatable to the English people, who would have considered themselves as participators in idolatry by their contribution to the maintenance of priests; and which was rejected by the clergy themselves, who knew that, in losing the confidence of the Irish nation (ever given to distrust), they would virtually relinquish their own power. Accordingly, the project of paying the Catholic priesthood out of the treasury has been properly abandoned. But other means of conciliation, and other materials of cohesion, may be readily resorted to; and although money cannot be directly given, because the immediate donation would be attended with incidents of discredit, yet it requires no great skill to put it into a judicious circulation by circuitous conductors, and to convey to the priesthood, in the shape of fair and legitimate remuneration, what would be acceptable as a well-earned reward for their labours, although it might be indignantly repudiated if it came under another, and more direct and obnoxious form.

The sums which are annually voted for the encouragement of education in Ireland are considerable. The aggregate of these sums is large enough to attain, to a great extent, the objects which I propose. Let it

be remembered that nothing can be more remote from my intention than to recommend that a system of bribery should be instituted, and that, in consideration of their political complaisance, the priesthood of Ireland should receive what Foigard calls "a gratification." I wish that the money, or at least the far larger part of it, which is given to Ireland for the cultivation of the national mind, should be expended in the purpose for which it is ostensibly voted; a small portion of it might, without any sort of misapplication, be allocated to the payment of clerical teachers; but I am convinced, from what I know of the clergy, that they would generally give their gratuitous labour in return for the donation of instruction to the people. This might be left, in a great measure, to their own discretion. Feeling that they were trusted by the Government, that they were in its employment for purposes useful and honourable, and that they were the conductors selected by the state for the diffusion of its bounty, they could not fail to become attached to it, and to spread into the mass of the community, over which they exercise an influence at once so great and so well merited, a corresponding sentiment.

It is commonly imagined that the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland is hostile to education. The generality of Protestants have been long taught to believe that the dominion of the clergy depends upon the ignorance of the people—that the autocracy of priestcraft rests upon national ignorance, and that the gaolers of the mind are anxious to shut out the light from every crevice of their immense prison-house, lest their captives should avail themselves of its admission, in order to burst their bars, and to break through their bondage.

These imputations have been so frequently reiterated, that they have at last grown into a general credence in England; and it is almost universally believed that the clergy are not only opposed to the dissemination of the materials of religious controversy, but that they are the antagonists of information: that they would prevent even the elements of literature from being diffused; that they have anathematized the spelling-book, and put the alphabet to the ban.

This charge is, of all others against this grossly calumniated body, perhaps the most unfounded. The number of charitable establishments in the city of Dublin alone, which are under the superintendence of the Catholic clergy, and of which the object is the instruction of the poor, conveys a complete refutation of this most unwarrantable charge. Scarcely a single Sunday goes by, without a solemn adjuration by the priest from his pulpit, to feed the poor with intellectual aliment, and to invest their minds with instruction. I might point out many institutions, under the auspices of the priesthood, which furnish a splendid contradiction to this baneful misrepresentation. There is one, however, which, beyond all the rest, deserves the most unqualified commendation.

I refer to the Christian brotherhood, established by Mr. Edmond Price, of the city of Waterford, for the sole purpose of educating the children of the poor. This association, which is one of the religious fraternities attached by vows of celibacy and other obligations (although the members are laymen) to the Church of Rome, originated in Waterford. Its founder, Mr. Price, had acquired some property in mercantile pursuits, which, having determined to dedicate himself

exclusively to religion, he applied to the education of the poor of that city. He induced others to join him. In a short time the individuals who had entered into this society, were enabled to establish a very considerable school. The benefits of their truly Christian labours were speedily experienced. Hundreds of children, who would have been flung out in the destitution which accompanies ignorance upon the world, acquired under the auspices of this invaluable confraternity, the rudiments of learning. With knowledge they acquired morals; and at this day there are many respectable men in business in the city where this institution was first cradled, who are surrounded with comforts, approximating to affluence, and who owe all they possess to the habits which they acquired under Edmond Price.

He was enabled, by occasional donations to his establishment, and by the application of his own property, the entire of which he consecrated to this salutary end, to spread the ramifications of this society beyond the spot where it was originally planted, and everywhere it yielded good results. There are at this moment several establishments founded by this most excellent and meritorious man in different parts of Ireland. He has now four thousand boys in his different schools, who are all gratuitously instructed. This single individual has done more to promote education than the whole Kildare-street Society put together; and it appears to me to be a great misapplication of the public money to confide its allocation to that demi-religious and demi-political corporation, which is beyond all doubt the object of no ordinary disrelish, instead of selecting such a society, connected with the Catholic priesthood by

ties so close as to constitute a species of identity, as the medium of distribution.

The efforts, as zealous as they are sustained and persevering, which have been made by this association, are mentioned as examples of the favourable dispositions of the Irish Roman Catholic Church towards the general diffusion of knowledge. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the names of the two great leaders of the Catholic hierarchy, Doctors Doyle and Murray, as farther corroboratives of my position. Both of these eminent prelates, distinguished for eloquence, for erudition, and for piety, have not only given their personal sanction to the establishments for the advancement of instruction, but out of their contracted pecuniary means, have been always prompt in the office of contribution; and however numerous and multifarious their occupations, have never refused to ascend the pulpit for the purpose of enforcing, beyond any other act of benevolence, the merit and the usefulness of contributing to the education of the poor. When this solicitude exists amongst all classes of the Roman Catholic population for the advantages of instruction, and the clergy have manifested their alacrity in its propagation, it strikes me that a wise Government ought to take advantage of these dispositions, and employ such obvious means to win a most powerful corporation to their side.

The trust which would be reposed in the priesthood would not only have the effect of attaching them to the State, but it would also have an immediate tendency to conciliate the people. They are brought up with a conviction, which habit has converted into a kind of instinct, that the law does not exist for any other purposes in their regard, excepting for those of restraint

and chastisement. This is not a very unnatural feeling. The penal code could not fail to generate this unwholesome surmise. It was at one period founded in fact; and it would be strange if, even under a most material change of circumstances, it did not still, to a great extent, continue. The exclusive occupation of all places of even the smallest emolument, and of the slightest distinction, by Protestants, the Protestant constitution of all public establishments, the presence of ascendancy in every department of society, as well as in every walk of life, must needs have impressed the peasant that he was more or less an outcast; that he lived but for the purposes of suffering and of humiliation; and that he was, in reality, an inferior and degraded being.

The system is now changed; but the feelings and the habitudes which have been generated by it, will not immediately pass away. They will not fade of themselves; they must be rubbed out and effaced. Direct and active expedients must be adopted in order to banish the fatal propensities which the peasantry have unavoidably contracted. Education—and, above all, education through the priesthood—will go a great way in accomplishing this great good. It will, in the first place, show them that the members of their own body, whom they are most accustomed to respect, are the objects of favour and confidence with the Government; and this demonstration will greatly tend to link them with authority, by disabusing them of deeply-rooted prejudice, of which I know no other means half so effectual to effect the eradication.

In the next place, it will raise up in that generation which is passing rapidly from childhood into puberty, and from puberty into full manhood, a far more moral

peasantry. Perhaps the complete amelioration of the grown population of Ireland can scarcely be expected; but assuredly it is of great moment to apply the principles and the practice of a useful system of intellectual culture to the soil that is yet unbroken, and from whose natural fertility so large a harvest of utility may be reasonably expected. But even with those whose tendencies are already formed, with the satellites of Captain Rock, whose sports are sought in tumults, and who light up their festivities with conflagrations, I do not despair of doing much through a similar instrumentality.

Let the most vehement supporter of the agrarian system of Draconic legislation (whose laws are indeed written in blood), behold his children going every day day to a public school, of which his priest is the master; let him every day feel, in his own domestic circle, the benefits of that instruction which is gratuitously conveyed, and through a grateful and a respected medium, to his own family; let him at the break of day, as he goes to his labours in the field, and as he returns from them at its close, behold, in the village school-house, an evidence and a monument of the fair and kindly intentions of those by whom the law is administered and enforced,—and, gradually, if not at once, the good feelings of his nature will get the upper hand, his generous emotions will prevail, and instead of transmitting his evil inclinations to his progeny, he will, on the contrary, derive from them some portion of the salutary sentiments with which they will have been inspired.

I have given little more than a few outlines, the mere general view, or, as the French say, the *aperçu* of

this most important question. I cannot, within the compass to which an article of this kind must necessarily be confined, enter into minute details; yet, before I leave the topic of education, I cannot refrain from adverting to what has always appeared to me to be most deserving of the attention both of the Legislature and of the Government,—I mean the larger endowment and augmentation of the funds of Maynooth College.

They are at present miserably insufficient even for the purposes which are proposed, and they would be utterly inadequate to the greater and more national ends, of which this college might be made the instrument. When Mr. Canning was in Ireland, he visited Maynooth incognito, and was disgusted with the necessities to which he found that poverty had reduced both the professors and the students in what ought to be a great national seminary. But, considering the poor pittance which is given for the education of such a body as the priesthood of seven millions, it is rather wonderful that so much has been accomplished, than surprising that little has been effected. Take the priests of Ireland, and on the average they will be found to possess information quite beyond their comparative means of acquiring it; and their manners, although deficient, perhaps, in the gracefulness and merits which a Jesuit would exhibit, are seldom or never rude, and even when they are so, are not intended to be offensive.

When, therefore, Maynooth has done so much, it should be an inducement to the Government to turn it to still larger and more useful account, and by elevating the source from which clerical instruction is derived, to give it, in its progress through the country, a deeper and a wider current. Why should not a

Catholic college, with nearly all the honours and advantages of a university, be established? If it be admitted that the priesthood are a most important and influential body, and that upon them the improvement of Ireland is mainly dependent, it is quite obvious that the nursery of that priesthood is deserving of the most solicitous care.

It is, then, at Maynooth that the great business of national reformation should commence. Let its professorships be honourably endowed; let the chairs of the college be the rewards of great talent and erudition, which independence will unquestionably stimulate: let the course of studies be lengthened, and instead of merely catching up enough of Latin to go through the diurnal process of reading the breviary, let the students be made as much masters of the classical languages, and the works of which they are the medium, as the scholars of foreign universities; let science be cultivated, let eloquence be studied, and the principles of good taste be fixed in the mind; and, above all, let a deep persuasion, founded upon the evidence of the facts brought home to their own doors, be established, that the Government of these countries, instead of giving to the church of the people a cold and equivocal support, which rather blighted than sheltered it, are unaffectedly anxious to nurture and to sustain it, and upon noble and extended branches to make it bear valuable fruit.

While I give this recommendation, I am far from meaning to say that the University of Dublin is to be despoiled in order to enrich its younger sister. Let their portions be both independent of each other, and let the establishment, more directly connected with the state, be the more favoured of the two. No Roman

Catholic will begrudge the wealth of that University, where it must be owned that, as far as the students are concerned, there is no invidious distinction between Catholics and Protestants maintained. But the preference to be still given to Dublin College is perfectly compatible with a large extension of favour to the Institution, which has hitherto been treated as a mere stepchild, and allowed to starve for want of a sufficiency of aliment for its natural and wholesome sustenance.

The advocates of the Established Church in Ireland, and especially Lord Plunket, have repeatedly insisted that the distribution of a number of well-educated persons through the country, who were bound by their profession to maintain a decency and a regularity of conduct, so far from being injurious to the community, was accompanied by signal advantages, and tended to counteract the evils of squirearchy in Ireland. They have expatiated upon the good results of the system of residentship, which the recent enforcement of it among churchmen was likely to produce, and have plausibly contended that the want of a local gentry was supplied, in a great degree, by the members of the established religion, who, in the great majority of instances, spent most of their time in their cures.

I am not prepared to controvert the justice, to a certain extent, of these observations; but if it be true that a body of enlightened gentlemen, with moderate incomes, whose manner and deportment afford incentives to civilization, are calculated to be useful, though they should be the ministers of a religion which is not only not that of the people, but which has been the object of their antipathy, how much larger would be the advantages which would ensue from the location in every

district of a well-educated, refined, and intelligent clergyman, with literary tendencies, and accomplished manners, unattended by the domestic solicitudes which are incidental to the connubial condition of the Protestant clergy, and placed in a happy and virtuous mean between indigence and luxury, with leisure and inclination to cultivate his own mind, and to improve the habits of those who should be committed to his charge. The creation of such a clergy in Ireland, for which there exists admirable materials, would, beyond all doubt, work a great national improvement; and the first measure to be adopted for the effectuation of this end, is the larger endowment of Maynooth. It appears to be strangely incongruous that the sum of 25,000*l.* should be annually granted to the Kildare Street Society, for the purposes of education, and that no more than 9,828*l.* should be granted for the academical instruction of that most influential body, which might be easily rendered the moral police of Ireland.

The consideration of the means of pacifying and mitigating the peasantry through the instrumentality which I have suggested, leads me to some reflections upon the course which is now pursued, in order to keep them under restraint. There can be little question entertained as to the failure of the constabulary force in the prevention of crime, and in the production of peaceful habits amongst the people. A small party of ten or twelve men, dressed in green jackets and trowsers, with leathern belts round ther waists, to which a sword is appended, and provided with a musket and cartridge-box, are stationed in the midst of an enormous and most tumultuous population. They are generally Protestants, and Protestants of the worst class, most

of them being initiated into the mysteries of Orangeism. Their functions alone would be sufficient to make them the objects of popular aversion, and it seemed to be scarcely necessary to superadd religion as a farther ingredient of alienation.

Knowing that they are detested, and being few in number, they are rendered cruel by the danger to which they are exposed, and when surrounded by an angry rabble, are always ready to have recourse to their fire-arms and to their bayonets, and in many instances anticipate, instead of waiting for provocation. The number of homicides (to use the most modified phrase) committed by the police in a single year, affords a proof of the necessity of introducing some alteration in the structure of this rural force. It is but necessary to refer to the dreadful transactions at Borrisokane, in order to illustrate the justice of this observation.*

If it were inquired of me what expedient I should adopt, with a view to the proposed amelioration, I would suggest, in the first place, that, in the selection of persons to serve in the police, care should be taken to create a mixture of Catholics and of Protestants, and that a preference should, in general, be given to the professors of the creed of the people. Before the settlement of the Catholic Question, it was quite natural, and indeed it was almost necessary, that a government built upon the principle of exclusion should, even in

* At Borrisokane, in the county of Tipperary, there occurred, shortly before this paper was written, a sanguinary collision between the populace and the police. Since that period (chiefly during the administration of the Marquess of Normanby and Lord Morpeth) the Irish police, or constabulary force, has been thoroughly reformed. A good character and a vigorous constitution are now the only qualifications of a constable regarded by the heads of the department.

the exercise of its inferior patronage, take care to sustain the system of ascendency, and draw the underlings of power from the same storehouse of orthodoxy out of which higher functionaries were supplied. As the monopoly of all the important offices at the bar, in the revenue, and in the rest of the higher departments of society, held the gentry of Ireland together, and produced a coalition, of which Protestantism was the cement, so amongst the inferior order of Protestants, the loyal plebeians of Ireland, the conviction that they would be equally the objects of predilection, and that the whole of the minor but multifarious emoluments of Government were to be distributed amongst them, bound them in bonds of self-interest as strong as any of the ligatures by which their superiors were tied together.

There are several acts of the Irish Parliament, in which provisoes are introduced, that all the watchmen in Dublin, and in other considerable towns, should be Protestants. The English reader of such clauses may be at first disposed to start, but a little reflection will convince him, that if the exclusive policy was to be maintained, there was every reason to extend it to the lower from the better orders of society. I account for the majority of Protestants in the police upon this principle of selection. There is no longer any motive for practising these expedients in order to strengthen the Protestant interest. To keep the country was formerly its object, and it was only by the uniform and systematic preference of the smaller caste, and by the creation of division, that this could be effected; but now that all danger of losing the country is entirely passed by, the object should be to pacify and to civilize it, and

the attainment of these ends requires upon the part of the authorities an adaptation of the means to the character, habits and prejudices of the people.

To apply these abstract remarks to the subject which gave rise to them, the constitution of the constabulary force, I think it obvious that the Irish *gendarmerie*, as they have been not inappositely designated, should be made as little obnoxious to the peasantry as it is possible; and that, if authority be always more or less odious, especially in a country circumstanced as Ireland is, efforts should be made to divest it, as far as it is possible to do so, of the qualities which create antipathy; and to make it acceptable to the people, the Catholicity of the police would go a great way in accomplishing this purpose. If every Sunday they were seen marching to chapel, and not to church, and if they were mixed with the populace round the altar, while the priest lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, "Dominus vobiscum!" the extension of this indiscriminate benediction over all his auditors would divest even the most obnoxious portion of his congregation of a good deal of their offensive attributes, and induce the people to merge the policeman in the Catholic, to pardon the shouldering of the musket for the sake of the genuflection at the altar, and almost to embrace with cordiality the man whom they now regard with horror, and for whose blood, in every tumult, they feel a ferocious appetite, to which there is not unfrequently applied the stimulant of wrong.

It will not be enough that the great mass of the police should be Roman Catholic; it would also be most useful that the chief constables should be selected from the same portion of the community. On the

character of the chief constable must, in a great measure, depend the dispositions and the conduct of the persons under his control. It would be judicious to confer upon the Catholic priesthood some little patronage in the selection both of the men and of their superiors. This privilege would operate as a compensation for the want of salaries from Government to the priesthood, to which, at least in the present state of the country, I am entirely averse. If the priest, the chief-constable, and the force under him, could all be made to pull well together, it is sufficiently clear that a far more effectual and better-combined system of local superintendence over the public quiet would be the result; and if any person who reads these observations shall be disposed to think that I am recommending an investment of influence and authority in the Catholic body, and especially in its clergy, I answer that the great and paramount object is to tranquillize Ireland; to impart civilization to her people; to eradicate and tear up the propensities to savageness and ferocity, and to superinduce pacific and well-ordered habitudes amongst all classes of the community.

Before objects of such incalculable importance, all others should vanish. There is no price too extravagant for the purchase of public repose and the acquisition of general tranquillity; and, if I shall be told that I am virtually proposing a species of Catholic ascendancy, in the measures which I recommend, even if I were to acknowledge the charge in its widest latitude, still, if rapine, murder, and conflagration could be put down by these means, from the utility of their end they would derive their vindication. Provided the furies can be bound, it is of little moment how the chains are fabricated.

But in truth, there is no ascendancy, nor anything like an ascendancy of Catholic. influence contained in these expedients. It might as well be said, that, because Greek sailors work the Turkish vessels, therefore the Greeks are the masters of the Ottoman navy. I have assigned to Roman Catholics, according to my plan, no situations which can give them an undue, or even a considerable political influence. Of what account in the balance would be all the artificial weights which I have superadded to Catholicism, if it were to enter the scales against Protestant property? Let not the members of the Establishment take alarm, their millions of acres will outweigh the school-houses of the Catholic clergy and the barracks of a Catholic police.

The administration of justice must immediately engage the attention of the Government. The same policy which gave a Protestant character to the inferior departments of the executive, did not, of course, fail to impress it upon the public tribunals. This was not only consistent, but inevitable. In times of civil commotion, justice throws down her balance, lifts the veil from her eyes, and brandishes the sword. I am surprised that Protestants take the impeachment of the partial administration of the law in bad part. How could they have existed amidst an inflamed and exasperated nation, unless they had reserved to themselves the artificial constituents of power, and counteracted the immense disproportion of numbers by the influence of combination? The instincts of self-preservation operated to a great extent in all the expedients which were adopted in order to maintain a predominance, and nowhere so much as in the administration of the law.

The judges were Protestant by Act of Parliament; but that was not sufficient. The conspicuous station, which is occupied by a person who fills judicial functions, must render him exceedingly cautious in the manifestation of his biasses; whereas the comparatively obscure, and the transitory nature of the duties of a juror, render him less obnoxious to criticism, and readily commend his delinquencies to oblivion. I am convinced that there has been much fouler work practised in the sequestration of a juror's chamber, than was ever in the worst times perpetrated on the bench. It will be, I hope, recollected, that I am not now indulging in any invective against the system which existed before Catholic Emancipation had made it superfluous. I am at the same time accounting for the existence of past and almost inseparable abuses, and pointing out the inexpediency of adhering to them with a factious pertinacity, when circumstances have undergone so great a change.

There no longer exists any plausible motive for arraying a band of Protestants in the jury box, whenever a delinquent against not only the laws of society, but of humanity, is put upon his trial. In the recent trials which took place in the county of Tipperary, in almost every case the jurors were Protestants. I do not mean to say that the Crown paid any regard to the religion of those who were put aside. The panel, however, is so constituted, that Protestantism is always to be found at the top; and, indeed, it is of such depth, that the twenty challenges given to the prisoner cannot get below it, and reach the substratum of Catholicity which is to be found in the lower degrees of the panel.

This is a most serious evil. Though justice may be administered with the purest impartiality by a body of Protestant jurors, still a community so suspicious and distrustful as the Irish peasantry will always refer their verdicts to their religion. It has been often said, but it cannot be too frequently repeated, that it is of as much consequence to impart a confidence in the administration of the laws to the lower classes, as to render it pure and unbiassed. I cannot avoid the expression of a wish, that as much attention had been paid to the character of justice as to its purity; for it is as baneful that its reputation should be tarnished, as that its integrity should be debauched. Positive directions ought to be given to compound the juries of mixed ingredients.

It must, however, be admitted, in fairness to the Irish Government, that they have already taken one great step in effecting a material improvement; a great number of Roman Catholic gentlemen have been named sheriffs for the succeeding year, in the counties where their respective properties are situated. The sight of a Catholic sheriff in his carriage drawn by four horses, as he enters the assize town with the judges, while a long train of halbert bearers, attended with a brace of trumpeters, make up the procession, will have an imposing influence upon the great mass of the spectators, whose political notions are not unfrequently founded upon such apparently insignificant circumstances. But until either the appointment of the sheriff of the city of Dublin shall be wrested from the Corporation, or the Corporation itself shall receive a large accession of Catholicity, (an event by no means probable), it will be utterly impossible to render

the administration of the law satisfactory to the people.*

The case with respect to the sheriffs of Dublin is very simple. The sheriffs elect the jurors, the corporators elect the sheriffs, and the corporators are, almost to a man, possessed by the most violent spirit of factious partizanship. The very sources being thus discoloured, it can scarcely be expected that the currents that flow out of them should be exceedingly crystalline and pure. This vitiation of justice in the metropolis is the more disastrous, inasmuch as almost all important political questions which fall within the cognizance of our public tribunals are decided by Dublin jurors. The press is thus completely at the mercy of the Corporation; and it is to be feared that it is not merely in matters of a direct political tendency that these evil influences have an operation, but in cases between man and man, and where there is no ostensible avenue for the admission of political motives, it is to be apprehended, and at all events it is habitually suspected, that the men who are so eminent for their factious zeal beyond the jury box, are not entirely free within it; and that the same passions which act upon them in all the walks of ordinary life, are not, the moment they assume their jurist functions, miraculously put aside.

But, however the fact may stand, it is certain that the Corporation juries have grown into general discredit. It is a common observation that "a Catholic has little chance with them;" and whether it be well or ill founded, it is clear that pains ought to be taken

* There is now but one High Sheriff of the city of Dublin; he is appointed by the Government.

to do away this most injurious of all impressions. If the Government shall seriously determine to abate this abuse, they will not find it very difficult. They have a vote in the appointment of sheriffs as it is; but this is a power which they will be slow to exercise, except in cases of peculiarly offensive nomination. The enormous misapplication of the funds vested in the Corporation of Dublin for the benefit of the citizens, affords an opportunity of bringing the whole Corporation under legislative revision; and it will be no very great stretch of authority to take away from them the main engine of their power, when once the principle of interference shall have been adopted.

I have limited myself, in the consideration of the evils which affect Ireland, and the remedies of those evils, to that class of injury which arises immediately from the relative condition of the Protestant and Catholic population. The first object of the Government ought to be to correct the bad consequences of that penal code which it is not sufficient to abolish, in order to efface the traces which it has left behind. I avoid, for the present, any discussion upon other subjects not proximately connected with Protestantism and Catholicity, though I am fully sensible of the importance of the great topics of emigration, and the enforcement of a provision for the poor. To these momentous themes I shall hereafter direct my attention, satisfying myself at present with observing, that the great obstacle in the way of Poor laws, which is supposed to arise from the difficulty of procuring an efficacious system of overseership, might be overcome, by making the Protestant and Catholic clergymen the stewards of

the pauper fund, and obliging them to account half-yearly, at vestries composed of all classes of the people. They would act in nominal copartnership; but the rivalry of religion, and their individual competition, would operate as checks, while public opinion would exercise over them a more than ordinary control.

In the views which I have thrown out, I have spoken prospectively. It may be asked, What is the present state of the public mind? There appears to me to exist a languor, which is the consequence that succeeds to great exertion, and the exhaustion of amazing efforts. The only man in Ireland who retains his indefatigability of spirit, and an energy that seems to be indomitable, is Daniel O'Connell. He has invited the nation to co-operate with him in the repeal of the Union with almost as much zeal as when he called on his fellow-citizens to confederate in the cause of Emancipation. Hitherto, however, there has been but a very feeble echo returned to his trumpet-tongued adjurations. The aristocracy stand aloof; the people are torpid and doubtful; and one of the most zealous of his former associates, in walking with him along the beach of the sea, while he was pointing out the utility and the practicability of dissolving the bonds between the two countries, is reported to have stretched his arm towards a steam-boat that hove in sight, and to have replied, "There is my answer."

But although a disposition to sympathize with Mr. O'Connell has not as yet been manifested, it must be recollected, that, notwithstanding he may now find no alliance in the national passions, he may soon succeed in enlisting those best of all auxiliaries, events, upon

his side; and men who now hesitate and stand still until incidents shall give a determination to their conduct, may be soon hurried back into the agitation from which they have emerged. There is in Ireland a strong democratic feeling engendered by the discussion of the Catholic Question, and in one shape or other it is likely to appear. The love of noting and of hearing inflammatory harangues has not yet passed away; and it would not be very difficult to organize an assembly, which would in a short time apply as strong stimulants to the popular passions as the celebrated Catholic Association. As yet, O'Connell stands alone—his old companions have not united themselves with him, but they will probably suffer a relapse into their former habitudes, and partly from the passion for notoriety, and partly from their vexation with the Government, they will rally round the standard which he knew how to bear so well. A petitioning committee, or even a series of political convivialities provided at a few shillings a-head, would soon furnish a wide field for the indulgence of the rhetorical and tribunitian propensities; and a feeling would be excited by dint of continuous declamation, which would produce a gradual excitement in the country.

The Irish Church, be it remembered, is one of the most alluring topics which were ever offered, either to fierce invective or to sardonic derision; and its abuses will, unquestionably, not escape ridicule and denouncement. The transition from the correction of real evils to the suggestion of imaginary ones, is, we all know, not very difficult. It is, therefore, incumbent upon the Government, and especially the local government

of Ireland, to watch with great vigilance over the popular emotions. It will be for them to determine whether they will choose the active spirits who have shown themselves to be masters in the arts of agitation, for their supporters or their foes. If any unfair dealing be practised; if the system of studied exclusion shall be adhered to; if the underlings of office at the Castle are permitted to exercise the virtual autocracy which they once held; if no substantial change shall take place, there will soon prevail in Ireland as much disquietude, which will be succeeded by as much contention, as formerly prevailed.

I own, however, that I have a great confidence in the wisdom and in the sound views of a man, who, without any ostentation and false glare of liberality, has conducted the affairs of Ireland, which is virtually entrusted to his care, in such a way as to convince all impartial persons that he has the real interests of the country strongly at heart, and that he fully understands them. Lord Francis Leveson Gower is a person of great intellectual attainments, who, by extending his honourable zeal in the pursuit of literary renown to the acquisition of political celebrity, will, in all likelihood, reach to the highest eminence in the State, and be one day enabled to dispense from the heights of power the benefits which I have no doubt his patriotism makes him solicitous to confer upon his country.

Born upon the pinnacles of fortune, with opulence almost incalculably great, and connected with the great patrician families in the empire,—with extensive knowledge, genius, of which his works give such abundant proof, and in the flower of life—what may

not such a man yet accomplish, by taking advantage of the glorious opportunities with which he is encompassed? The statesmen who filled the office which he holds before him, were commissioned to sow discord, and to perpetuate dissension in Ireland. Yet that bad and baneful function was sufficiently important to render them of great consequence in the political world. How much more noble is the task which has been assigned to him. If Mr. Peel, when his peculiar cast of political opinions, which he has since so generously expiated, threw him into the arms of the ascendancy, was enabled, by his government of Ireland, to attain to so much importance, how much more noble are the occasions of genuine celebrity which are afforded to the man, who, in this great crisis, holds the reins of the Irish government, and therefore the fortunes of Ireland, in his hands!

To give to the great name its glorious consummation; to build up to its full height the structure of which Wellington has laid the foundation; to effect the permanent reconciliation of parties whom the accumulated odium of a century had divided; to banish the relics of those animosities which, as long as they prevail, must frustrate to a great extent all the wise designs of the Legislature; to correct, with a hand at once cautious and resolute, the abuses which remain to be removed, and to deposit in the national mind the seeds of lasting improvement; to unite the Irish people amongst themselves, and at the same time to complete their identity with the great nation, in whose liberties they now enjoy a full participation;—these are the objects which ought to be proposed to himself, by the nobleman

whom, without, I hope, any deviation from the personal respect which is due to him, I have thus ventured to awaken to a consciousness of his large means to achieve incalculable good, and endeavoured to make sensible of all the genuine glory which would attend it.*

* Lord Francis Leveson Gower (now Earl of Ellesmere) held the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland for two years, the average duration of an Irish Chief Secretaryship, but too short a period for the completion, even by such a man, of so vast a work as Mr. Sheil chalked out for him, or even to make any considerable progress in it. But little indeed was done to make Catholic Emancipation a reality until Lord Morpeth's Secretaryship, from 1835 to 1841. There was then time, as well as the disposition and ability, to vivify the letter of the law and make it a source of practical improvement.

Referring to that very useful work, Beatson's *Political Index, modernized*, we find a list of no fewer than twenty-two Chief Secretaries since 1800. Well might the author of the *Sketches of Ireland, Past and Present*, describe it as "a quicksand Government, that swallows up in its fluctuations every venture of reform." Sir Robert Peel's Administration was one of the longest; he held the office for six years, from 1812 to 1818. So long a tenure of authority ought to have been memorable for some improvement, either moral or material; but it was singularly barren. In 1844, however, when in the plenitude of his power, he did something to redeem the sins or omissions of the past;—but in 1844 he had "put off the old Adam," he was not the Peel of 1812.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE JESUITS.

KENSINGTON.

[AUGUST, 1829.]

THE colleges of the Jesuits have lately attracted a good deal of attention, and the Legislature has been strongly called upon to seal up in this country those fountains of Catholicism. In the recent Act of Parliament, a clause has been introduced, which, although nugatory for the purposes of practical effect, shows that the Government has found it necessary to make some offering to the prejudices which continue to exist against the disciples of Ignatius.* No Jesuit can, for the future, enter these realms. It is pretty obvious that it will not be very easy to convict a man of this newly-created offence; for what evidence can be produced to establish the fact that a man is a Jesuit? That of the superior who administers the vow, or of the individual who takes it? The proviso is therefore destitute of all

* The provisions in the Catholic Relief Act here alluded to were especially intended to discourage the establishments of the Jesuits. The law proved totally inoperative in this respect, so much so that monastic institutions of all kinds have rapidly multiplied in Ireland since 1829.

validity—the knife is too blunt to cut the throat of the victim.

The Society of Jesuits will not be deterred by any legislative expedients from prosecuting their labours; and as far as I can form a judgment, from the experience of some years amongst them, those labours will not in the least degree interfere with the beneficial results of Catholic Emancipation. I have known the chief members of that obnoxious body from a very early period, and to me, a friend of liberty both civil and religious, they appear to be wholly innoxious. I do not, however, sit down to enter into any elaborate vindication of them, nor to write an essay upon the principle of their institution; it is my purpose in this article to detail what I saw and observed during my residence at two of their schools, and to give a sketch of the incidents of my boyhood, rather than to indite a treatise upon the tendencies and character of a body of men whose opinions have, I believe, been misrepresented, and whose importance has been of late greatly exaggerated.

As if it were but yesterday, though 'tis now many years ago (*eheu fugaces!*), I recollect the beautiful evening when I left my home, upon the banks of the River Suir, and sailed from the harbour of Waterford for Bristol, on my way to school. It is scarcely germane to the matter, yet I cannot help reverting to a scene, which has impressed itself deeply in my recollection, and to which I oftentimes, in those visions of the memory to which I suppose everybody is more or less subject, find it a pleasure, though a melancholy one, to return.

There are few rivers more picturesque than the Suir

(which Spenser honoured with a panegyric) in its passage from Waterford to the sea.* It is broad and ample, capable of floating vessels of any tonnage, and is encompassed upon both sides with lofty ridges of rich verdure, on which magnificent mansions, encompassed with deep groves of trees, give evidence of the rapid increase of opulence and of civilization in that part of Ireland. How often have I stood upon its banks, when the bells in the city, the smoke of which was turned into a cloud of gold by a Claude Lorraine sunset, tolled (to use the expression of Dante, and not of Gray) the death of the departing day! How often have I fixed my gaze upon the glittering expanse of the full and overflowing water, crowded with ships, whose white sails were filled with just wind enough to carry them on to the sea; by the slowness of their equable and majestic movement, giving leave to the eye to contemplate at its leisure their tall and stately beauty, and to watch them long in their progress amidst the calm through which they made their gentle and forbearing way.

* "Ne thence the Irish rivers absent were,
Sith no less famous than the rest they be,
And join in neighbourhood of kingdom near,
Why should not they likewise in love agree?
* * * *
The first the gentle Shuir, that making way
By sweet Clonmel, adorns rich Waterford;
The next the stubborn Nore, whose waters gray
By fair Kilkenny and Rosseponte bord;
The third the goodly Barow, which doth hord
Great heaps of salmon in his deep bosome,
All which long sundred do at last accord
To join in one, ere to the sea they come;'
So flowing all from one, all one at last become."

The murmurs of the city were heard upon the right, and the lofty spire of its church rose up straight and arrowy into the sky. The sullen and dull roar of the ocean used to come over the opposite hills from the Bay of Tramore. Immediately before me were the fine woods of Faithleg, and the noble seat of the Bolton family (Protestant patricians, who have since that time made way for the more modern but wealthy Powers); on the left was the magnificent seat of another branch of the same opulent tribe, Snowhill; and in the distance were the three rivers, the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow, met in a deep and splendid conflux; the ruins of the old abbey of Dunbrody threw the solemnity of religion and of antiquity over the whole prospect, and by the exquisite beauty of the site afforded a proof that the old Franciscans, who had made a selection of this lovely spot for their monastery, and who have lain for centuries in the mould of its green and luxuriant churchyards, were the lovers of Nature, and that when they left the noise and turmoil of the world, they had not relinquished those enjoyments which are not only innocent, but may be accounted holy.

I had many a time looked with admiration upon the noble landscape, in the midst of which I was born, but I never felt and appreciated its loveliness so well as when the consciousness that I was leaving it, not to return for years to it again, endeared to me the spot of my birth, and set off the beauty of the romantic place in which my infancy was passed, and in which I once hoped (I have since abandoned the expectation) that my old age should decline. It is not in the midst of its woods that I shall fall into the sere and yellow leaf!

"Something too much of this."—The ship sailed, I landed at Bristol, and with a French clergyman, the Abbé de Grimeau, who had been my tutor, I proceeded to London. We took up our residence at the "Swan with two Necks," in Lad-lane,* and after having seen the instruments for torturing good Protestants in the Tower, and heard the roaring of the lion in Exeter Change, the Abbé informed me that I was to be sent to Kensington House (a college established by the Pères de la Foi, for so the French Jesuits settled in England at that time called themselves), and that he had directions to leave me there, upon his way to Languedoc, from whence he had been exiled in the Revolution, and to which he had been driven by the *maladie du pays* to return.

Accordingly we set off for Kensington House, which is situated exactly opposite the avenue leading to the Palace, and has the beautiful garden attached to it in front. A large iron gate, wrought into rusty flowers, and other fantastic forms, showed that the Jesuit school had once been the residence of some person of distinction; and I afterwards understood that a mistress of Charles the Second lived in the spot which was now converted into one of the sanctuaries of Ignatius. It was a large old-fashioned house, with many remains of decayed splendour. In a beautiful walk of trees, which ran down from the rear of the building through the play-ground, I saw several French boys playing at swing-swang; and the moment I entered, my ears were

* This ancient inn, so well known in the days of stage-coaches, exists no more. The improvements in the city have been fatal to it, and Gresham Street runs across the site where it once stood.

filled with the shrill vociferations of some hundreds of little emigrants, who were engaged in their various amusements, and babbled, screamed, laughed, and shouted in all the velocity of their rapid and joyous language. I did not hear a word of English, and at once perceived that I was as much among Frenchmen as if I had been suddenly tranferred to a Parisian college.

Having got this peep at the gaiety of the school into which I was to be introduced, I was led, with my companion, to a chamber covered with faded gilding, and which had once been richly tapestried, where I found the head of the establishment, in the person of a French nobleman, Monsieur le Prince de Broglie. Young as I was, I could not help being struck at once with the contrast which was presented between the occupations of this gentlemen and his name. I saw in him a little, slender, and gracefully-constructed abbé, with a sloping forehead, on which the few hairs that were left him were nicely arranged, and well-powered and pomatum'd. He had a soft and gentle smile, full of a suavity which was made up of guile and of weakness, but which deserved the designation of *aimable*, in the best sense of the word. His black clothes were adapted with a peculiar nicety to his symmetrical person, and his silk waistcoat and black silk stockings, with his small shoes buckled with silver, gave him altogether a shining and glossy aspect. This was the son of the celebrated Marshal Broglie, who was now at the head of a school, and, notwithstanding his humble pursuits, was designated by everybody as "Monsieur le Prince."

Monsieur le Prince, though neither more nor less than a pedagogue by profession, (for he had engaged in this employment to get his bread,) had all the manners and attitudes of the court, and by his demeanour put me at once in mind of the old *régime*. He welcomed my French companion with tenderness, and having heard that he was about to return to France, the poor gentleman exclaimed "Hélas!" while the tears came into his eyes at the recollection of "cette belle France," which he was never, as he then thought, to see again. He bade me welcome. These preliminaries of introduction having been gone through, my French tutor took his farewell; and as he embraced me for the last time, I well remember that he was deeply affected by the sorrow which I felt in my separation from him, and turning to Monsieur le Prince, recommended me to his care with an emphatic tenderness.

The latter led me into the school-room, where I had a desk assigned to me beside the son of the Count Décar, who has since, I understand, risen to offices of very high rank in the French Court. His father belonged to the nobility of the first class. In the son, it would have been at that time difficult to detect his patrician derivation. He was a huge, lubberly fellow, with thick matted hair, which he never combed. His complexion was greasy and sudorific, and to soap and water he seemed to have such a repugnance, that he did not above once a week go through any process of ablution. He was surly, dogged, and silent, and spent his time in the study of mathematics, for which he had a good deal of talent. I have heard that he is now one of the most fashionable and accomplished men about

the court, and that this Gorgonius smells now of the pastilles of Rufillus.

On the other side of me was a young French West Indian, from the colony of Martinique, whose name was Devarieux. The school was full of the children of the French planters, who had been sent over to learn English among the refugees from the Revolution. He was an exceedingly fine young fellow, the exact reverse in all his habits to Monsieur le Compte Décar, on my left hand, and expended a good deal of his hours of study in surveying a small pocket-mirror, and in arranging the curls of his rich black hair, the ambrosial plenty of which was festooned about his temples, and fell profusely behind his head. Almost all the French West Indians were vain, foppish, generous, brave, and passionate. They exhibited many of the qualities which we ascribe to the natives of our own islands in the American Archipelago; they were a sort of Gallican Belcours in little; for with the national attributes of their forefathers, they united much of that vehemence and habit of domination, which a hot sun and West India overseership are calculated to produce.

In general, the children of the French exiles amalgamated readily with these creoles:—there were, to be sure, some points of substantial difference; the French West Indians being all rich *roturiers*, and the little emigrants having their veins full of the best blood of France, without a groat in their pockets. But there was one point of reconciliation between them—they all concurred in hating England and its government. This detestation was not very surprising in the West Indian French; but it was not a little singular that the boys,

whose fathers had been expelled from France by the Revolution, and to whom England had afforded shelter and given bread, should manifest the ancient national antipathy, as strongly as if they had never been nursed at her bosom, and obtained their aliment from her bounty. Whenever news arrived of a victory won by Bonaparte, the whole school was thrown into a ferment; and I cannot, even at this distance of time, forget the exultation with which the sons of the decapitated or the exiled hailed the triumph of the French arms, the humiliation of England, and the glory of the nation whose greatness they had learned to lisp.

There was one boy I recollect more especially. I do not now remember his name, but his face and figure I cannot dismiss from my remembrance. He was a little effeminate creature, with a countenance that seemed to have been compounded of the materials with which waxen babies are made; his fine flaxen hair fell in girlish ringlets about his face, and the exquisite symmetry of his features would have rendered him a fit model for a sculptor who wished to throw the *beau-idéal* of pretty boyhood into stone. He had upon him a sickly expression, which was not sufficiently pronounced to excite any disagreeable emotion, but cast over him a mournful look, which was seconded by the calamities of his family, and added to the lustre of misfortune which attended him.

He was the child of a nobleman who had perished in the Revolution. His mother, a widow, who resided in a miserable lodging in London, had sent him to Kensington House, but it was well known that he was received there by the Prince de Broglie from charity; and I should add that his eleemosynary dependence, so

far from exciting towards him any of that pity which is akin to contempt, contributed to augment the feeling of sympathy which the disasters of his family had created in his regard. This unfortunate little boy was a Frenchman to his heart's core, and whenever the country which was wet with his father's blood had added a new conquest to her possessions, or put Austria or Prussia to flight, his pale cheek used to flush into a hectic of exultation, and he would break into joyfulness at the achievements by which France was exalted and the pride and power of England were brought down.

This feeling, which was conspicuous in this little fellow, ran through the whole body of Frenchmen, who afforded very unequivocal proof of the sentiments by which their parents were influenced. The latter I used occasionally to see. Old gentlemen, the neatness of whose attire was accompanied by indications of indigence, and whose seamy coats exhibited an excessive assiduity in brushing, used occasionally to visit at Kensington House. Their elasticity of back, the frequency and gracefulness of their well-regulated bows, and the perpetual smile upon their wrinkled and emaciated faces, showed that they had something to do with the "vieille cour;" and this conjecture used to be confirmed by the embrace with which they folded the little marquises and counts whom they came to visit.

Kensington House was frequented by emigrants of very high rank. The father of the present Duc de Grammont, who was at this school, and was then Duc de Guische, often came to see his son. I recollect upon one occasion having been witness to a very remarkable scene. Monsieur, as he was then called, the present

King of France, waited one day, with a large retinue of French nobility, upon the Prince de Broglie. The whole body of the schoolboys was assembled to receive him. We were gathered in a circle at the bottom of a flight of stone stairs that led from the principal room into the play-ground. The future King of France appeared, with his *cortège* of illustrious exiles, at the glass folding-doors which were at the top of the stairs, and the moment he was seen, we all exclaimed, with a shrill shout of beardless loyalty, "Vive le Roi!"

Monsieur seemed greatly gratified by this spectacle, and in a very gracious and condescending manner went down amongst the little boys, who were at first awed a good deal by his presence, but were afterwards speedily familiarised to him by the natural playfulness and benignity of Charles the Tenth. He asked the names of those who were about him, and when he heard them, and saw in the boys by whom he was encompassed the descendants of some of the noblest families of France, he seemed to be sensibly affected. One or two names, which were associated with peculiarly melancholy recollection, made him thrill. "Hélas! mon enfant!" he used to say, as some orphan was brought up to him; and he would then lean down to caress the child of a friend who had perished on the scaffolds of the Revolution.

I have been drawn away from my original theme by the scenes which, in reverting to the days of my boyhood, rose upon me. This establishment was conducted by several French priests, assisted by some Germans and Italians, with the Prince de Broglie at their head. They were almost all members of the order of Jesuits, though they called themselves by the less obnoxious title of "Pères de la Foi." The only person of rank

among them was the Prince de Broglie, who had, I am inclined to think, from motives of convenience entered into this spiritual corporation, as the best mode of earning his livelihood.

At this period, the order had not been restored by any formal bull from the Pope; but it was notoriously encouraged at Rome, and a considerable establishment had been founded in Russia, where the General of the Society resided. The Jesuits at Kensington were in communication with him, and, from their antipathy to everything English, disputed the authority of the Provincial of the Anglican Province. On the plea that they were French Jesuits, sojourning only for a short period in Great Britain, they rejected the mandates of Doctor Stone (the Rector at Stonyhurst), and refused to obey any injunction which was not issued by the General himself. These differences would not, in all probability, have arisen under the old system of regulation, but the Order was only on the point of resuscitation, and of course the discipline amongst the "Pères de la Foi" was a little lax. For instance, Monsieur le Prince de Broglie, the quasi head of the French Province in England, kept a very handsome curricle and pair, which he used to drive himself with equal dexterity, intrepidity, and grace, and has often won the palm of charioteering in the Olympic field of Rotten Row. Certain frivolities (for he was a perfectly moral man, and his defects were little more than the levities of a Frenchman), excited the censure of the more rigorous members of the establishment, and especially of the Père Alnot, who was the completest specimen of the monk—for he had little of the Jesuit about him—I have ever seen.

This Père Alnot was at first regarded as a saint amongst us. He was a man of a very lofty and slender person, and was dressed in long robes of coarse black cloth, with a cowl thrown over his head, and a girdle of strong black leather round his waist, to which a massive rosary and crucifix were attached. His face, of which we could only occasionally catch glimpses, was wan and sallow, with glaring eyes, sparkling in the midst of paleness and emaciation, with an evil and inauspicious lustre. He seldom washed himself, considering uncleanness to be an incident to devotion, and his beard, covered with filthy snuff, stood in stubbles upon his long and pointed chin. His mouth was full of false sweetness and guile. He lived in a small room adjoining the chapel, where he heard the confessions of the students; and all its furniture corresponded with the apparatus of the man himself. It consisted of a few wooden chairs, a bed of the hardest materials, and a little table, on which a skull was placed, with a lamp burning perpetually beside it.

Here he used to sit with his elbow leaning on the table, and his long and skinny hand placed upon his forehead; and when a boy told him that he had broken into an orchard, or robbed a hen-roost, he would lift up his eyes and heave a profound groan. This mysterious person was at the head of a society called "The Sodality;" an institution which is adopted in all Jesuit seminaries, and which selects the Virgin Mary as the object of its veneration. A separate chapel was dedicated to her by the Père Alnot, which he took a special care in adorning. It was painted with green, representing heaven, and was studded over with spangles by way of stars. I always looked upon him with an

instinctive aversion, in which I was confirmed by a Genoese Jesuit, the Père Molinari, who represented him as a person of the darkest and most evil character.

Molinari was an exceedingly kind, amiable, and well-informed man. He was the only one in the whole school that knew a word of Greek. He had been educated, though an Italian, at Prague, and practised as a lawyer. He then became a Jesuit, and certainly was sincerely devoted to religion. Though entirely free from the monkish gloom of the Père Alnot, there was a large infusion of fanaticism in his character. He believed firmly in witchcraft, and was versed in all the mysteries of demonology. The bodily presence of the Devil was among the articles of his creed, and I recollect him to have told me stories of the appearance of Lucifer, with such a minute specification of circumstance, as made "my fall of hair to stir as life were in't."

Another point in which he was a little weak was the fatal influence of "the Illuminés" in Germany. He improved upon Barruel, which was his manual, and regarded Waishoupt as an incarnate fiend. I have heard him describe the midnight orgies of the German philosophers, who, according to him, assembled in chambers covered with rich scarlet cloth, and brilliant with infernal light, where, by the power of sorcery, every luxury was collected, and where men devoted themselves to Satan in a registry kept by the Secretary of the society, where every man's name was enrolled in his own blood. But, with the exception of these strange credulities, he was a most estimable man—he had an heroical disinterestedness of character, and dedicated himself with all the ardour of spiritual chivalry to the

cause of the Jesuits, which he regarded as identified with that of true religion.

I was for a considerable time placed under his care, and am indebted to him for a zealous solicitude for my welfare. He took the greatest and most disinterested pains in giving me instruction, and would devote hours of unremunerated labour (for the salaries of the boys were all paid-in to Monsieur le Prince) to the explanation of difficulties, and in clearing the way to knowledge. He was exceedingly mild in temper, but had frequent recourse to punishment of a very intense sort. He had a whip made of several strong cords, with knots at regular intervals, with which he used to lash the hands of the scholars in such a way as to make the blood leap from them. It seemed to give great pain to inflict this chastisement, and I have seen him weep at what he called the necessity of being severe.

He had a very extraordinary method of reconciling the devouter students to this torture. He sentenced you first to nine lashes, and then ordered you to hold out your hand; "Offer it up to God and his saints," he would say, "as a sacrifice." He would then select you nine saints. The first blow was to be suffered in honour of St. Ignatius,—"Allons, mon enfant, au nom du plus grand de tous les Saints—St. Ignace!" and down went the whip from a vigorous and muscular arm. "Oh! mon Dieu!" cried the little martyr, withdrawing his hand after the first operation. "Allons, mon enfant, au nom de St. Francis Xavier!" and he then inflicted a second laceration upon the culprit. "Mais, mon Père, ayez pitié—jamais, jamais, je ne ferai des solécismes—oh, mon Père, jamais." The Jesuit was inexorable—"Allons, mon enfant, au nom de Saint Louis

de Gonzague;" and thus he proceeded till he had gone through his calendar of infliction.

But with these singularities (to us at least they appear so), he was an exceedingly generous-hearted and lofty-minded religionist. He would himself have looked death in the face without dismay in the cause of St. Ignatius; and indeed he gave a practical proof of his enthusiasm, by setting out at a week's warning for the deserts of Siberia, where he proceeded by order of the General to propagate the Gospel, and if possible to make his way to China, in the hope that he might obtain the reward of martyrdom in the service of the Lord.

The person who next to Molinari attracted my attention, was "Le Père Caperon." He was a great Oriental scholar, and was regarded as a master of the Arabic language; and was, I believe, as profoundly versed in the Koran as in the Gospel. He was not employed in teaching the boys, (an occupation for which he would have been wholly unfit,) but in composing essays upon the mysterious literature of the East. It was one of our favourite amusements to disturb him in his studies. A group would collect under his window and assail him with all kinds of strange noises, when he would rush forth with a huge stick, which made us all take to our heels, and woe betide the urchin on whom he first seized. "Oh, petit malheureux!" he would exclaim, as he grasped some intruder upon his meditations, and avenged upon him the losses which Oriental learning had sustained by the trespass which we had committed on his meditations.

Père Caperon believed himself to be occasionally tempted by the Devil in a more direct and palpable fashion than Satan is apt to use. This conviction made

him frequently an object of entertainment with us. When he said mass, he used to throw himself into such strange attitudes, and indulge in such extra-clerical ejaculations, that the Frenchmen used to rejoice whenever he administered to their devotions. The poor man conceived that he was struggling with the demon in a corporeal wrestle, and cast himself into postures corresponding with his grotesque delusion. Sometimes he used to bid the fiend begone to the Red Sea, and at other times used to stamp as if he had got the head of Lucifer under his feet.

There were few persons in this school who were very much calculated to create the respect of the students whose instruction was confided to them. There was, indeed, one very eloquent preacher, "Le Père Colman," who was a German by birth, but was French in language and manner. He had a most noble bearing, a visage fit for canvass, a deep, sonorous voice, and a great command of pure oratorical diction. He was, however, too valuable to be allowed long to remain in so inferior a spot as Kensington House, and was ordered by the General of the Jesuits to proceed to Russia. So was Molinari, who acted towards me a part of great kindness and friendship previous to his leaving the establishment. The Prince de Broglie, he informed me, had got himself into great embarrassments, and had made an effort to induce the Jesuits of Stonyhurst to assist him. With this view he had sent a deputation to that college, and offered to annex Kensington House to the Anglican Province. To this proceeding, to which he was originally adverse, on account of his national disrelish to everything English, he was reduced by his emergencies. The English Jesuits were, however, too

shrewd to acquiesce in this proposal, and it was manifest that the institution must be broken up.

Molinari farther informed me, that he had been himself ordered into the deserts of Siberia, with instructions to penetrate, if possible, into China, as a missionary of the Gospel. He recommended me to write home, and to apprise my friends of what was about to take place. Stonyhurst he pointed out as the best seminary which I could select, and said, that if he was at liberty to exercise any selection, he should himself have chosen it as his residence; but that he had no will; that his volition had been laid down as an offering to his God when he had entered the order; and that he must at once proceed to the place of his destination. I thanked him; he shook my hand, and proceeded to that country, from whose bosom it is not likely that he ever will return.

This man was the only example which I witnessed among the Pères de la Foi of that lofty devotedness to the interests of their society, and of that romantic dedication of their hearts and lives to the advancement of Catholicism, for which the Jesuits are remarkable. The larger portion of the individuals who were assembled by the Prince de Broglie at Kensington House were Jesuits only in appearance. They were a few raw recruits, got together under the banners of the order. Molinari seemed the only genuine soldier of Ignatius. The promptitude and alacrity with which he at once precipitated himself into the wildernesses of Tartary, at the mandate of a priest living in a distant region, recalls to me what the Abbé Raynal, who had himself been a Jesuit, has said upon this subject. After describing the wonderful achievements of this

extraordinary body of men, and the moral subjugation of the Indian tribes which was effected by them, he says:—

"It is impossible that any reader who reflects, should not be desirous of knowing what strange infatuation can induce an individual who enjoys all the conveniences of life in his own country, to undertake the laborious and unfortunate function of a missionary: to quit his fellow-citizens, his friends, and his relations; to cross the sea in order to bury himself in the midst of forests, to expose himself to all the horrors of the most extreme misery, to run the risk at every step either of being devoured by wild beasts or massacred by savages, to settle in the midst of them, to conform himself to their manners, to share their indigence and their fatigues, to be exposed to their passions or caprices, for at least as long a time as is required to learn their language and to make himself understood by them. If this conduct be ascribed to the enthusiasm of religion, what more powerful motive can be imagined? If to respect to vows of obedience taken to superiors, who have a right to order them to go anywhere, and who cannot be asked the reason for those orders, without committing the crime of perjury and apostacy, what good or what evil is it not in the power of hypocritical or ambitious masters to do, who command so absolutely, and who are so entirely obeyed? If it be the effect of a deep sense of compassion for a part of the human species, whom it is intended to rescue from ignorance and misery, what virtue can be more heroic? With respect to the constancy with which these extraordinary men persevere in so disgustful an undertaking, I should have imagined that by living so long among the savages, they would have become savages themselves: but I should have been deceived in this conjecture. It is, on the contrary, one of the most laudable of human vanities that supports them in their career.

" 'My friend," said once to me an old missionary, who had lived thirty years in the midst of forests, and who, since he had returned into his own country, had fallen into a profound melancholy, and was for ever regretting his beloved savages—'My friend,' said he 'you know not what it is to be the king, almost even the God of a number of men, who owe to you the small portion of happiness they enjoy, and who are ever assiduous in assuring you of their gratitude. After they have been ranging through immense forests, they return overcome with fatigue and inanition; if they have only killed one piece of game, for whom do you suppose it to be intended? It is for the Father, for it is thus they call us;

and, indeed, they are really our children. Their dissensions are suspended at our appearance. A sovereign does not rest in greater safety in the midst of his guards, than we do, surrounded by our savages. It is among them that I will go and end my days."

I followed the advice of my friend Molinari, and caused myself to be removed from the school, which a little while afterwards was completely broken up. The system of instruction there was miserably defective. Molinari was, as I have stated, the only person who understood Greek; and Caperon, though an Oriental scholar, was not acquainted with the language. Some attention was paid to composition; a Père Henri, (a gaunt looking man, who used to sit for hours twisting two crumbs of bread between his forefinger and thumb, and revolving a sonnet to some favourite saint), took the trouble to teach me how to write French rhymes. There was also some relish manifested for the beauties of the Latin writers, and pains were taken to make the scholars feel the strength of the expression. But arithmetic, geography, history, were all neglected. A worse course of education cannot be well imagined, though these Pères de la Foi conceived themselves to be greatly superior to the professors in either of the English Universities.

I left Kensington House for the great seat of British Jesuitism in the north of England. On arriving at Manchester in the mail, I proceeded in a post-chaise to Blackburn, and drove from thence to the school which has since awakened the eloquence of Leslie Foster, and the orthodox terrors of Sir Thomas Lethbridge. Through a long avenue, in the old fashion of English pomp, and which was bordered by ponds of broad deep water on either side, the horses carried me

rapidly towards two huge towers, which rose to a great elevation out of a magnificent building of Elizabethan architecture. Before had time to survey this fine and venerable structure with minuteness, and to observe its windows of massive stone-work, and to rest upon the groves of old yew trees that rose about the decaying walls of its gardens, the horses' feet clattered under the archway, and I was rolled into an old quadrangular court, that seemed to belong to the castle of a feudal baron, and not to the society of useful and meritorious votaries of Loyola, whom I shall describe in a continuation of this article.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE JESUITS.

STONYHURST.

[OCTOBER, 1829.]

THE College of Stonyhurst is situated in Lancashire, at the foot of the high hill of Pendle, which, as it was formerly the favourite resort of sorcerers, has, in the opinion of a neighbouring parson, afforded, by a natural succession, a residence to the mysterious ecclesiastics who are adepts in the witchcraft of Ignatius. The scenery by which it is surrounded is of a solemn and almost dreary character. Immediately before the great entrance, which opens into a considerable square, and is surmounted by two very lofty towers, an avenue, in the old English fashion, rises between two large basins of artificial water, whose stagnant tranquillity gives to the approach a dismal aspect. This avenue leads, on the right-hand, to a very extensive deer-park, the neglected walls of which indicate that the spirit of the chase has long since departed from the spot where learning and religion have fixed their abode.

A rookery spreads behind the castle (for such it may

be justly designated), of ancient and venerable trees. The remains of a noble garden occupy the front; and although its terraces are now dilapidated, and the playground which is used by the students has usurped upon its fine parterres, a noble walk of thickly-interwoven yew-trees, which is called the Wilderness, has been spared, and still offers the memorials of magnificence in its long and melancholy vistas. It was originally intended that the building should consist of two wings; only one, however, was completed, as the expense exceeded the fortune of the projector. The portion of the edifice which is finished, is of great extent. It is of a gothic character, in the exterior; but its apartments, and especially the splendid hall, which is flagged with white and polished marble, are of far greater dimensions than the rooms which are generally found in buildings of a similar style.

As you look from the great central window of massive stone, you see the ridge of Pendle stretched out in a long line of black and dismal barrenness. The rivers Hodder and Ribble, whose banks are lined with fine woods, flow in the valley beneath. The town of Clitheroe is seen on the left, where the plains of Yorkshire present a rich contrast of cultivation in their wide and distant reaches. Ripchester lies on the right; and behind, a line of heathy hills, called Longridge Fell, extends itself for several miles. This fine old mansion was the property of the Sherbourne family, and was afterwards occupied for a period by one of the Dukes of Norfolk. It came by purchase into the hands of the late Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle. He had been educated at St. Omer's, among the Jesuits; and after they had been successively obliged to fly from their seminary

there, and from Bruges and Liege, they were received by their old pupil at Stonyhurst. During his life they held the house itself free from all charges, paying a moderate rent for a considerable tract of ground; and on his death, (he had first become an ecclesiastic, though he had a very large family,) he devised the lands to that sacred corporation, to which he was indebted for his instruction in piety, and for which, as a religionist, he had always entertained a warm predilection. His obsequies were performed with great pomp in the college chapel, and a funeral oration was pronounced upon his merits, amongst which his bequest to the followers of Loyola was not the least conspicuous.

When I arrived at Stonyhurst College, the principals, and the more eminent teachers, were gentlemen who had held similar situations in the Jesuit establishment at Liege. After they had settled in Lancashire, there were some new recruits added to their numbers; but generally speaking, the members of the Society had been educated out of England, according to the system adopted in the institutions under the management of that literary order. They were about twenty-five in number, and were, in every respect, superior to the Pères de la Foi, with whom I had sojourned at Kensington, and who merely passed as Jesuits. They were almost all gentlemen by birth, some of them belonging to the best Catholic families in England. Their manners were also distinguished by an urbanity, which it is one of the maxims of their order that they should assiduously cultivate, and which their love of elegant literature had tended to heighten.

There were, of course, a few amongst them who were a little uncouth, but these were chiefly persons who had

been enrolled in the body since its establishment in Lancashire. Those who had been brought up at St. Omer or at Liege, were greatly superior in address to the generality of persons to whom the education of boys is confided. Of the Jesuits whom I found at Stonyhurst, by far the greater number had become members of the Society of Jesus from motives which were entirely free from all mercenary consideration. They were, as far as I could form a judgment of them, actuated by a sincere piety, and a deep conviction of the truths of their religion, and a zealous solicitude for the welfare of others, which they conceived that they should best promote by dedicating themselves to the education of youth.

At the head of the college was the Rector of the English province, the Rev. Dr. Stone. He was a man, whom neither his long vigils, nor his habits of abstinence, could reduce into the meagritude of sanctity; and by his portly belly and his rosy countenance, he seemed to bid defiance to the power of fasting, and to the devotion of prayer. Nothing could subdue his goodly corpulency, or invest his features with the emaciation which ordinarily attends the habits of mortification and of self-denial which he practised. He was the most uninterruptedly devout person I have ever seen, and verified those descriptions of lofty holiness with which the writings of Alban Butler (the uncle of the celebrated conveyancer) had rendered me familiar.* The students were accustomed to the perusal of the Lives of the Saints, and found in Dr. Stone (except

* The piratical editor of these papers, in a notice of the works of Mr. Charles Butler, informs the American public that *he* was the author of the *Lives of the Saints!*

in his external configuration, in which Guido would certainly not have selected a model,) a realization of those pictures of exalted piety which occur in the pages of that learned compiler. He seemed to be in a perpetual commerce with heaven; for even in his ordinary occupations, at his meals, or while he took the exercise necessary for the purposes of health, his eyes were constantly raised, and ejaculations broke from his lips. At first view, one might have taken him for an enacter of piety; and, indeed, his swelling cheeks, and the abdominal rotundity of his person, gave him an exceedingly sublunary aspect; but, after a little while, it was difficult not to feel convinced that his enthusiasm was unaffected, and that his whole heart was devoted, in the spirit of the most exalted Christianity, to God.

The reader will think it strange that such a person should have been entrusted with the direction of so great an establishment as this extensive college, the conduct of whose finances would alone have been sufficient to engross the mind, and would have been so utterly alien to the spiritual addictions of Dr. Stone. The Jesuits, however, were too shrewd to leave their money to the care of a person who spent so little of his time in this world. The care of their souls was, by a just division of labour, committed to this great master of spirituality; but they did not molest him with any pecuniary considerations; these fell to the exclusive province of the Rev. Father Wright, a brother of the Catholic banker in Henrietta-street, of that name.

Father Wright would have excelled in the counting-house of the first trafficker in money in the metropolis; but from some strange intermixture of the habits of devotion with the tendencies to thrift, he became a

priest, and entered the society of Jesus. His associates were not slow in discovering those propensities, which it is their study not to extinguish, but to direct; and, bringing nature and devotion into alliance, made him purse-bearer to the college. Father Wright had no solicitude for gain upon his own account, but, for the benefit of the order, was in perpetual pursuit of it. He managed the farm, regulated the whole domestic economy, and laid out the grounds of the society. He was a sharp, hawk-eyed, bustling little man, with an aspect of rapacious shrewdness, and that intensity of look, in which the eagerness for the acquisition of money is combined with the prudence which is necessary to retain it. He was much more profoundly versed in Cocker than in Suarez, and far fonder of consulting his ledger than of unlocking the brass clasps of his breviary. He was of infinite service to the establishment, by restraining every disposition to expense, and by the regular system of economy to which he undeviatingly adhered.

In one grand speculation, however, he was completely foiled, to his own great mortification, and that of his associates. There was a sum of 16,000*l.* in the hands of Father Beattie, the last of the Irish Jesuits who had survived the abolition of the order. This sum had been bequeathed to the old priest by a Father Callaghan, who held it himself in trust, and left it for the purpose of having a Jesuit college built in Ireland. Wright, the English Jesuit, suggested that Ireland ought to be annexed to the English province, and that the money should be sent to Stonyhurst; and accordingly he put every expedient into practice in order to prevail on Father Beattie to apply the sacred treasure

to the extension of Stonyhurst. Beattie, however, who hated everything English, resisted. Wright applied to the General of the Jesuits in order to effect his purpose; but the Irish Jesuit countermined his Anglican brother, and, in place of swelling the coffers of Stonyhurst, the fund was laid out in the purchase of an estate in Ireland, and in the establishment of the College of Clongowes.

I have stated that there was a minute allocation of different pursuits, according to their respective talents, to the members of the fraternity. The selection of Father Wright to preside over the finances, was not more appropriate than the choice of the remarkable individual who was at the head of what was called the Novitiate. About two miles from the college there stood upon a hill, on the banks of the river Hodder, a small house, which was dedicated to the residence of the young men who, desiring to become Jesuits, were, according to the rules of the company, obliged to go through a probation of two years in continued meditation and prayer. During that space of time, a candidate for admission to the society must remain entirely secluded from the world, and occupied exclusively in the work of religious perfection. The novices are not allowed to read out of any profane book more than ten lines a day. The college itself was considered to be too worldly and full of turmoil for such a process of complete purification; and in order that their sequestration might be more complete, a little edifice was raised upon a slight elevation which overhung the river Hodder. Here no other sound but the murmurs of the stream as it gurgled over its pebbly bed through the deep groves that hung on either side of it, were

heard by the votaries of silence and of solitude, who were embowered in this beautiful abode.

How often have I paused to look upon it, in the walks which we were occasionally allowed to take in the vicinity of this pious and lonely spot! On the opposite side of the river was a wood, in which we used to go either to gather nuts or to hunt squirrels. Many a time I have left the pastimes in which my companions were engaged, and, descending to the banks of the stream, have fixed my eyes upon "the Novitiate" upon the other side; and as I heard the voices of its inmates rising in their evening hymn through the trees which surrounded it, I have felt myself thrilled with all those sensations which belong to the elevation of piety, and what the profane would designate as the romance of religion. In this probationary hermitage the novices were secluded, and over them there presided a man the most remarkable for what I may call the chivalry of Jesuitism whom I have ever seen.

Father Plowden was the younger brother of a very ancient Catholic family, and was, I believe, descended from the great lawyer of that name. He had been originally educated in Rome, and was from thence, after spending many years in Italy, transferred to St. Omer's. He was a perfect Jesuit of the old school: his mind was stored with classical knowledge; his manners were highly polished; he had great eloquence, which was alternately vehement and persuasive, as the occasion put his talents into requisition; and with his various accomplishments he combined the loftiest enthusiasm for the advancement of religion, and an utter immolation of himself to the glory of the order, of which he was unquestionably a great ornament.

Though greatly advanced in years, he stood erect and tall, with all the evidences of strong and inextinguishable vitality about him. His cheek, though worn, had the hues of health upon it; and though his head was quite bald, the vivacity of his eyes, that shot their light from beneath their broad and shaggy brows, exhibited a mind whose faculties it did not seem to be in the power of time to impair.

His powers as a preacher were of a very high class. Students at a public school listen to religious instruction as if it were only a part of the mere routine of their ordinary occupations. When, however, Mr. Plowden ascended the pulpit, every eye and every ear were fixed in attention. His command of lofty diction; his zealous and forcible delivery; the noble port which he assumed as the herald of intelligence from heaven; and, more than anything else, the profound conviction which he manifestly entertained of the truth of the doctrines which he interpreted, and the strenuousness of his adjuration in calling men's hearts to God, gave him every title to be considered an orator of the first class. Certainly, the belief that he was altogether devoted to the spiritual welfare of those whom Providence had, in his opinion, assigned to his tutelage, greatly enhanced the impressiveness of his exhortations. He was looked upon as a model of exalted virtue.

It was not to the college of Stonyhurst that he confined his labours; he was also busy in the conversion of the population in the vicinity. It not unfrequently happened that he was informed, in the midst of a winter's night, that some person at a considerable distance from the college was on the point of death,

and stood in need of his spiritual aid. The old man, who did not seem to know what hardship was, would leap from his hard bed, and having hurried on his clothes, he would go forth with a lantern, attended by a lay-brother of the order, and, making his way over the fens and morasses by which the college was surrounded, hasten to the door of the expiring sinner, and arrive at his bed-side in time, as he conceived, to speed his soul to heaven.

This truly zealous and exalted christian was the President of the Novitiate; and certainly no man could be better calculated to infuse into the minds of others that heroical self-abnegation, and that surrender of all the passions to the advancement of the society, which constitute the perfection of a Jesuit. If he could have contributed to the saving of the soul of a sinner, or to the promotion of the glory of St. Ignatius, by laying his head upon the block, he would, I am sure, have knelt down to it at the warning of an instant, and cried "strike!" Yet with all this extraordinary energy of zeal, and though he carried his enthusiasm to the highest point to which it could reach, he was, notwithstanding, wholly free from those weaknesses and credulities which are sometimes found in minds deeply imbued with religious feeling. He was a firm believer in the tenets of his church; but he did not himself practise, nor did he encourage in others, those usages which, in truth, do not belong to the general plan of Catholicity, but have grown out of individual fantasy, and ought not, in fairness, to be regarded as component parts of the general system.

It is but doing justice to the Stonyhurst Jesuits to say, that they were by no means given to the inculcation

of those opinions, or to the observance of those forms, which have chiefly contributed to create a disrelish for the Roman Catholic religion amongst persons who dissent from its doctrines. I must, however, note one exception. The Reverend Father Reeves, who was at the head of an institution called the Sodality (I have made some mention of a similar body in my account of the Pères de la Foi, given in a former number), was as strange a specimen of exiguous eccentricity as I remember to have seen. The Sodality itself was a curious instance of the mechanism by which the Jesuits contrived to keep perfect order in their schools. It consisted of the majority of the boys, who voluntarily enrolled themselves in a corporation, which was instituted in honour of the Blessed Virgin. The students who belonged to this society were compelled to select a certain number of individuals from among themselves, who were called admonitors, and who bound themselves to disclose to the heads of the school every malpractice which should fall under their cognizance.

They were in fact, a set of tell-tales, to whom no degradation attached, because they were elected to the office by the very persons whose conduct it was their duty to superintend. Thus their functions were not dishonourable, although the habit which they engendered was not, perhaps, very useful. Reynolds, (the celebrated Irish Jaffier) was brought up at Liege, and was eminent for his skill in detecting, and his fidelity in disclosing, the offences of his fellow students. In the Sodality (I have parenthetically described its main object), a number of rites were introduced which might, in my judgment, have been quite as well

omitted. The little gentleman, of whom I have above made mention, was the director of this Sodality; and by his fanaticism contributed not unfrequently to throw a burlesque upon it.

His favourite tenet was, that England was "the dower of the Blessed Virgin," and had been assigned to her by a peculiar gift from Heaven. Accordingly, in his spiritual exhortations, he never called England by any other name than "Dos Mariæ." Every sentence was concluded with this strange appellation, to the utterance of which he gave, by his shrill and almost infantine intonations, accompanied by his wild but pigmy gestures, and the contortions of a withered countenance, a great peculiarity of ridicule. He used to fall into paroxysms of prophecy in the pulpit, when he announced that England would be speedily converted, that the Virgin would be restored to her rights, and that she would be reinstated in the plenitude of possession in "dos Mariæ." These homilies of the poor man created nothing but merriment among the students, and pity among his brethren; but they were loth to deprive him of his office, as it was his only enjoyment, and he had filled it for several years.

Many jokes were practised upon him. He had in his possession some handfuls of flour, which he declared, and verily believed, had been consecrated by St. Aloysius Gonzaga, and which he regarded as a sovereign specific for all maladies. Those who were fond of waggery would call at his chamber with a very devout aspect, and beg a little of this flour, which he would give with many encomiums upon its virtues. It was then contrived to have it replaced, and Father Reeves would

exultingly exclaim, that it had all the properties of the oil in the widow's cruse in the Scriptures, and was incapable of sustaining a diminution.

But if Father Reeves created mirth at his expense, he had dreadful opportunities, during what was called "the Retreat," of retaliating upon the laughers, by depriving them of all use of the organs of risibility, and putting the muscles of yawning into exclusive use. "The Retreat" is a period of annual seclusion, which lasts about seven days, during which the students are forbidden to speak even at their meals, and are compelled to expend the time in religious contemplation. In all Jesuit colleges, some days in every year are appropriated to the holy sequestration from which it derives its name. To persons living in the world, it might be of considerable use to retire for a limited period from its pursuits; but I question whether it does schoolboys (who have, at a Jesuit school at least, an abundance of daily prayer) any very substantial or permanent good.

The minds of even the most pious and seraphic can scarcely sustain themselves for such a continuance upon the wing in the loftier and more rarified regions of devotion. It must, therefore, have been no very easy task for boys of fourteen or fifteen years not to alight for repose upon more sublunary objects. However, everything that could be devised in the way of external form was resorted to for the purpose of giving impressiveness to the observances of this dismal week. Adjoining the great dormitory, there was a large apartment situated immediately beneath the two great towers. Here a small altar, with a single lamp burning upon it,

was placed; all other light was excluded. The students assembled in this spot; and, in the midst of the profound silence which was maintained, it was in winter a mournful thing to listen to the wind that moaned round the towers that hung over us, and swept through the long and darkened windows. An hour of taciturn meditation was first ordained. This was followed by a sermon. Father Reeves appeared at the altar, dressed in the robes of his order, which, however, made him look more pragmatical than dignified. The lamp that played upon his features brought them out, and gave him, by its lucid light, the aspect of an old woman, who believed herself for a century to have been dealing with the devil. A strong preacher might have produced some exciting effect under such circumstances; but Father Reeves, both in the selection of his subjects, and in the manner of treating them, inflicted upon us a tedium which superseded all necessity of penance.

His favourite topic was the overthrow of the fallen angels. He described the whole campaign in heaven, in which Lucifer had been worsted by the archangel, with a minuteness of celestial strategy, which I shall not cease to remember. His favourite text was "quasi rudentibus detracti." The pulling down of Satan with a rope from heaven was the subject of many and many a description, which, in elaborate particularity of incident, it would be difficult to surpass.* I must acquit the other Jesuits, however, of any participation in these

* Father Reeve's style of preaching seems to have been that which was called the "circumstantial," and was so admirably ridiculed in the curious Spanish romance of *Friar Gerund*, the principal design of which was to expose and explode the absurdities prevailing at the time in the Spanish pulpit.

follies. They were generally men of good understanding, who combined with a well-regulated zeal for religion, sound common-sense.

There were about one hundred and fifty boys in the college, who were divided into six classes. Each class had a separate master, who at the termination of a year became the head of the next class, into which all the students under his superintendence were transferred; so that in general the same instructor for six years carried on the same boys through their successive gradations of tuition. This plan is the more deserving of remark, because it prevailed through all the Jesuit schools upon the Continent. The lowest class was called the Abecedarians, from their being initiated into the elements of knowledge; the next was called Figures, and afterwards came the classes of grammar, syntax, poetry, and rhetoric. It is obvious that much of a boy's acquirements, and a good deal of the character of his taste, must have depended upon the individual to whose instructions he was thus almost exclusively confined.

It was my good fortune to be placed at first in the class of the Reverend Father Laurenson, who was an excellent Latin scholar, and had besides a strong relish for English composition. He was an excellent man, with an exceedingly good heart, with generous and honourable feelings, and entirely free from that suppleness which has been attributed, but in my mind erroneously, to the body to which he belonged. The Jesuits who were employed in courts to influence the minds of ministers, and to sway the decision of cabinets, might have been addicted to habits of duplicity, which are almost inseparable from such pursuits; but in their

colleges, I apprehend, that they were little more than ardent instructors in classical learning; and, as far as my experience goes, I can aver that I never observed the least tendency upon their part to inculcate any doctrine, or to hold up any personal example, of that false dexterity which has been so long regarded as their attribute.

The Rev. Mr. Laurenson was a personification of greatness. He was a great gaunt man, with a deep sonorous voice, and a countenance in which it was easy to discover his vigorous intellect, his open and manly nature, and an irascibility which, with all his efforts, and with the discipline of Loyola, he found it impos-to conquer. Father Laurenson was obliged, from, I believe, ill-health, to give up the class; and was succeeded by a gentleman who is at present at the head of the college, the Rev. Mr. Brooks. He lately attracted some notice in Rome, having attended as deputy from the English province for the election of a general of the society, upon the death of Aloysius Fortis, and having travelled in his own carriage, which excited the comments of his Continental brethren, who thought that a Jesuit might travel in his neighbour's carriage, but was forbidden by his vow of poverty from lolling in his own.

If, however, they attributed the selection of this conveyance to any spirit of ostentation in the English deputy, they mistook Mr. Brooks. He was, when he became the teacher of the class to which I belonged, a young man of manners which were pushed, perhaps, to the utmost limit of refinement. His taste in literature was highly cultivated, and his mind was full of examples from the best authors, and of precepts from

the best ancient and modern critics. He took exceedingly great pains in exciting an admiration for the beauties of the classical writers which it was his office to explain; and in rendering them into English, he enforced the necessity of preserving the strength and the colour of the Greek or the Latin phrase. To English composition he insisted that particular attention should be paid. He was also an excellent teacher of recitation. He had studied it, together with another Jesuit, Mr. Darrel (one of the old Catholic family of that name in Kent);* and both had made themselves complete masters of the principles on which it depends.

There were two books which they had in perpetual use, one was Walker's Elocution, and another (it is not much known, though it contains excellent matter) called Cheironomia, written by the Rev. Mr. Austin, a brother-in-law of the Irish Chief Justice.† Nothing can be more barbarous than the intonations with which most boys, after they leave school, either read or speak. In Ireland the system of recitation is detestable. At Stonyhurst, if a few important branches of education were not so much attended to as they ought to have been, a neglect of this useful and pleasurable accomplishment was not among their faults. The passion which prevailed at this school for recitation soon extended itself to acting. A private theatre was built, at the expense of the students, under the superintendence of the masters. There were also exhibitions called "Academics," where the boys were examined in Greek and Latin, and recited their own verses before a

* A Catholic gentleman of that name is mentioned as having taken part in the Penenden Heath Meeting, the subject of a previous paper.

† Chief Justice Bushe.

great concourse of people, who assembled from the neighbourhood. These shows tended greatly to excite emulation and that love of distinction which the Jesuits had a particular faculty in creating.

A number of ladies used, at one period, to attend these spectacles. However, the Jesuits thought it prudent to dispense with their attendance, as one of them, a young woman who lived near Preston, fell desperately in love with the late Mr. Gerald Bagot, of Castle Bagot, who had a person and countenance endowed with many captivating qualities. The lady became deeply enamoured with him at first sight. There were rumours of her having used various ingenious means to convey to him an intimation of her passion. I do not exactly recollect the particulars of the catastrophe, but it was of such a nature as induced the Jesuits to prohibit the attendance of the gentler sex at their annual exhibitions. This regulation was only an extension of their rule with regard to women, from the night to the broad day. It is a law among the Jesuits that no women shall be permitted to sleep in their colleges. Under no circumstances, no matter how urgent, was any deviation from an ordinance so ungallant ever allowed.

The mothers, and, what was far more deserving of note, the sisters of the students, used occasionally to come to Stonyhurst to visit them. I remember to have seen, walking through the play-ground, and accompanied by their relatives, some of the most beautiful girls upon whom I have ever looked. The college was thronged with English Catholics of the highest class, and I have the warrant of Lord Byron for saying, that the English Catholic women are remarkable for a peculiar loveliness, which a certain

slry superciliousness of bearing tends to set off. Aurora Raby, of whom Don Juan became enamoured, and who is hated by the Lady Adeline, is a Catholic.* I have seen forms and faces at Stonyhurst, among the groups of visitors, from which the great poet might have selected his model of a Popish belle of the old idolatrous aristocracy of England, and who would themselves have justified in their own persons, "the invocation of saints."

The Jesuits always received their guests with a splendid and cordial hospitality. After dinner, however, scenes of amusing embarrassment would sometimes occur. Preston was at the distance of fifteen miles; the road ran through a wild and unfrequented country, and to return there at a late hour of the night was exceedingly inconvenient. A remote intimation would at first be given that beds would be acceptable, and then the ear of Doctor Stone was deaf to the insinuation; what was at first but a suggestion, grew into a broad hint, and at length strengthened itself into a direct request. The Doctor would then state, with all the politeness with which it was possible that a negative to a lady could be enveloped, that Saint Ignatius had, in founding the order, laid it down as a fundamental maxim, that none of the daughters of Eve should sleep within the gates of the society; and in

* "She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere,
As far as her own gentle heart allowed,
And deemed that fallen worship far more dear,
Perhaps because 'twas fallen: her sires were proud
Of deeds and days, when they had fill'd the ears
Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd
To rival power: and as she was the last,
She held their old faith and their feelings fast."

order to mitigate the apparent violation of courtesy, he would add, with a pious ejaculation, "Lead us not into temptation!"

To this anouncement it was impossible to make any opposition. The carriage was ordered. Bonnets were tightly tied about throats, which it was indeed perilous to look on—tippets of the warmest fur were drawn over bosoms whose undulations would have shaken the vows of Saint Senanus.* The party left the great refectory, and proceeded through the long and dreary passages of the old castle, attended by a band of Jesuits to the great entrance, where the carriage which was to convey them to Preston was drawn up. Here the resolution of the ladies would fail them. The darkness of the night, the keenness of the biting air, the gusts of wind that would come sweeping from the dreariness that surrounded the college, would render a journey to Preston a serious undertaking. Here the party would stand dismayed; and, after a pause, voices that, like music, sound sweetest by night, would again renew their intimations, that for once the ordinances of Ignatius might be violated, and that, after all, no great risk would be incurred by a little extension of the splendour of the Jesuit board to the brief lodging of a night.

It was, however, in vain, that to the venerable rector of the English Province these adjurations were ad-

* "Haste and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile,
For on thy deck, though dark it be,
A female form I see;
And I have sworn, this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's foot be trod."

Irish Melodies.

dressed. Some of the younger members of the Order, who stood with torches beside him, might have relented, but the Doctor was immovable. He still preserved that gentlemanlike demeanour, which is, with a Jesuit, equivalent to a precept of religion; but he was not to be stirred from his purpose. Though the thunder should roll, and shake the old castle to its foundation, and the lightning should show the loveliest faces pale with dismay by its nearest and broadest flashings, still the Jesuit was never surprised into a breach of the anti-chivalrous canons of his order. He would bow the ladies into their carriages with a relentless perseverance; and in the midst of hail and storm, would command the gates to be closed, while the postboys cracked their whips and put spurs to their horses, and the wheels that rattled over the pavement of the old avenue announced, as they rolled away, the victory which the disciple of Loyola had gained over human nature, by his insensibility to charms, which if the Devil had copied when he tempted St. Anthony in the shape of a woman, the recluse would have succumbed.

Perhaps the rigorous rules adopted by the Jesuits, in order to render themselves impregnable in their vows of continence, or to secure themselves from all impeachment of their morality, may be regarded with some justice as carried to an extremity of precaution. Still the alacrity with which accusations against religious confraternities are preferred, and the readiness with which they are received, justify to a great extent, the severe discipline, which has had the effect, not only of preserving the virtue, but what is really equivalent, the moral character of the Society of Jesus.

Robertson who was by no means favourable to the

Order, observes, that while other communities degenerated into licentiousness, the Jesuits always sustained a high reputation for personal good conduct. His commendation is peculiarly applicable to the College of Stonyhurst. Vice had no residence within its walls. I do not recollect having either remarked or heard of the least deviation from propriety among the members of the Society. One reverend gentleman, who was not however, a Jesuit, but proposed to become one, was slightly addicted to the pleasures of the table; and lest his love of conviviality should grow into an excess, although he was a man of considerable abilities, he was informed that his tendencies were not in conformity with the discipline of Ignatius, and was politely required to leave the college. The Jesuits omitted no effort to introduce amongst the students that regard for propriety which prevailed amongst themselves. The passages in the ancient writers, which were tinctured with any indelicacy of phrase, were omitted in editions expressly designed by the Jesuits for their schools, and which had been chiefly published by Juvencius.

The boys were under a perpetual vigilance. From the school-room, the dinner-room, and the play-ground, the superintendents of the establishment, who performed the office of sentinels, were never absent. Besides these functionaries, there were also the admonitors, selected by the boys themselves for the purpose of keeping watch over their conduct. The result of these expedients was a propriety in the demeanour of the students which it would be difficult to surpass. Blasphemy and indecency of expression were wholly unknown, and I think that I may state, with perfect truth, that, during the whole time I continued in the college, I never heard

a syllable at which the modesty of a girl could have been startled.

It must be confessed, that many of the young men who were educated at Stonyhurst, did not afterwards exhibit the evidences of that strict morality in which they had been educated. Certain English Roman Catholics of fortune, on leaving the college threw themselves so headlong into indulgence, that they attracted attention even in London, by the sudden and splashing plunge which they took into pleasure. But it is not from a few individuals that the merits of a general system are to be tried; and it must also be remembered, that English Catholics of great opulence and of high rank found themselves, on entering the world, destitute of all political pursuit. The want of legitimate occupation to men, to whom the law denied it, and who were above a profession, was of necessity an incentive to dissipation. But, in truth, it is only in a very few instances that Stonyhurstians have deviated from the habits which were inculcated by their Jesuit instructors. If some members of the Four-in-hand Club were produced by this college, it should be also known that the generality of the students have furnished an honourable contrast. The Welds, Gages, Stourtons, Cliffords, Talbots, were all educated at Stonyhurst, and are eminent for genuine morality and worth.

Take the present Earl of Shrewsbury; where is there a better man to be found? It may be thought that he is too much addicted to polemical disputation; but let it not be forgotten, that he has only acted on the defensive, and that when his religion was made an object of vilification, he came forward to repel imputations which were not only levelled at the reasonableness of his

opinions, but the rights which he has drawn from a hero in British history with his splendid title. He was my schoolfellow. I remember him well. John Talbot was in person a chubby, well-rounded, plump little Englishman, with a face in which a peculiar mildness was suffused from eyes of a bright blue colour, over a face that was moulded in health and softness. He was somewhat lubberly in his movements, and did not much relish the more animated exercises of the school. His pleasure was, during the hours of amusement, to walk up and down the wall of an old orchard that ran along the playground, with one of the Jesuits, or with some of the more grave of his companions, and to talk over the literary occupations in which he had been engaged.

There was no fagging system at Stonyhurst; and the absence of all superiority of manner in the young Catholic nobility, and especially in the future Earl of Shrewsbury, afforded a proof that it is not necessary for the purposes of reducing young patricians to the useful level of equality which prevails at our public schools. The Jesuits took care to make no distinctions between the children of tradesmen and the descendants of the oldest aristocracy in the island. John Talbot was unaffectedly modest in his bearing. He did not seem in the least to value himself upon his superior rank, but appeared to aim at superiority by his literary qualifications. He was extremely diligent, and had a high reputation for ability. Since he has left the college, he has, in the midst of immense wealth, and on the summit of society, continued to seek distinction by his learning and his talents. The book which he has published is fraught with the true tenets of liberty, and

with proofs of his capacity to assert them. The doors of the Senate are now thrown upon to him, and great opportunities will speedily arise, of which I make no doubt that he will avail himself, of proving, from that seat in the House of Lords, which was won by his illustrious ancestor, and with which so much glory is associated, that a Catholic legislator can be the foe to corrupt abuses, the champion of religious toleration, and a supporter of that constitution, of which he will furnish evidence that no violation was perpetrated, in the admission to its full privileges of a man who will employ his high rank, and the splendid occasions which it will afford him, to sustain the best institutions, by upholding the freedom of his country.

There were at Stonyhurst, as I have mentioned, a great number of English Catholics of the highest rank. The number of Irish boys was about half that of the English. They were generally greatly inferior in station, though many of them were the children of the best Catholic gentry in Ireland. There existed among the natives of the two countries a strong rivalry, which was occasionally wrought up to animosity. The favourite game at the school was a very violent one, called foot-ball. The Irish were marshalled on one side of a large field, and the English on the other. When they became heated, the boys showed a spirit of antipathy, which reminded one of the feuds of the two nations. In general, the English were successful, because they showed more prudence and self-control. The Irish were so precipitate and headlong as constantly to miss the victory when they were on the point of gaining it. The same emulation ran into their school exercises. Wherever attention and assiduity were required, the

English were generally superior; but in matters of display the Irish went far beyond them. This was particularly observable in their declamation, in which the Irish were unquestionably far more accomplished.

The Jesuits themselves were all Englishmen, and I think that they occasionally exhibited that contempt for Ireland, which is exceedingly observable among the English Catholics who have not mixed much in the world. I should not have adverted to this prejudice, had it not greatly contributed to the production of an event, to which some importance has been attached; I allude to the establishment of the College of Clongowes.

I have already mentioned that Doctor Beattie, the old Irish Jesuit, had declined to transfer the fund belonging to his province to Stonyhurst. It was, however, arranged that a certain number of young Irishmen should be sent to Stonyhurst, to be educated for the Order, and that the expense of their instruction should be defrayed by the Irish treasury. Accordingly, several young men came over, with Doctor Kenny, the present president of Stonyhurst, at their head. They were treated, as they themselves alleged, in a very cold, supercilious, and English fashion. Much discontent prevailed amongst them, and in consequence of their complaints, the General of the Order gave directions that they should be despatched to Sicily for the purpose of completing their education at the Jesuit College of Palermo. They were accordingly shipped off. This separation completed the breach with the Irish province. Had the embryo Jesuits, who were transmitted from Ireland, been more cordially received, an ultimate junction of both funds might have been accomplished. The Hiberno-Sicilians, however, on

their return from Palermo, exhibited an alienation, in which nationality, coupled with their reminiscences, had some share; and rejecting all co-operation with the English Jesuits, founded the College of Clongowes.

On its first establishment, Mr. Peel, who was then Secretary for Ireland, urged on, I presume, by the alarmists by whom he was surrounded, and who were once in possession of his confidence, appeared to take fright, and sent for Doctor Kenny, to interrogate him. The latter attended, having, it is said, first obtained some judicious suggestions from Mr. Scully, the author of the celebrated book on the Penal Code.* The secretary was completely foiled by the priest; the College of Clongowes was founded; and the preposterous act of parliament which has been recently introduced, in order, I presume, to reconcile the people of England to the extension of the principle of religious toleration, will prove as inefficient in arresting its progress, as the personal interrogatories administered by Mr. Peel, in the prevention of its establishment.

The Act requiring the registry of every Jesuit, and prohibiting the increase of the Order, is utterly nugatory. A Jesuit is not admitted into the Society with any of the "pomp, pride, and glorious circumstance" of the Church. They prudently avoided, at Stonyhurst, the performance of such spectacles as take place upon the taking of the veil. After the noviceship was concluded, the head of the College, who was also rector of the province, administered the oaths of religious inauguration, in a small chapel, from which strangers were excluded. It was not ever accurately known what

* See the paper on Catholic Leaders and Associations.

persons had been initiated into the community. If this practice was adopted before the recent act of parliament, it is not likely that the habits of secrecy, which were already in existence, will be laid aside, for the purpose of affording to the Attorney-General an opportunity of putting into force what the framers of the abortive act itself intended to let fall still-born from the womb of legislation, and to become at once a dead-letter in the law.

I am at a loss to discover any evil to society, and much more surprised to hear it suggested that any danger can accrue to the state, from the extension of a body which is far more a literary, than a political confederacy in these countries. In France, indeed, where there is a large party of men whose personal interest attaches them to servile habits, it may be justifiable to use the strongest measures, in order to counteract the opinions which the French Jesuits are supposed to inculcate. But in these free islands, where Liberty is of long growth, and has struck its roots so deeply into the public mind, even if the Jesuits were disposed to use their utmost efforts to eradicate its principles, they would prove utterly unavailing. The intellect of the country is too powerful to be subdued by their proverbial dexterities. But the greatest injustice is, in my judgment, done to the British and Irish Jesuits, by attributing to them any opinions which are in the least degree hostile to true liberty. The rule of the order is, that a Jesuit should entertain and teach no political tenets which are not in conformity with the institutions under which he lives. In America, the Jesuits are all republicans. Two of them lately visited Rome: on

being heard to express some strong democratic sentiments, they were reprehended by the General of the Order; but the Council of Five, to whom they appealed, and to whom the General himself is responsible, declared, that as the form of government in the United States was republican, it was the duty of an American Jesuit to feel as an American citizen; and rescinded the decision of the Superior.

I should, however, limit myself to the results of my own personal experience; and I can safely appeal to every person who has been educated at Stonyhurst, when I assert, as I most emphatically do, that a base political sentiment was never made a matter of either immediate or indirect inculcation. The Jesuits there were strongly attached to the constitution and liberties of their country. For the glory of England, notwithstanding political disqualifications which affected the Roman Catholics, they felt a deep and enthusiastic interest: of this I recollect a remarkable instance.

The students were assembled in order to witness some experiments in galvanism, which a gentleman, who brought to the college a philosophical apparatus, had been employed to perform. In the midst of profound attention, a person rushed in, and exclaimed that Nelson had won a great victory. There was an immediate cheer given by the Jesuits, and echoed by the boys. Presently a newspaper was received, and the whole college gathered round the reader with avidity; and when the details of the battle of Trafalgar were heard, there were repeated acclamations at almost every sentence; and when the narrative had been concluded, continued shouts for "old England" were sent up, and every cap was thrown into the air, in celebration of the

great event, by which the navy of France was annihilated, and our masterdom of the ocean was confirmed. Several days for rejoicing were given to the students, and a poem, which I then, at least, considered a fine one, in honour of the battle, was composed by one of the Jesuits, and admirably recited in the great hall, which was appropriated to such exhibitions.

It is time (for this article has run, I perceive, to a great length), that I should conclude these " Schoolboy Recollections" of men in whom, with a few blemishes, there was certainly much to be admired, and, by one who was educated among them, a great deal to be gratefully remembered. I found amongst them great kindness, faithful friendship, a generous and most disinterested zeal for the advancement in learning of the persons whose minds they had in charge; and to their purity of life, their sincere piety, and their spirit of wise toleration, I am only discharging a duty which I owe to truth, in bearing my warmest attestation.

The general policy of the Order may have been found injurious to the well-being of states, in which they acquired an illegitimate ascendency; their diplomatists and politicians may have accommodated their morality with too ready a flexibility to the inclinations of kings and of women; they may have placed the confessional too near the cabinets of the one, and the boudoirs of the other; but as instructors of youth, when far from courts, and from a pernicious contact with those vices which the danger of infection renders it perilous to cure, they were, I believe, in the main, what my own personal experience has taught me to consider the individuals of their Order whom I had any personal opportunity of observing; and I confess, that I give my

full assent to the sentiments which were expressed in their regard by Gresset, in the beautiful poem which he wrote on leaving them for ever, entitled "Adieux aux Jésuites!"

"Qu'il m'est doux de pouvoir leur rendre un témoignage
Dont l'intérêt, la crainte, et l'espoir sont exclus.
A leur sort le mien ne tient plus.
L'impartialité va tracer leur image.
Oui, j'ai vu des mortels, j'en dois ici l'aveu,
Trop combattus, connus trop peu.
J'ai vu des esprits vrais, des cœurs incorruptibles,
Voués à la patrie, à leurs rois, à leur Dieu,
A leurs propres maux insensibles,
Prodigues de leurs jours, tendres et parfaits amis,
Et souvent bienfaiteurs paisibles
De leurs plus fougueux ennemis :
Trop estimés enfin, pour être moins haïs.
Que d'autres s'exhalent, dans leurs haine insensée,
En reproches injurieux,
Cherchent en les quittant à les rendre odieux :
Pour moi, fidèle au vrai, fidèle à ma pensée,
C'est ainsi qu'en partant je leur fais mes adieux."

ZOOLOGY IN DUBLIN.

[Nov. 1830.]

"He spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."—1 Kings iv. 33.

The lovers of literature and science in Ireland have attributed the neglect of all pursuits which are unconnected with the factions of either politics or polemics to the agitation of the Catholic Question. I believe that there is no capital in Europe in which less regard is paid to eminence of a purely intellectual kind; and I attribute this undue appraisement of qualities, upon which so high an estimate is set elsewhere, to the higher rate which is set upon those popular endowments, by which a stimulant to the popular passions is applied. This was a natural consequence of the discussions, which rendered every other object comparatively valueless. The settlement of the great controversy is likely to generate results as favourable to the promotion of the arts, and to the progress of studies which have been justly called "humane," from their

softening influences, as to the establishment of rational tranquillity and concord. However vitiated the public palate may have become, it will ultimately acquire a relish for more simple and more wholesome nutriment, and as much enjoyment will be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, and from the investigation of the works of nature, as from the virulent vituperations and inflammatory harangues, that, during the late period of excitement, afforded the only materials for the mind of the people.

These observations have been suggested by the first attempt which has been made since the adjustment of Catholic Emancipation to turn the national attention to pursuits different from those to which it has been familiarized. I allude to a meeting held not long ago at the Rotunda for the establishment of a Zoological Society, and which I was induced, by my solicitude for the introduction of new tastes into Ireland, to attend. Some account of what took place will not, I hope, (in the view which I have suggested, independently of the nature of the subject,) be devoid of interest.

I found, upon entering the room, the Duke of Leinster in the chair. That nobleman has an utter aversion to public assemblies of a political kind. This is to be regretted, because his great station, his opulence, and, above all, the associations which are connected with his name, would give him the power of doing incalculable good. But an instinct too strong for reason, and what is to others an unaccountable shyness, has induced him to sequestrate himself, except upon very remarkable occasions, from all political meetings. He does not appear to have the same reluctance to take the arts and sciences under his auspices; and though he

may not love the agitation of those wild scenes, where the passions blow so strongly, he feels no objection to walk forth amongst the "groves of the academy" in search of nature and of truth, where he runs no risk of encountering those rude guests, by which the robes of his nobility might be discomposed.

His Grace declared himself to be most anxious for the formation of a Zoological Society, analogous to those of Paris and of London, to which he was a contributor. He was seconded by Lord Longford, the brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, and a very strong politician of the Ascendancy school. It was agreeable to see him capable of any view of the national good, which had not the maintenance of lofty Protestanism, in its exclusiveness, for its foundation. The next speaker was Mr. Crampton, the Surgeon-General, who was the chief means of calling the assembly together. The speech he delivered, in furtherance of the useful object which he has so much at heart, was one of the most agreeable and instructive I have ever heard. Although wholly unpractised in public speaking, Mr. Crampton addressed the meeting for nearly an hour, in a speech, of which the pure and polished diction was set off by a delivery of peculiar facility and grace. It was not exactly what is called oratory, for there was, of course, no appeal to vehement emotion, nor any burst of enthusiasm; but the even flow of thought, through the medium of beautifully-decorated language and rich illustration, is, perhaps, more difficult of attainment than the more turbid current of rapid emotion, to which the designation of eloquence is commonly, but not always appropriately, assigned.

Mr. Crampton is, indeed, one of the most accom-

plished men in mind and manners whom I have ever seen. Master of his profession, he has united with its study all the collateral branches that so intimately associate it with the investigation of our nature: his mind is admirably skilful, and as full of resource as his hand is dexterous and rapid. With these acquirements he joins a passion for literature and the fine arts, which diffuse over his whole demeanour a peculiar softness and urbanity, and enable him, by his gentle and polished address, to assuage the pains of malady, and to take from the instruments of his art one half of their ordinary torture away. He availed himself of the large influence he possesses to collect together the splendid assemblage which had met for the purpose of promoting an object that, as a lover of science, he held most dear; and, although the Duke of Leinster presided, it was evident that the whole business of the inchoate society was conducted under his auspices.

His speech bore distinct evidence of his enthusiastic devotion to the theme upon which he expatiated. Some extracts from that excellent essay upon the advantages of such an institution, which he proposed to establish, will not be considered to be inapposite. I pass over the introductory matter, which, like every other avenue to a subject, could not fail to be a little customary. He proceeded to enlarge upon the advantages which are likely to ensue from the cultivation of those sciences, of which experiment and actual proof afford the groundwork. He said—

"In the early part of the last century, the genius of two great men, operating in different ways, gave an impulse and a direction to the minds of men, turning them from the pursuit of the impalpable phantom of metaphysics to the real and solid truths of natural science, laying

open the three great kingdoms of Nature, the simple and solid organization of minerals, the wonders of animal instinct, the flowers, the fruits, and the perfumes of botany. Linnæus and Buffon—names which must be as durable as the works of Nature, on which they are inscribed—were the men who effected this great revolution; the one, by his powers of comprehension and arrangement, drawing forth a fair creation from chaos; the other lighting it up by the splendour of his genius.* Far be from us, then, the impertinence of ignorance, which would check the bold and free career of science on her voyage of discovery, to ask her whither she is bound, and what freight she has on board. Zoology, however, has no need to stand on this general defence: the benefits which have resulted, and which must still result, to mankind from the cultivation of this delightful department of natural history, are of a nature so direct and so important, that they have only to be named to engage your warmest, your most unqualified approbation and support. If the pleasure derivable from the mere pursuit of natural knowledge, independently of its application to what are called the uses of life, were all that is proposed from the study of natural history, it should be a sufficient motive to engage any rational being, who has leisure, in the pursuit; for the enjoyment of intellectual pleasure, and the consequent advancement in knowledge and virtue which grows out of that enjoyment, is in itself a great good, and is undoubtedly one of the chief ends of our existence. By the dispensation of a beneficent Creator, we are so constituted as to derive pleasure from the exercise of all our faculties, but especially from the exercise of the faculty of observation. Whatever deeply engages the attention, even though the subject should not in itself be agreeable, becomes a source of positive pleasure. But this is not all—the exercise of the faculty, by excluding painful impressions, whether of a physical or a moral nature, by weakening the influence of the imagination and the passions, leaves the mind in that state, at once vigorous and calm, which fits it for the exercise of the highest contemplations and the most active virtues. Who is there who has not felt that buoyancy of spirit, that generous expansion of mind, which results from the reception of new ideas? Is there an affliction so heavy, or bodily pain so great, that has not been lightened or assuaged by powerfully directing the attention to some object of intellectual interest? Natural history is essentially a science of observation; it is not, like the other sciences, founded on experiment or calculation; but by the variety and beauty of its details, it addresses itself at once to the senses and the feelings, and is equally accessible and attractive to the peasant and to the sage. It is, says the illustrious Cuvier, one of the great advantages

attendant on the study of natural history, that the mind necessarily acquires the habit of arranging a great number of ideas; and this habit once acquired, can be applied with infinite advantage to subjects the most remote from natural history. Every discussion which supposes a classification of facts, every research which requires a distribution of materials, must be conducted upon the same plan; so that a young person who has cultivated natural history merely as an amusement, will be surprised to find that he has unconsciously acquired a power of unravelling the most complicated affairs. Nor is the study of this delightful science less useful in solitude; sufficiently extensive to occupy an intellect the most vast, it is sufficiently simple, varied, and interesting, to engage the attention of the most uninstructed; and it has been stated, by the illustrious philosopher, whose words I have just quoted, that, among the motives which induced him, by all possible means, to extend the cultivation of this peaceful study, was the conviction that it was more capable than any other to satisfy that craving for occupation which, he thought, had so much contributed to the troubles of the age."

Mr. Crampton proceeded to illustrate the benefits which the study of animal nature has contributed to the art of which he is so distinguished a practitioner.

"How are we to proceed," said he, "in order to acquire a competent knowledge of the actions of so complicated a structure as the human body? Not by analysis—that is, separating its parts, and examining them singly; for so intimate is the connexion between the parts, so mutually dependent are they on each other, that any attempt at separation stops or deranges the whole machine. Happily, however, this analysis has been made for us by Nature. In the different classes of the lower animals, we find all the organs which exist in man in every variety of simplicity and complication. We have animals consisting simply of a stomach and its appendages, for the purpose of nutrition; we have animals without a circulating system, without a respiratory system, and even without a nervous system. Organs so indistinctly marked, in one class, as to leave their uses, or even their existence, in doubt, are found in another in such a state of development as to direct us to a just conclusion as to the part they perform in the animal economy. For example, the most minute examination of the lungs and liver, in the human subject, would never enable us to understand the relation which probably subsists between the functions of these important organs. But let us see

if comparative anatomy does not throw some light on the subject. It is well established, that a species of combustion is carried on in the lungs, the combustible principles contained in the blood uniting with the oxygen of the atmosphere conveyed into the lungs by the act of inspiration; and when it is found that the liver is largest in the animals which breathe the least (as fishes and the amphibiæ), and that in many of those it is loaded with oil, which consists exclusively of the combustible parts of the blood; and when it is observed that the liver is totally wanting in the animals whose respiration is the most complete—as in the insect tribes, who are, as it were, all lungs—we are led to conclude that there is something in common in the functions of these great organs, and that the liver is, in some sort, supplemental or ancillary to the lungs, in disposing of the combustible part of blood. Who is there whose mind does not spring at once to the practical inference deducible from this, and which is so directly applicable to the healing art? There is no intelligent observer, medical or other, who has not noticed the connexion between the diseases of the liver and the lungs, and has not seen that when the liver becomes hardened and obstructed (too often by intemperance) the lungs performing a double labour, soon become inflamed and disordered. And is it nothing to know the cause of all this? Does the empiric, who boasts the possession of a nostrum for curing a cough, and the philosophic physician, who traces that cough to a disorder of the liver, and addresses his remedies to that organ, not to the lungs—do they, I inquire, stand on the same ground?"

I am obliged to pass over much of what is exceedingly good and pertinent, which was pressed by Mr. Crampton, and proceed to cite the conclusion of his speech, in which he took a higher tone, and pointed out the subserviency of zoology to the purposes of natural religion, and exhibited science as one of the noblest ministers (as she unquestionably is) to the worship of the Almighty Being, of whose existence, and of whose boundless benevolence and bounty such evidences are impressed upon all his works, but more especially upon those sentient creatures, of whose structure he is the wise, and cannot be the purposeless author. The speaker, in enlarging upon this the

noblest topic which is incidental to his theme, spoke to this effect:

"A belief in a superintending Providence must, to be effective, be something more than the cold assent which the understanding cannot refuse to a philosophical proposition which is clearly stated and rigorously proved; it should be a deep, fervent, and habitual conviction, which should strike the heart with all the weight of a truth, and all the force of a sentiment. To produce such a conviction, we must engage the senses and the feelings, as well as the understanding. Where is the man who can walk through the Zoological Garden of London, or the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, and can observe the needle-like bill of the tailor-bird—the trowel-like tail of the beaver—the warning rattle of the rattle-snake—the long and slender neck and limbs of the wading birds—the short, strong, and full-webbed feet of the swimming birds—the partially-webbed feet of those birds which both run and swim—but, above all, when he observes the tender and generous friendships which are formed among animals of different classes—their leagues for mutual defence—the sagacity with which they accommodate themselves to their new situations, giving a new direction to their instincts, and obliging us to pause before we draw the line which is to separate the suggestions of a blind instinct from the conclusions of deliberative reason,—I am quite sure that no man who sees these things (and how small a part is this of what he may see in a short visit to a zoological collection!) can choose but feel to his very inmost soul, that he is in the hands of an all-seeing Providence, whose arrangements in the material world, so far as they can be seen and comprehended, are those of consummate wisdom and benevolence, and whose government of the moral world, though unseen and incomprehensible, must be conducted on the same principles. This is (in my mind) a great and a practical good, which may be derived from the study of animated nature; but there is another, and perhaps a more direct one, which, nevertheless, may not be so generally acknowledged. I should think that the question which would first arise in the mind of any thinking man, on leaving a great collection of living animals, would be, what are the uses of those creatures?—what is the end of their creation? I will not stop to examine any of the many solutions which have been offered of this great enigma of Nature; but I will venture to say, that, of all the solutions which can be offered, the very last which could suggest itself to a sane mind would be, that all or any of them were created for the purpose of satiating that—what shall I call it?—that accursed passion of the human soul, which seeks its gratification in

the infliction of pain and death on unoffending and unresisting animals. My Lord, I trust—nay, I am quite sure—that the question would give rise to a very different and a very opposite train of thought and feeling. The boy who, day after day, shares his cake with the bear, who runs up a pole to receive it with the activity and almost the gestures with which a sailor climbs the mast, will scarcely go out of his way to see such an animal baited and torn to pieces by infuriated dogs, set on by the most brutalized—but I will not say brutalized, for that would be to honour them—but the most abandoned of men. Indeed, I should utterly despair of human nature, if I heard that such a boy, on his return from a zoological garden, had purchased a badger, which is but a small and perfectly harmless bear, and kept him in his room for the purpose of worrying him with dogs—tearing open the festering wounds from day to day, until the poor animal, tenacious as he is of life, surrendered it at last to mere torture and exhaustion. But the thing is impossible. If there be evil qualities in human nature, there are also redeeming virtues; if, in the 'mingled yarn,' of which our 'web of life' is spun, there is a vice which finds its gratification in giving pain, there is a virtue which puts us in a relation of kindness towards all beings who attract our notice by qualities which are either useful or pleasing. To cultivate a kindly disposition towards animals, it is only necessary to know them: an intimate knowledge of their characters, dispositions, and talents, may, while it affords a salutary lesson to the intellectual pride of man, tend to abate that spirit of cruelty and selfishness which leads us to seek amusement in the sufferings and destruction of the most beautiful, harmless, and happy of sentient beings. That so favourable a change in the state of our feelings will extend beyond the brute creation, and infuse its humanizing influence through the whole system of social life, is no very extravagant supposition; and the goodness of a man may still be tried by that sacred test, that he is 'merciful to his beast.'"

It was in this strain of eloquent humanity that Mr. Crampton concluded. The applause by which his speech was followed was loud and repeated. It is needless to say that it was deserved. His motion was seconded by Lord Howth.

The next orator who appeared was Dr. Stokes. The canvass on which I am painting is not large enough to admit of a distinct portraiture of this very remark-

able person. A drawing of him, however, I cannot refrain from making. Dr. Stokes was a fellow of Trinity College in 1798, and was deeply implicated in the events of that momentous period. His recklessness of all consequences; his high and independent spirit; his stoical preference of what his honour told him to be the right, to what his interest might have suggested to be expedient; his devoted love of country, and his hatred of domination, induced him to take a very unqualified and decided part, and what that part was it is not necessary that I should more distinctly intimate. How he contrived to retain his fellowship I have not precisely ascertained; one thing, however, is certain, that it was not by any mean compliance, or any paltry accommodation, he secured his college emoluments. He had, I believe, numerous friends upon the Government side, who represented him as a Quixote in democracy, for whose chivalry in politics a large allowance was to be made. The matter was so arranged that he was permitted to retain his fellowship, and he became, by a regular progression in the grades of the University, master of about 2000*l.* a-year. All political disquietude has passed away; he had escaped by a kind of miracle; and after having been rudely tossed in the agitation in which he had well-nigh been foundered, he was now safely anchored in the moorings which the University of Dublin afford to a senior fellow of that opulent and exceedingly quiescent institution.

But it was in the Doctor's destiny not to bear with good fortune—to the stimulants of patriotism the excitements and the impulses of orthodoxy succeeded. The œstrum of theology fastened upon him; and although he could endure the wrongs of Ireland, he

declared that to the Athanasian creed he could no longer conscientiously submit, and refused to attend the College chapel. This offence would have been unpardonable in any university, but in Trinity College it became indispensable to make an example of an Unitarian, whose intrepid infidelity was rendered the more alarming from his acknowledged integrity and his lofty-minded virtue. To do his associates justice, they did not act suddenly or severely. Every effort was used to reconcile him to the *Homousion;* it was even suggested that the profession of a mitigated Arianism would not be considered wholly incompatible with the receipt of 2000*l.* a-year; but the Doctor was inexorable. He as peremptorily refused all compromise upon the unity of the Godhead, as if he had been made a privy-counsellor in the cabinet of omnipotence, and knew all that was going on in heaven; and gave up his fellowship, his cushion in the college chapel, and his fortune. His obstinacy in error was pitied by his brethren of the college, and by some good-natured contrivance, in which Christian charity prevailed over divinity, a professorship was secured to him. So much for the Doctor's general history.

He made his appearance at the assembly of which I have undertaken to record the incidents. I was not a little struck by his aspect. A tall, slender, and emaciated figure stood, in an attire of manifest antiquity, of which black had been the original colour, but which was now variegated with all the diversities of hue that time could produce, and was disposed upon his person with the evidences of carelessness which generally attend the dishabille of genius. His long, lank, white hair fell wildly down his head, and over his ghastly and

deeply-furrowed features there was diffused an expression of the mind of which enthusiasm and abstraction were the chief ingredients. When he rose to speak, I heard a smart Bluestocking whisper that he looked himself like a specimen in zoology, and that she suspected that the surgeon-general had dressed up "the old man of the woods," in the cast-off suit of a fellow of Trinity College, to perform a part on the occasion.

The Doctor pronounced a speech replete with erudition, but in which the different topics introduced by him were most strangely blended, and brought in with such a suddenness, that his mind seemed to take leaps from one subject to another, over a wide interval to be filled up by such conjecture as to his meaning as to the hearer might seem meet. He opened by pointing out the facility with which Cashmere shawls might be manufactured in Ireland. This was reasonable enough, and excited great attention in the fair portion of his auditors, who seemed to think that the Doctor had offered a stronger argument in favour of zoology than any which the surgeon-general had suggested. But his next proposition was not a little startling. The substitution of the zebra and the quagga, for the purposes of Irish posting, appeared to be the boldest vision in zoology, upon which any speculator in the advantages of that science had yet adventured. I quote the exact words of the Doctor, which in the concluding sentence furnish a specimen of the felicity of transition, which I have mentioned as characteristic of his eloquence:—"There is an abundant variety of animals," he exclaimed, "calculated for swift draught, of sufficient strength and wonderful speed, such as the zebra and the quagga among the solid-hoofed, and a great variety of ante-

lopes, elks, and deer, among the cloven-footed. Isolated man is miserable: the productions of his industry are increased many thousand times by the division of labour. *Land within four miles of this city has been set for 25l. an acre, on a long lease.*"

The Doctor having got to Dublin, did not long abide there. He took flight with a migratory instinct, and was off for Africa. He lighted upon Timbuctoo, and observed that Irish linen there sells for its weight in gold. The Doctor proceeded to demonstrate, not only the importance but the ease with which a communication might be opened with the most mysterious parts of Africa. He relied mainly upon the antelope for this useful purpose, and compared the utility that would result from the application of that animal to the purposes of conveyance to the wonders which have been achieved by vapour and the railway. He summed up this portion of his discourse by observing that, "in general, the application of science to facilitate the commerce of the caravans might diminish the waste of animal life, which whitens the desert path with bones." It would be difficult to pursue him through all the diversities of topic through which he passed in the course of his very multifarious oration; it is enough to say that he entered into a dissertation upon the mode of civilizing wild beasts, observing that "a dangling rope deters the wolves from attacking a sledge: the odour of white feathers repels the white bear."

He then expatiated on the benefits of incubation, and said, "one hundred millions of eggs are annually hatched in Egypt; sixty millions are annually disposed of in the eastern parts of Ireland. Poultry abounds in Ireland." He then enlarged upon the excellence of

sea-birds, and observed that the rancid taste of some of the sea-birds may be removed by feeding them on vegetable food. This suggestion is an improvement upon Mrs. Glasse's premises. The Doctor's preliminary step in his application of the resources of the culinary art to aquatic birds is, "first to catch a cormorant," and next to feed him.

The Doctor, after having indulged in a good deal of lore upon ocean-fowl, deviated from the course which he had adopted in the preceding parts of his speech: for, instead of rushing into another subject quite unconnected with that which he had been just treating, he plunged into the sea, upon whose surface he had been just floating, and, like one of the birds he had been describing, dived with a piscatory promptitude into the depths of the ocean. The result of his investigations was, "that fish supports a great proportion of many savage and several civilized nations." He recommended the promotion of salt-water ponds in the vicinity of Dublin for the preservation of fish. To go through his whole speech would be a difficult undertaking. It was like Noah's menagerie. He embraced all living nature. The miracle was how he contrived to include such an assemblage of materials within such a compass.

The next resolution was proposed by Lord Longford, a Protestant of the very first orthodoxy. Mr. Sheil, the Catholic demagogue, seconded his lordship. Both these, animals *feræ naturæ,* were singularly coupled together. Dr. Macartney, a man justly celebrated for his learning and astuteness, contributed his valuable aid to the projected institution. He was seconded by Mr. Carmichael (the surgeon), a man of great celebrity in

his profession, and who has suggested some new theories upon the subject to which Fracastorius dedicated his poetical powers.* Dr. Jacob, who is also a very clever man, moved a resolution. With his speech, and the nomination of a committee of Lords, Doctors, and Gentlemen, the proceedings terminated for that day, and since then I have heard nothing more upon the subject.

As far as I can learn, the project has hitherto been abortive. The mind of Ireland is still too deeply engaged by its recollections of the fierce feuds by which it was agitated, to permit any considerable dedication of its faculties to any pursuit which to the political passions do not minister their incitement. This state of things must needs be of some continuance: but, as I have already intimated, I do not despair of living to see the fields of literature and of science cultivated with diligence in a country which has hitherto been so rankly fertile in the production of passions, antipathies, and of envenomed discords. The first attempt made to establish a scientific society is valuable, and great praise should be bestowed upon the honourable intention which prompted the undertaking. One of the speakers at the meeting pointed to the example of Scotland, as deserving of imitation, and ventured to anticipate the time when Ireland should resemble her in her devoted attachment to objects of pure intellectual pleasure, and exhibit the same extraordinary change. I shall conclude this article, which has, I fear, run to too great a

* The late Mr. Richard Carmichael was a very eminent member of his profession, not alone as a practitioner, but as a man of science and genius for original investigation. The new theory alluded to was upon the medicinal uses of mercury. His death in 1818 was extremely melan-

length, with the observations of the gentleman to whom I have referred :—*

"Why should not Ireland become the rival of Scotland in her prosperous industry, and in her high intelligence, as she was once assimilated to her in her discords and her feuds? There was a time when Edinburgh exhibited a very different spectacle to that which it now presents. The streets which are lined with the temples of science, were occupied with feudal castles in which her citizens stood in arms; the rapiers of the Gordons and of the Murrays flashed in the streets, where the volumes in which their deeds are recorded by the inimitable Scotsman are now arrayed. The shops of the bibliopolist have superseded the forge of the armourer; the pulpits, from which the thunders of controversy were once hurled, have made way for the polished shafts of criticism, and literature and Jeffrey exercise their pacific dominion where John Knox and divinity were supreme. And if this revolution has taken place amongst our accomplished and highly-cultured neighbours—if, to use the expression of our own incomparable countryman, 'Scotland has won her flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires,' why should not Ireland, with the same eagle spirit, become her rival in the same illustrious flight, and emulate the loftiness of her magnificent ascent?"

choly; he was drowned in sight of his own house, while attempting to ride across a narrow strip of water on the sea-shore under the promontory of Howth.

* The speaker was Mr. Sheil himself.

THE IRISH ELECTIONS.

[July 1831.]

In reviewing the most remarkable of the Irish elections, and giving some account of their parliamentary products, I shall begin with Dublin. There the corporation has sustained, not only a signal, but extraordinary defeat. Mr. George Moore, the hereditary champion of ascendancy, and Mr. Frederic Shaw, the Recorder, have been overthrown by the combined forces of the Government and the people, and the genius of Orangeism has been vanquished in its loftiest and strongest hold. It was imagined that the position in which they stood was impregnable; but Reform has scaled the fortress, and planted the green flag on the proudest tower on which the standard of the Williamites ever waved!

Of Mr. George Moore a brief account ought to be given. He derives his main title to the predilections of his party from the recollections of George Ogle. The latter was his uncle by marriage, and left him his principles and his estate. He was a man once well known in the circles of fashion and politics in Dublin, and

having a turn for literature as well as for faction, alternately presided over the orgies of ascendancy and "consorted with the small poets of the time." Of his compositions, two or three songs remain. The memory of his political intemperance is not yet passed away. He was wont to say that a Catholic would swallow an oath as soon as a poached egg. Mr. Bernard Coyne, once known in the annals of Popery, called him out for reflection on the veracity of the nation. They discharged their pistols ten or twelve times. The arms had not been loaded, and the people, aware of the fact (of which the combatants were ignorant), gathered to witness the scene in a wide circle of derision.

This is all I remember of George Ogle. Mr. Moore his successor, was a man distinguished at the Irish Bar for the urbanity of his manners, set off by a sweet smile —a look of ruddy juvenility at forty-eight—a formidable flow of tautology, and a great charm and gentleness of demeanour, which rendered him an agreeable companion, and endeared him to all those who mixed with him in the intercourse of private life. He was known to be a strong politician, but his aspect, his intonations, and his address, made those who differed from him pay little regard to any acerbity in his opinions. He took little active part in politics. Mr. Saurin, the ex-Attorney General, perceived that the recollections which were associated with him might be turned to a good account, and brought him into public life. Being in want of a candidate, he selected Mr. Moore, and threw him into the deepest vortex of Corporation animosities. Mr. Moore was received with acclamation by the "good Protestants" of Dublin, and returned by a vast majority. He was thenceforward the great Cory-

phæus of orthodoxy: he became inflamed and heated by his contact with the fiery mass of faction, and reflected all the intemperance of his constituents with fidelity, although his tranquil manner and natural suavity did not depart. It was pleasant to see him in the House of Commons delivering himself of the most ferocious conceptions in the gentlest and most simpering fashion. He was happily called Sir Forcible Feeble. Mr. Doherty having noted that he commenced, progressed, and ended in every speech with "the glorious Revolution of 1688," took advantage of it, in order to produce, in a piece of ridicule, one of those "impromptus *faits à loisir*," which sometimes make a man's fortune in the House of Commons.* Mr. Moore might

* Mr. Moore presented a petition against Catholic Emancipation from the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, and made his usual speech. Mr. Doherty is reported by Hansard to have spoken as follows:—

"When he heard his honourable and learned friend tell the House that he was presenting a petition from the Corporation of Dublin, and that the Lord Mayor of that loyal corporation was not intimidated by the existing state of things in Ireland, he was reminded of another Lord Mayor, who being out a hunting and starting a hare, exclaimed—'I'm not afraid!' What cause, I would ask, is there for the Lord Mayor of Dublin to be afraid? He honoured and respected the manner in which the petitioners put forward their views, but he could not help observing he heard little of the arguments by which they supported them. Even his honourable and learned friend (Mr. Moore), with all his ingenuity, had not favoured them with any thing in the shape of an argument. Night after night had his honourable and learned friend dinned into their ears the year 1688: it was his everlasting cry. He had left the house for a short time one evening, and the last words he heard from the lips of his learned friend were 1688. He came back, expecting to find that at the end of that time his honourable and learned friend had got at least a century in advance; but no, he had not stirred from his darling 1688. It still sounded on his tongue, formed the beginning, the middle, and the end of every speech of his honourable and learned friend."

have suffered in the House from the happy laughter of the present Lord Chief Justice, but was only exalted by the martyrdom of ridicule into greater favour with the Corporation. He was deemed invincible, and yet has been overthrown!

Mr. Shaw, his co-partner in the representation of Dublin, was less an object of political partiality, but had many advantages to second him. His father's bank was a tower of strength, and the coffers, it is supposed, of the Master of the Rolls were thrown open —their ponderous lids creaked on their rusty hinges in his behalf. Sir W. M'Mahon is his uncle. Mr. Shaw had, besides, the recommendation arising from very considerable ability, which he had displayed in his reply to O'Gorman Mahon, in which he gave a description of that gentleman by exhibiting a picture of another, and was accounted not only one of the sustainments, but, what is far more rare, one of the ornaments of the Corporation. He was altogether a most creditable representative. His solemnity of aspect—his full, large black and brilliant eye—his handsome countenance, overspread with an air of evangelical as well as judicial solemnity—his grave judicial walk, and his Recorder emphasis on every word, constituted an assemblage of imposing circumstances, which rendered Mr. Shaw an object of pride to the body which had delegated him to Parliament. It was imagined, on the dissolution, that no attempt would be made to resist him and Mr. Moore.

Two candidates, however, were produced by the people, in the persons of Mr. Perrin and Sir Robert Harty. The Government, laying aside the quiescence which had neutralised the power of the Irish adminis-

tration in so many instances, interfered in their behalf. Orders were issued, or hints, which are equivalent to injunctions, were given, which were perfectly intelligible in the Police Offices and the Paving Board, and a phenomenon in political conversion was presented in the person of the famous (famous at least in the world of provinciality called Ireland) Major Sirr. Sirr had been the Fouché of the Rebellion. He was a renowned traitor-catcher, and has been commended to immortality in one of Curran's speeches. He was a loyalist of the first zeal and acrimony, and lately superadded sanctimony to the spirit of allegiance, which, among the ascendancy party, is always, if not synonymous with a man's interest, quite inseparable from it. "The Major" was the name by which he was known in Dublin, and the designation was enough to make many a lover of "Ould Ireland" thrill at the sound. Sanctity, ascendancy, and magistracy, all combined to render him one of the great props of what are called the institutions, and "the Major" would a little time ago as readily have anticipated his being called on to "eat a crocodile," as Hamlet says, as to swallow and digest the proposal of what is called a Popish candidate for the representation of the city of Dublin. It was, however, suggested to him by the Castle, and though it must have cost him many a straining and stretching of his political conscience, he stomached the mandate of His Excellency at last. It was a sight to behold the Major upon this occasion. His friends gathered to see him go through the operation, and as he went through it, the public face wore one universal grin. His example was of no mean use. The other dependants on authority were

desired to look on the Major as a pattern, and the model was immediately copied. A fierce contest ensued, and Sir Robert Harty and Mr. Perrin were, after a strenuous struggle, returned members for the city of Dublin. The pride of the Corporation was levelled to the earth, and the proud ascendancy that had so long trampled on the head of Ireland, was compelled, although with gnashing teeth, to bite the dust. Than Sir Robert Harty and Mr. Perrin there can scarcely be two persons more dissimilar. The former was originally in trade, but having acquired a large fortune, retired from business. He is a good-humoured, rosy-faced, blue-eyed person, with a prompt and ready smile, accompanied, however, with a consciousness of that dignity which fifty thousand pounds and a baronetcy, the reward of his honourable services as Lord Mayor, are calculated to impart. He has always been a liberal man, and was wont to express his advocacy of emancipation in good set terms in that convivial rhetoric in which the aldermen of Dublin are admitted to excel.

Mr. Perrin is a remarkable man. He is of French origin, and has the peculiar Huguenot expression observable in almost all French Calvinists strongly impressed on his face. A democratic character is stamped upon it. Yet it is free from any acerbity, which indeed is no ingredient of his nature, but has a directness and spirit of plain dealing which indicates that he would not give himself the trouble of disguising his opinions, and a recklessness of the judgments and estimate of other men. It is singularly thoughtful, and in the paleness which is suffused over its expanse, the evidences of long and laborious mental occupation are readily to be

discerned. The brows are dark and massive, and overhang eyes, in which there are no flashes of imagination, but which are occupied by a thinking and reflective spirit, and combine frankness and boldness of character with the intimation of high intellectual endowment. The manners of Mr. Perrin are well suited to his aspect and bearing. They are independent, abrupt, and honest—a little curt, perhaps, but never purposely uncivil. He is evidently a man as incapable of offering as of brooking an offence, and would as much disdain to treat his inferiors with indignity, as those above with abjectness and servility. He came to the bar without any patron, except his high personal merit, and under no other auspices has he made his way. He has attained the highest place in his profession as a most expert and erudite advocate, and has never stooped to a judge, or offered adulation to authority in all that time. It is a most creditable circumstance in his conduct, that when almost the whole Bar concurred in offering incense to Lord Manners in an address on his departure, Mr. Perrin refused to put his hand to a document expressing opinions which not a single barrister entertained.* But I go into details too minute for the compass within which I ought to confine myself. I pass, without regard to the order in which I select the localities, to the county of Clare.

Alas! for O'Gorman Mahon. How has he declined from the high, although it was a somewhat fantastical

* Mr. Perrin is the present Judge Perrin. He subsequently represented the county of Monaghan, and was an able and efficient member of parliament. In 1835 he held the office of Attorney-General, and in the same year succeeded Judge Vandaleur in the Queen's Bench.

station on which he stood not long ago, when he lighted on the tops of parliamentary eminence like Mercury on a heaven-kissing hill! There he remained poised in a posture peculiar indeed, and sufficiently strange; but it was much, after all, to have had all eyes directed on him, and by his dress, his attitude, his deportment, and an eloquence which is entirely his own, to have attracted the regards and occupied the ear of London. He is hurled down from the peaks of fashion, and instead of alternately figuring in Regent street and St. Stephen's chapel, and astounding the one with his rhetoric and the other with his attire, he is condemned to wander through the solitudes of Clare, and to gaze on those mountains which his friend Steele has associated with the immortal name of O'Connell, and given an eternity to their fame as doubtless as that of the foundations on which they stand. I own it grieves me to see this change in his political fortunes, and the incident which pains me most is the separation which took place between him and Thomas Steele. They were wont to call each other by vocatives of fraternal friendship, and Tom Steele would end every sentence by a panegyric on the virtues and services of his brother O'Gorman Mahon. At the late Clare election the passion of Tom Steele for his country, or what he considers as equivalent, his admiration of Daniel O'Connell, overcame his enthusiasm for his friend, and they who would have gladly perished for each other's sake but a little while ago, were animated by the most deadly resentment. The public are too well aware of all the gladiatorial interchanges of messages, and appointments, and "moving accidents

by flood and field," which prevented any rencounter between the bands of belligerents on that memorable occasion. It would, however, be preposterous to throw any doubt on the courage of any of the parties. They are all men approved in their vocation, but fortunately for them and for their country, their O'Trigger propensities were disappointed by a series of events which cannot be considered fortuitous, but in which the finger of a guardian Providence can be distinctly traced. Why go through the half-melancholy, half-ridiculous narrative of the incidents of that election? It terminated, however, with a circumstance so honourable to both parties, that it ought not to be kept back. O'Gorman Mahon was assailed in Limerick by an infuriated rabble. He defended himself with a valour which was really heroic. When he was on the point of being overpowered, his former friend Steele, perceiving his danger, forgetting all their recent animosities in the remembrance of their ancient friendship, rushed forward, and raising him with his vigorous arm, snatched him from the grasp of a sanguinary mob, and bore him in safety off. That two men, both full of worth and of high personal as well as public merit, have shaken hands, with "hearts in them," is the sincere wish of all those who are aware of all the good which they accomplished when they were honourably emulous for the service of their country, and left it matter of difficulty to arbitrate between their comparative claims on the gratitude of Ireland.

Mr. Maurice O'Connell, the son of "the Liberator," defeated O'Gorman Mahon. He has spoken but once in the House of Commons, and on that occasion spoke with success. His demeanour was modest and un-

affected, and won the praises of those who were least disposed to allow him merit. He is singularly improved in every particular, and instead of endeavouring to obtain distinction (a pardonable frivolity) by any peculiarity of dress and deportment, he has begun to seek the acquisition of a genuine reputation. He has many of his father's attributes—a fine memory, quickness, and facility. It is certainly an injury, in many regards, to bear the name of a distinguished person, by creating a perpetual comparison; but it is also in many respects serviceable by opening to the display of talent a career already formed.

The Waterford election (for I proceed to it) was attended with a striking circumstance. The Beresford family—that family which had been so long absolute in Ireland, and which held a pre-eminence in its politics as lofty as the tall hills which crown the demesne of their splendid mansion—did not venture to enter the field for the contest of an honour on which they had expended thousands upon thousands, and which they not only considered as an appurtenance to their rank, but as a constituent of their political being. Here was, indeed, the triumph of Reform! Before its spirit the ancient aristocracy, attended with all the power which boundless opulence could give, was obliged to retreat, and to hide itself in the recesses of the fine woods of Curraghmore. The two gentlemen elected are, the brother of the late member, Mr. Robert Power, and Sir Richard Musgrave. The former is a sharp, active, quick-sighted man, with shrewd sense and good faculties, and likely to be a very useful member of parliament. Sir Richard Musgrave is remarkable for having inherited the estate and baronetcy of the celebrated

partisan and Irish historian of that name, whose wild volumes purport to be a history of the Rebellion, and contain little else than the visions of an imagination ridden by a bloody incubus. His nephew, Sir Richard Musgrave, is in every political respect his exact opposite. He is a man of views as enlightened as his manners are bland, and who possesses an understanding as clear and vigorous as his purpose is pure and sound. He is beloved by the people—respected by the gentry—the model of a country-gentleman—a kind neighbour—a faithful friend, and, in the largest and most honourable sense of that noble designation—"an honest man!"

In the City of Waterford, Sir John Newport was elected without opposition. The Nestor of the Irish Whigs is too well known to require a description. He is seventy-five, but his heart still beats with a vigorous passion for his country, though I am sorry to perceive that his hand has begun to tremble and his fine eyes have lost their lustre.

Tipperary conferred a second time an honour on itself by re-electing Mr. Wyse. It was apprehended that the death of Mr. Lanigan, an attorney, who, by his talents and influence over the public mind, has before so essentially contributed to the triumph of Mr. Wyse, would strip him of all likelihood of success. But the merits of Mr. Wyse were too well appreciated by the people; they justly felt, that however a man unknown and undistinguished might be well repudiated as an alien, genius and integrity should everywhere find a domicile. There was, accordingly, no contest. Mr. Wyse has been so much before the public that a description of him is almost superfluous; yet to those

who have not seen him, it is as well to say what manner of man he is. His person is small and rather below the middle size; he has, however, an exceedingly gentlemanlike bearing, which takes away any impression of diminutiveness. He holds himself erect, and seems a little animated by a consciousness that he belongs to an ancient family and is owner of the manor of St. John. He is exceedingly graceful in his manners, and at once conveys the conviction of his having lived in the best society. His countenance is more refined than marked and expressive, and indicates gracefulness and elegance of thought and feeling rather than any strong and broad traits of character. Mr. Wyse is eminently accomplished; a master of several languages; a poet, a painter; versed in antiquities, and a traveller in the East, he presents a rare combination of personal merits and adventitious advantages. His eloquence is, perhaps, a little too rotund and full, and he is too wholesale a dealer in abstractions, and too lofty an intonator of high-sounding diction: but it flows out of a copious and abundant fountain, and runs through a broad channel, amidst all the rich investings of highly-decorated phrase. What he mainly wants is simplicity and directness in position and in argument. He gives his hearer credit for more velocity in following him than he is entitled to, and forgets that when he arrives himself *per saltum* at a conclusion, full many an auditor may not be able to leap with the same agility to his consequences as himself.*

The associate of Mr. Wyse is Mr. Hutchinson. He is generally known by the name of Lavalette, from his

* This accomplished gentleman is the present minister at the Court of Athens.

having, in conjunction with Mr. Bruce, performed a signal feat of courage, with which the world are too familiar to make a more distinct reference to it appropriate. Mr. Hutchinson had incurred, notwithstanding the long advocacy of the Catholic Question by his family, a good deal of popular disrelish by writing what was certainly a very incautious letter of admonition, in reply to an invitation to dine at a public dinner at Clonmel. This imprudence cost him the county at a former election. He did not regret it, but it grieved old Lord Donoughmore to the heart. He is now again elected, and it is pleasurable to think that the animosities between him and the people are at an end. He is what is commonly called "a good fellow," who does not set up any claims to eminent faculty, but whose title to good sense is beyond dispute.

The city of Kilkenny has again sent Mr. Leader to Parliament. Mr. Leader is a most useful member of the House. He has a minute knowledge of Ireland, and possesses perhaps more acquaintance with its statistics, than any other of its representatives. I understand he never speaks without conveying information, and on that account is always attended to, although it must be owned, that he sometimes displays so much vivacity, and animates his oratorical physique with so much impetuosity of emotion, that he gives the Saxon temperaments of his hearers a start. But these imperfections ought not to be mentioned in any comparison with his most valuable qualities. He has a clear vigorous mind, amply stored with facts, and possesses a perspicuous, full, and simple diction, which from its freedom from the false brilliancy of that Irish eloquence which is held in about as much value as Irish

diamonds, is a good deal prized in the House of Commons, as the most appropriate vehicle of sound reasoning and illustrative fact.

Daniel O'Connell is at last Member for Kerry, and has refuted the sacred aphorism, by becoming a prophet in a country where his claims to inspiration had been hitherto the subject of incredulity. In the county of Kerry he had less influence than in any other part of Ireland, from causes which I have not heard explained—I presume on account of the pre-eminence which the Kenmare family have for generations enjoyed in that district. It appeared singular to Englishmen, that when he started, after his unfortunate exclusion from the benefits of the Relief Bill, for any Irish county, he should not have selected his native one.* Some imagined that it was in order to give evidence of his power that he wandered through the country, leaving it to put its counties into emulation for the honour of selecting him. The truth was, however, that he had not at that period any hold over Kerry. His recent election there gives the best proof of his increased popularity, and of the extent to which "the Repeal" has possessed itself of the national mind. Mr. O'Connell has substituted it for the Catholic Question, and turned it to even a more exciting account. It has effected for him in Kerry what the former measure could not accomplish, and from the summits of the mountains of Ivra he beheld the Lords of Kenmare, if not tributary to his dominion, subject, at all events, to his ascendancy. With him, Mr. Mul-

* As to Mr. O'Connell's "exclusion from the benefits of the Catholic Relief Bill," see the note appended to the papers on the Clare Election.

lins, the son of a clergyman, and a relation of Lord Ventry, was returned. The brother of Lord Kenmare (Mr. Brown) did not venture to come to the poll. Neither did the Knight of Kerry, Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald. The exclusion of the latter is a source of regret to those who know him. However opposed to his late proceedings in Parliament, they recollect his services to Ireland, and his inflexible adherence, in the midst of temptations the most trying, to the cause of his countrymen. In an unhappy moment he joined the Duke of Wellington. For this union much allowance should be made; he was the Duke's early friend; they both lived together in the dissipation of the Irish Court, and formed that ligature of friendship which circumstances are least likely to snap or time to wear away. The Duke, in his splendid prosperity, always reverted to the social hours of his youth with pleasure, and honoured the Knight of Kerry with testimonies of his undiminished regard. When he came into power, he tendered him office. It was difficult to resist place, when held out by the hand of an old friend to one who stood, perhaps, in some domestic need of it. The Knight of Kerry gave way—he accepted office, and is now banished, I fear, from public life for ever. I lament it. He is a high-minded gentleman, belongs to the old school of dignity and lofty-breeding, and has a heart, whose location in its right place in his bosom has never been suspected.

This, the fourth return of Alexander Dawson for the county of Louth, is at once a testimony to his merits, and a proof that the Roman Catholic body are not as forgetful of services as has been sometimes suggested by those who employed their own estimate of their

claims to thankfulness as the standard of that virtue in others. The benefit conferred by him was signal, and the return which has been made for it has been commensurate. Mr. Dawson broke the yoke of the aristocracy by coming forward from his retirement in 1826, and has rendered it impossible that it should ever be again placed upon the necks of the people. His first speech in Parliament was greatly praised, and was admired almost beyond any other by Mr. Canning, who was struck with the intellectual *bonhommie* of the plain, unvarnished agricultural delegate from an Irish county, who told the truth with a strenuous frankness, far preferable to the gaudy eloquence which in Ireland has obtained so undue a portion of the popular favour.

The colleague of Mr. Dawson is Mr. Sheil, who has at length succeeded in obtaining the object of his aspirations, although it would have been as well for himself, and better for the country, if he had continued Member for Milbourne Port. He was already in Parliament, and it looked ungracious that he should interfere with Sir Patrick Bellew, the natural representatve of the county, and who has thrown himself with much devotion into alliance with the people. Sir Patrick Bellew would, by his election, have confirmed the popular influence, and given it a permanent basis; whereas the hold of Mr. Sheil cannot be considered as very tenacious, and there can be no doubt that he will be strongly opposed by the gentry on the next election, who superadded to an aversion for his politics, a resentment for his intrusion. The friends of Mr. Sheil consider it desirable that he should be placed in an independent relation to the country, but Mr. Sheil

cannot forget the obligations which he owes to the Marquess of Anglesey to such an extent as to act against his government.* There is this farther awkwardness in his position: as a Government member, allowance would have been made for his necessity to sustain the Administration which put him in: he has now no apology to make to his constituents. If he votes against Government, he will be charged with an oblivion of favours; and if he votes with Government, he will be denounced by his friends as a traitor to the people. The little gentleman is in a practical dilemma, from which it will require some of his habits of rhetorical artifice to escape. Mr. Stanley has already, in the House of Commons, given him some hint of his displeasure, by referring to his characteristic impetuosity in insisting that the Government should at once proceed to the relief of the grievances of Ireland. The rebuke was well deserved; for while Mr. Sheil found fault with his patrons for their tardiness, he made no suggestion of a single practical measure for the benefit of his country, in a speech which was delivered on very ill-selected topics upon a very inappropriate occasion.

Mr. Wallace has been defeated at Drogheda by Mr. North. The former has now expended some thousands of pounds in his parliamentary pursuits, and it is to be lamented that money so hardly earned should have been so deplorably misapplied. In the House of Commons Mr. Wallace had failed; that failure arose far more from accident and obstinacy than from any deficiency

* Mr. Sheil's first introduction to Parliament was as member for Milbourne Port, one of the boroughs in Schedule A, of which the Marquess of Anglesea was patron.

in fitness for the House. He rose at three in the morning on the fourth night of the Catholic debate, and commenced with the Treaty of Limerick. He plunged, as I have heard it observed, at once into one of the old moats of that ancient city, and lost himself in the ooze, if I may so call it, with which his infelicitous topic was overspread. The House had been wearied with eternal discussion on a matter which the Joseph Surfaceism of Sir Robert Peel had first thrown out for discussion; for he had declared that if he could be convinced that the treaty was violated, he would at once give way. Mr. Wallace undertook to convince him, with what success is well known. The consciousness which he must have of his capacity probably induced him to feel solicitous to return to Parliament. He flung two thousand pounds away on the adventure, and discovered at that cost that the power of the Corporation was not to be resisted. Mr. North was returned. He is thus once more in Parliament; but when will he be again elected for any Irish borough? Reform will extinguish his political life. I am sorry that he has exhibited so strange a contrast between his faculties and his discretion. With great abilities he has contrived to render himself of little practical weight in the House, and an object of great aversion to his country. An advocate of Emancipation, he perpetually shocked the Catholics by his sustainment of the Bible institutions, which they held in abhorrence; and although a supporter of the Kildare-street Society, he created among the Protestant faction an irreconcileable hostility by his voting for Emancipation. In the House of Commons he fell into the same mistakes. His attack on Mr. O'Connell was ill-timed, because it was no part

of his duty to fall on a man whom Mr. Doherty had officially assailed. In his recent speeches in Parliament on Reform, although he has evinced abundance of ability, he has constantly permitted himself to be carried away by his emotions into the utterance of language offensive to an entire nation; and while others asserted their principles with as much zeal, he has committed himself by the use of unfortunate phrases, which gave great offence to one party, and proved no recommendation to the other. I fear that he will not be elected after the dissolution, and think it matter of regret. He is one of the few members in whose oratory the traces of the Pitt and Canning school are to be discovered; and nothing but the blindness of party, which shuts men's eyes so close, could fail to perceive in his eloquence a more than ordinary splendor.

The University of Dublin, true to its principles, and anxious to have a representative in the House in whom its politics and literary eminence should be faithfully represented, has sent Mr. Lefroy a second time to the House of Commons. As the University has never deemed it requisite to give any evidence of the progress made by Science, or by the Arts, in its cloisters, and not a book of any kind appears in the course of years to rescue its professors from the imputation of incompetence, it was not unnatural that it should choose for its member a gentleman who had never obtained any sort of distinction within its walls, and who has as studiously concealed his own great proficiency in learning, and his extraordinary talents, as the very venerable body which he represents in the House of Commons. On the other hand, the known abilities, the scholarship, and literary and scientific qualifications of Mr. Cramp-

ton, who had obtained a fellowship in the college with great *éclat*, were quite sufficient to disentitle him to the honour of sitting for the "silent sister" in the House of Commons. It is true that Mr. Lefroy has in one instance departed from the character of his constituents and violated a prudential taciturnity. I did not hear him, but have understood that it was exceedingly improbable that the House would ever permit such a deviation from his parliamentary character again.

But what shall I say of the County of Carlow?—what of Sir John Milcy Doyle and of Mr. Walter Blakeney?—and what, above *all*, of their nominator, who turned them into Members of Parliament with a single touch of his magic crosier, Doctor Doyle? Strange vicissitudes! Who could have conjectured that a "Bachelor of Salamanca" (for there, I believe, the Doctor was initiated into theology), and afterwards a parish priest in some part of Wexford, and then a Professor of dogmatic divinity at the sarcedotal College of Carlow, should now with a mitre, lofty as that of Becket (although without a gem in it), on his brow, and a pastoral staff of Bellarmine potency in his hand, legislate for the passions of the people, and not only summon and dismiss at his bidding the popular emotions, but without stretch or effort, and by the simple intimation of his will, accomplish that which not a Peer in the empire could have effected? Where is the man, except James or John (I forget which), Bishop of Leighlin and Kildare, who could return two county members? Even the great Daniel himself could not achieve so much in any single Irish county. He can recommend the principle, but not prescribe the men—but the episcopal Franciscan can with a hint of his

sacred predilection return two members without a struggle. It must be confessed that his choice was singular. Sir John Miley Doyle had been hitherto famous as a walking Wellington testimonial (so he was called from the profusion of his military decorations), for his prodigal whiskers that are spread in minacious profusion over his jaws, and his being the best whistler in Ireland. He was an excellent officer, and served with great distinction in the Peninsula, but his genius as a legislator was not conjectured, until it was detected by the sagacity of Doctor Doyle. Mr. Blakeney is a country gentleman, who did not even take a part in Catholic politics, and was unknown in the Association. His only claim to public honours must have been confined to the great respectability of his family, and to his personal virtues and worth. It is not the least derogation from his real merits to say, that no one ever regarded him as likely to become the trustee of the interest of the empire—yet these gentlemen were not only placed in Parliament by Doctor Doyle, but Mr. Cavenagh and Mr. Bruen, the heads of the old Protestant aristocracy, did not even venture to enter the lists against them. Such a man is Doctor Doyle; and yet this man, whose abilities are of the first class, whose power over popular opinion is incalculable, and who would, if he were permitted, enter into cooperation with the Government for any legitimate object of public utility, and, above all, the production of peace and happiness through the country, is kept apart by a miserable system from the authorities, and has not even succeeded in persuading them to abandon that system of education, which, beyond anything else, irritates and exasperates the Roman Clergy of Ireland.

The county of Wexford has, in throwing out Lord Valentia, got rid of a man, in whom the *morgue aristocratique* was combined with a feudalism in religion, (for there is such a thing in Ireland,) and has accomplished the double good of removing an evil and substituting a great good in the person of Mr. Henry Lambert. This gentleman unites all the requisites for the representative of a popular county. He has a large property, he is of ancient family, is devoted to the cause of true freedom, is at the same time reasonable in his views, and not only has the judgment to see what is likely to conduce to the public benefit, but the talents requisite to enforce his opinions, and become a powerful expositor of Irish wrongs in the House of Commons. For many years he did not take any very active concern in the business of agitation in Ireland. His tastes and habits are perhaps a little fastidious, and he did not in all likelihood relish the close approximation with turbulence and the ruder attributes of democracy, which a large participation in the pursuits of the Association would have involved. He led rather a secluded life at his country seat, where be beguiled his time with the graceful literature and the study and cultivation of those accomplishments which are most in affinity with a mind of a nice and delicate texture. He published some tracts on politics which were full of just observations, and written in a sparkling and vivacious style. But he seldom appeared in the convocations of the people, and to the great mass of his fellow-religionists was hardly known. He has now come forward to take the station which his circumstances and endowments entitle him to fill, and has already, by his forcible observations on the Newtownbarry massacre, approved himself to be ani-

mated by the sentiments and possessed of the qualities requisite for the efficient service of his country.

The member for the town of Wexford is Mr. Walker, son of a gentleman who was one of the Masters in the Irish Chancery, and who has a large estate near the town. Mr. Walker, although a Protestant and a member of the highest class of gentry in his country, was always distinguished for his steadfast and zealous support of the Catholic claims. He ingratiated himself in the popular liking to such an extent, that it is hardly exaggeration to say that he was almost adored by the people. He never omitted an opportunity to sustain the lower classes, when oppressed by their superiors, and on the seat of magisterial justice was the dauntless champion of the poor. In one instance he particularly distinguished himself. He found in an English parson settled in a good living in his neighbourhood, no other pastoral quality than a peculiar genius for the shearing of his flock. This shepherd of the people was also a Justice of the Peace. This nuisance of the altar and this tyrant of the bench was resisted by Mr. Walker. He turned his weapons against himself, and dragged him into the Ecclesiastical Court as a delinquent against decency, and a mocker of the name of God. After having broken many hearts, it became his turn to perish of that malady which he had so often inflicted. The "arte perire suâ" was a just retribution.

Lord Roden had already given some strange instances of that enthusiasm in religion which consists fully as much in interference with that of his neighbours as in attending to his own. He had incurred the resentment of the inhabitants of Dundalk, by introducing a clause in all leases made by him, to prevent any of his tenants

from building, or allowing to be built, a Roman Catholic Chapel on the demised premises. This was sufficient, it is almost needless to say, to arm the priesthood and array the whole mass of religious passions against him. He might have been contented with the effects produced by this offence to the most sensitive of all feelings, bnt as if he had not succeeded to the utmost of his desires, he has recourse to an ensuring expedient, and puts in Captain Gordon of the Royal Navy, and of missionary celebrity in Ireland, as his nominee for the borough of Dundalk. The captain may be, peradventure, a most estimable individual in all his personal relations, and he may have received a special delegation from heaven on the quarter-deck on some fine moonlight night upon the high seas. He might have travelled on his tour of conversion, when he performed his progress through Ireland with Mr. Gerard Noel, from motives in which his heart alone, and not his stomach, were concerned, and without the least reference to the justice of Pope's culinary predilection, when he exclaims—"still let me dine with saints!" but admitting him to be as sincere, though as yet not as fortunate as Mr. Wolfe, the converted Jew, it was a strange selection on the part of Lord Roden to choose a man so obnoxious to the Irish people, who have been accustomed to associate derision and contumely with his name. But that Lord Roden is known to be an inveterate antagonist of Reform, one would be tempted almost to believe that he intended to expose the monstrosities of the Irish borough system, by the nomination of a man, as an Irish representative, whom beyond any other perhaps, Ireland would strenuously repudiate, and who is no otherwise distinguished than by those barbarous homi-

lies in which mysticism is involved in nautical phraseology, set off by a Caledonian intonation.

O'Connor Don is gone. His white and venerable head, his face flushed with rural health at seventy-two, his tall, straight, and erect figure are "in my mind's eye." He was the descendant of the last of the Irish kings, and tempered his monarchical prerogatives by manners of peculiar kindness, which only reflected the affability of his benign and gentle nature.*

* It seems to have been the writer's intention to have continued the account of the general election of 1831 in a subsequent article, but he left it in the present fragmentary state.

MR. STANLEY IN IRELAND.

[AUGUST, 1831.]

IRELAND is regarded as a province; and a province must be always much less under the control of the legislature, than at the disposal of a man. The Chief Secretary is the government of Ireland. Since the Union there have been seventeen; Lord Castlereagh, Right Hon. C. Abbot, William Wickham, Sir Evan Nepean, Nicholas Vansittart, Charles Long, William Elliott, Sir Arthur Wellesley, Robert Dundas, W. W. Pole, Robert Peel, Charles Grant, Henry Goulburn, William Lamb, Lord F. L. Gower, Sir H. Hardinge, and lastly, (but it is difficult to say how long he is so to continue), the Right Hon. E. G. S. Stanley.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that this rapid succession of functionaries must have been attended with the most pernicious results to Ireland. Each had his individual opinions, views, and projects, and each was allowed to try "his 'prentice hand" upon the passions,

the discords, the turbulence, and factions of a vehement and long-agitated people. But even in this system of mutations, time enough was not allowed to almost any one of the tentative and probationary Statesmen to put his first essay through any process of fair experiment: scarcely was a plan proposed by one, when its execution was committed to another, and in the midst of the performance, a third was suddenly introduced to devise a new scheme, which was quickly confided to a fourth, who passed away to make room for a newly-initiated adventurer in the arts of legislation. Not to go too far back, Sir Henry Hardinge, who was, perhaps, the best Secretary that ever administered the affairs of Ireland, was permitted to frame eighteen bills for the ameliora-tion of the country, and almost immediately after the commencement of his projects, Mr. Stanley steps into his office, and assumes the government of eight millions of the people.

The great and responsible station which is filled by this gentleman, would in itself be sufficient to direct to it a large portion of the public notice; but the figure which he has already made in the House of Commons, in addition to the importance which is attached to his office, makes him an object of singular interest. His disposition, his tendencies, and his qualifications have not as yet been fully developed and completely disclosed; but enough is already seen to enable an impartial observer to form a tolerably correct estimate of his capacity, and, what is far more important in a states-man, his political character and habits. He is the grandson and heir to the estates and title of the Earl of Derby. Thus fortune has been prodigal to him of

the most splendid opportunities for the achievement of still greater honour than that to which he has been born.

The *debut* of Mr. Stanley was made in the House of Commons on the 30th of March, 1824. It is commonly supposed that his maiden speech was in favour of the Established Church. That, however, is a mistake. It was upon the Manchester Gas Light Bill that he first addressed the House, and upon that occasion Sir James Mackintosh said, that he had heard with the greatest pleasure the speech which had been just delivered, and which afforded the strongest promise that the talents which the Honourable Member had displayed in supporting the local interests of his constituents, would be exerted with equal ardour and effect in maintaining the rights and interests of his country.

"No man could have witnessed with greater satisfaction than himself, an accession to the talents of that House, which was calculated to give lustre to its character, and strengthen its influence; and it was more particularly a subject of satisfaction to him, when he reflected that those talents were likely to be employed in supporting principles, which he conscientiously believed to be most beneficial to the country."* On the

* Referring to the speech thus highly eulogized, as we find it in Hansard, it is difficult to understand how it could have attracted so much notice. The subject was the most common-place, and the observations seem to have been equally so. It was a merit, certainly, that the speech was not above the level of the matter; but the maiden effort of a young man of Mr. Stanley's name and station was sure to interest the House of Commons, and we are also to remember the effect of voice and delivery, which probably contributed largely to the success of the *debut.*

6th of May succeeding, 1824, Mr. Stanley delivered his second speech, which attracted great attention at the time, and to which it is likely that his antagonists will not unfrequently have occasion to revert.

Mr. Hume had moved the following resolution: "That it is expedient to inquire whether the present Church establishment of Ireland be not more than commensurate to the services to be performed, both as regards the number of persons employed, and the income they receive."

It was with astonishment that the House saw the representative of a great Whig family rise to reply to the speech of Mr. Hume, and it was with still greater wonder that the following sentiments were heard to fall from his lips. Mr. Stanley said, (the speech is so important, as containing an early profession of his political faith, that I shall extract liberally from it:)—

"It was but too well known that within the last few years attempts had been made by the press, and through the more dangerous channels of private dissemination, to cast odium on the Irish Established Church. Her revenues had been commented on with unjustifiable severity, and the private vices and errors of individual members had been dragged forward with malignant avidity, and had been most unfairly employed to cast odium on the establishment to which they belonged. He would venture to say that, if one half of the industry which had been exerted to malign the Established Church, had been employed to draw forth to public notice the virtues which many of its members displayed in the unostentatious discharge of their sacred functions, the Chnrch might have defied the boldest efforts of calumny and detraction. He would not assert that there might not be circumstances which would justify an interference with the property of the Church, but he would maintain that no such circumstances could exist which would not equally justify an interference with landed, funded, and commercial property. Such circumstances did not exist now, nor was there any probability of their existence at any future period. It was said that the Protestant Church

had been forced upon Ireland. It was true that a bigoted illiterate people, possessing all the virtues and vices of savages, must have looked with jealousy to the first introduction of a new religion, which had the appearance of being forced on them by their conquerors. The Protestant Church was now, however, firmly established in Ireland. Whether the present proposition were considered as one of conciliation or financial advantage, there was no imminent danger which could warrant them in violating the rights and property of the Established Church. If the feelings of the Catholics of Ireland towards the Established Church were intemperate, it was time to show that the Church was not deserted by the Legislature—it was time to show that her natural protectors were neither too weak nor too indifferent to uphold her, and that her wealth excited no alarm among her friends, whatever jealousies it might excite among her enemies. Happily the time was not yet come when her enemies might rush in and lay claim to her spoils, under the specious pretence of affording relief to Ireland, and when, under the guise of toleration, they might give a sanction to oppression. Warmly as he advocated toleration in its fullest extent, he would still grant encouragement to one religion alone; above all, he would avoid all such measures as had a tendency to excite in one party the bitter feelings produced by a desertion of their interests, and in the other the encroaching influence of rising power. A publication entitled, *Remarks on the Consumption of the Public Wealth by the Clergy*, had gone to a fourth edition in 1822, and in 1824 a publication, equally hostile to the Church, admitted that the incomes of the Irish clergy were in the first-mentioned work greatly overstated. It was in the more recent publication stated, that there were 1309 benefices in Ireland, according to the Parliamentary returns, at 800*l.* a year average income. Now, it would be supposed from this that the incomes were ascertained by Parliamentary returns to be 800*l.* a year on the average. On the contrary, all that was ascertained was, that the number of benefices was 1309, while the average amount of the incomes was founded on a conjecture only. The manner in which this conjecture was framed was as follows—in the diocese of Cloyne there were fifty-six benefices, the amount of the incomes of which was 40,000*l.* a-year; now it was notorious that the diocese of Cloyne was the richest in Ireland, and because these benefices, not taken indifferently, but selected from the richest of that richest diocese, had an average of 714*l.*, it was computed that the average of all Ireland was eighty-six pounds a-year per benefice more. In fact, the person forming the computation had taken the maximum incomes of the richest livings in the richest diocese of Ireland, at

the highest time, and had taken an average at one-eighth more for the average of all Ireland. The Honourable Member (Mr. Hume) had stated the average of the Irish livings at 500*l.* a-year. He (Mr. Stanley) had made inquiries as to the rate of livings in the North and in the South, and, as far as his inquiries went, he was persuaded that the average would not be taken too low at 250*l.* instead of 500*l.*; and he was permitted by the Right Reverend Prelate, to whom he had before alluded (Dr. Jebb), to state that, from his personal knowledge, this average was correct for the benefices of Limerick and Ardfert, and that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, it was correct for the rest of Ireland. When this average was taken it would be found that, instead of 1,047,000*l.* (the income which had been assigned the Church of Ireland in these extravagant estimates) the real income would be found to be about 327,000*l.* a-year. The incomes of the Bishops, like those of the Clergy, had been grossly exaggerated. Out of eighteen Bishops, from his inquiries, he could confidently state that eleven were at or under 5000*l.* a-year—four were at or under 6000*l.*—one under 7000*l.*, and two others were not well known. The Honourable Member had stated the incomes of the Catholic Bishops to be from 3 to 400*l.* a-year. This he believed to be very much understated, for he had reason to believe that even the Catholic Parish Priests had incomes from 300*l.* and 400*l.* to 500*l.* and even 800*l.* a-year." *

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* See an article on the Irish Church Establishment in the *New Monthly Magazine for July* (1831), in which extracts are given from Parliamentary returns, which will exhibit the fallacy of Mr. Stanley's reasoning in favour of the Irish Church Establishment. It will not be inappropriate to condense the very valuable information contained in that article. In Ireland there are not more than seven hundred thousand professors of the Established Religion, and the Irish Hierarchy consists of four Archbishops and eighteen Bishops, while in England there are but two Archbishops and twenty-four Bishops. In a recent return made on the subject of "First Fruits," the following are the valuations of fifteen out of twenty-two Irish dioceses:—Armagh, 15,080*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*—Tuam, 5,548*l.* 19*s* 11*d.*—Cashel, 3,500*l.* (*this is a gross diminution*) and upwards; of Dublin there is no return. Clogher, 9000*l.*—Derry, 10,000*l.* (the Bishop of Ferns allows it to be 15,000*l.*)—Meath, 5,815*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.*—Raphoe, 5,379*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.*—Leighlin and Ferns, 5,000*l.*—Ossory, 3000*l.*—Dromore, 4,863*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.*—Waterford, 5,000*l.*—Cork, 3,000*l.*—

Such was the speech made by Mr. Stanley at the outset of his political career, when he was only about twenty-six years of age, and when it might have been expected that his mind, not yet brought into reconciliation by familiarity with abuses, would have been in arms against the system of which he thus stood forward as the "preux chevalier." Mr. Plunket (now Lord Plunket) who was the great advocate of the Irish hierarchy and clergy at the time, (I suspect that his opinions have since undergone a very salutary modification with respect to the merit of his former clients,) pronounced upon Mr. Stanley a high eulogium. He particularly

Limerick, 2,915*l.* 19*s.* 8½*d.*—Cloyne, 2000*l.*—Killala, 4,600*l.* From the diocese of Tuam there is no return. As to the beneficed Clergy, is appears by the returns to Parliament in 1828, that one thousand one hundred and fifty-one parishes had compounded for their tithes. The total amount of the composition was 278,036*l.* Taking the number of parishes to be a mean between Dr. Beaufort's computation and the statement of Baron Foster, or about 2,250*l.*, the total amount of tithes will be 542,250*l.* a-year. By a return to Parliament in 1824 it appears there are eighty-three thousand acres of glebe, and estimating each acre at one pound, the tithe and glebe lands produce 625,250*l.* a-year. (In Scotland, the whole expense of the Church is 234,000*l.*) The revenues of thirty-three Corporations of Deans and Chapters are moderately rated at 66,000*l.* Church fees amount to 187,000*l.* The Rectors of forty-eight parishes in Dublin, and some other cities, are paid, not by tithe, but ministers' money. The aggregate income is 24,000*l.* Dublin University is moderately valued as worth in lands above 20,000*l.* These several sums amount to 1,053,000*l.*—just the expenditure at which France, with thirty millions of souls, provides, not for the religious wants of one sect only, but of all denominations of Christians in her empire.—A.*

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* When these calculations were made, the Rent-charge Act (which, although a great boon to the beneficed clergy of Ireland, nominally deducted a fourth part from their incomes) had not been passed. It is necessary to keep this in mind, or the statements in the article quoted will appear much exaggerated.

adverted to the promptitude which he had displayed in meeting these arguments of Mr. Hume, which he could not have anticipated, and the manifestation of that peculiar faculty for debate for which he has since become so conspicuous.

The praise given by Mr. Plunket is as much a proof of his own discrimination as it was a tribute to the individual on whom it was conferred. The speech, however, which was thus hailed by the Church faction, created displeasure in that party to which Mr. Stanley was attached by an hereditary lien. Sir Francis Burdett replied with some severity, and there was a powerful minority of seventy-nine, which afforded a strong proof that there was a disposition in the House of Commons to lay its hand upon the ark.

Mr. Stanley did not speak again in Parliament until April, 1826. He went to America, accompanied by Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Denison. On his return to England, although he became a member of the House again, he took no very active part, and although he occasionally spoke, did not attract much notice. He held a situation in the Colonial Office, where he was remarkable for diligence, ability, and the spirit of self-reliance, which has since so much characterised him in his conduct as Minister for Ireland. In Ireland, where his family have an estate, (I believe in the county of Limerick,) he occasionally spent some time, and built a house there.* His motive in this undertaking was the creditable one of giving employment to the poor, for

* Not in Limerick, but in Tipperary. During Mr. Stanley's most unpopular Secretaryship, memorable chiefly for Arms-Bills and Coercion Acts, the public was frequently reminded that Lord Strafford also built himself a house in Ireland.

whom it is observable that he has taken every occasion to express a strong sympathy. When in Ireland, he led a secluded and somewhat extraordinary life. He held no kind of intercourse with the gentry in his neighbourhood. He acquired amongst them a reputation for strangeness; he lived alone, was a great walker,—would pace rapidly for some fourteen or fifteen miles along the high road, with a staff in his hand and with a slouched hat on his head, and was designated as "the odd gentleman from England."

On the change of government, he was selected to co-operate with Lord Anglesea in the government of Ireland. Having vacated his seat, he stood again for his borough of Preston. He was defeated by Hunt, and sustained no ordinary mortification. It is said that his failure arose from some orders given by him with regard to the public-houses, whence the usual good cheer that attends an election was withdrawn. The people, too, were angry with him for having declined to subscribe to the races, which, he observed, did not constitute any part of his parliamentary duties. He proceeded to Ireland. Sir H. Hardinge had just left the country, and notwithstanding the quarrel with the Roman Catholic party occasioned by the proclamations, he had by his spirit of fair and candid dealing, and by the kindness and cordiality of his manner, secured a very general liking. Thus Mr. Stanley had, from an inevitable comparison, some disadvantage to contend with.

It was with some surprise that the people of Dublin saw in their new Chief Secretary an exceedingly juvenile and boyish-looking functionary, with a demeanour which his shrewdness rescued from puerility, but in which a more than ordinary carelessness, and a sort of

harsh levity, not quite consistent with good breeding, and alien from the nature of his duties, were observed. In Ireland, an Englishman in office is sure on his arrival to be surrounded by a body of conversazione orators and after-dinner statesmen, each of whom has his peculiar remedy and certain specific for the evils of Ireland. Such men seize with earnestness every occasion which is afforded them of setting forth to any member of a new government their projects for the tranquillization of the country. Mr. Stanley, like every other secretary, was of course condemned to go through this ordeal, but instead of listening with the "sad civility" which would become the reception of such oracular intimations, he would intimate with some abrupt jeer, which bordered on mockery, his utter disregard of the advice, and his very slender estimate of the adviser.

His rule of conduct seemed to be founded on principles diametrically opposite to the injunction which was bequeathed to Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, "to make every man well-pleased with himself," insomuch that it was difficult, I have understood, to approach him without feeling some self-depreciation; and men who stood several cubits high in their own admeasurement of their intellectual stature, sank before Mr. Stanley into an instantaneous and almost dwarfish diminution. That the manner by which this sudden reduction from their ordinary height was effected in his interlocutors was unpurposed, is quite evident; but it was a fault, especially in Ireland, which nothing, excepting distinguished talents in the House of Commons, before which every defect nearly disappears, could redeem.

The impression made by Mr. Stanley, in his intercourse with Irish society, was certainly not favourable.

As a public man he came into collision with Mr. O'Connell, who denounced him for having followed up the spirit of the Northumberland administration, and proceeded upon what is called in Ireland the Algerine Act. He dispersed the political "déjeuners" which were held at Mr. Home's. Of course Mr. O'Connell retaliated, and opened the batteries upon the secretary, whose guns he had so long and effectively worked. He designated Mr. Stanley as "a shave-beggar;" alluding to the practice of Irish barbers to commit mendicants to their apprentices. There was also a good deal said by him in derision of so multifarious a name as Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley. It was said, not unhappily in reference to the eternal reiterations of this formidable name,

> "The war that for a time did fail,
> Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
> And Stanley! was the cry."

All this was borne by the object of so much vituperation not only with patience but with some scorn. He knew that the hour of ample retribution was at hand, and was heard, I have been told, to intimate that the Honourable Member for Waterford would change his tone in the House of Commons.

The prediction was verified. Mr. Stanley displayed, in his very first rencounter, with Mr. O'Connell, so much acuteness, dexterity, fearlessness, and so much of that subdued and polite virulence which constitutes the highest merit in the sarcastic oratory of the House of Commons, that his antagonist was taught to beware of him, and since that time nothing more has been heard of "shave-beggar," and of the other somewhat contumelious designations which were attached in the

miscellany of tribunitian invective to the Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Stanley gave still higher indications of ability in his reply to Sir Robert Peel, and in a little while established his character as by far the ablest debater on the Treasury Bench.

His progress in improvement was singularly rapid: it was not that his faculties were much more fully developed, but that every night he acquired a still stronger confidence in his own powers, and that consciousness of high talents which gives them so ample and so strong a wing. He who rises to speak with a beating heart, and retains the palpitation, cannot, no matter how eminently he may be endowed, achieve anything in a public assembly. Perfect coolness and self-possession are among the most useful attributes of Mr. Stanley.

Some sketch of him in a debate may not be destitute of interest. While his adversary is speaking he shows little self-command; he listens with a spirit of mockery which is not intended to be offensive, but which causes displeasure; he turns round to his neighbouring minister and whispers and laughs; he tosses up his head, and exhibits a restlessness and impatience of what he considers to be either sophistry, ignorance, or absurdity. He cannot sit for a moment in tranquillity, but alternately throws himself back, or opens his knees, and putting the palms of his hands together bends down his head, and after remaining in this attitude suddenly recovers himself and seems ready to spring forward to reply.

This sort of parliamentary pantomime is not relished by the Opposition. When, however, he has got fairly on his legs, he shows an utter absence of the nervous-

ness and susceptibility which one might have anticipated from an orator whose silence is so much on wires. With a clear, distinct voice, whose fault consists in its approach to occasional shrillness, and with a surprising facility of neat and simple phrase, which is admirably adapted to the purposes of exposition, he takes up every argument and every fact which have been pressed upon the other side, and leaves no topic and no assertion untouched. If he cannot contradict, he qualifies—if he cannot refute, he embarrasses—and where he can contradict, and can refute, he performs one office with asperity and the other with derision. His gesture is easy, graceful, unaffected, and impressive. His attitude is manly, and free from any of the artifices of deportment which Sir Robert Peel is supposed at times to employ. He has great strenuousness, and even ardour, and after having laid his antagonist prostrate exults in his overthrow.

Is he then a great orator? That is a question which as yet it would be difficult to answer. What he possesses has been told; the qualities which he wants—or I should perhaps say, which he has not yet exhibited—are of importance as ingredients of the highest excellence in one to whom the distinctions of such an appellation as that of a true orator should be assigned. He addresses himself exclusively to the reason, and seldom or ever, and certainly with little success if ever he does so, to the heart; he does not exhibit, and therefore does not create, much emotion, and satisfies the understanding without bearing the passions, over which he has little control, away. His manner is fervid, but is never raised to that high pitch of excitation which in Plunket, Brougham, and Canning, and lately in Macaulay, wrought

to much effect in men who sympathise through the eye and ear as well as through the mind. He does not, like she last distinguished speaker, indulge in any general reflections, and although a metaphysical character is by no means commendable in a parliamentary orator, still we would desire to hear occasionally some general remark indicative of his having meditated upon the interests and progression of society.

Mr. Stanley never indulges in large views, or in lofty sentiments—no generous exclamation ever breaks from his lips; his eyes are never on fire with a moral inspiration; he is never "lifted beyond the ground" by any ascendancy of emotion. His language, although it is faultless and flows from "the well of English undefiled,"* is not rich, coloured, or diversified; his expression does not sparkle; it has neither the glitter of fancy nor the splendour of imagination. He does not afford, like Mr. Macaulay (I refer frequently to him because he strikes me to be the man of most genius in the House of Commons), a proof of the possibility of uniting with success the vigorous logic of parliamentary debate with the most striking embellishments of composition,—for Mr. Macaulay leaves its vigour to a syllogism while he clothes it with the richest attire which the finest wardrobe of diction can supply, and does not shut out or envelope his arguments because he curtains them with the gorgeous awnings of a richly-coloured phraseology. Still, for ordinary and practical purposes, Mr. Stanley would be far more efficient in debate, and

* There was one exception—he used the word "talented." Sir Robert Peel referred it to his American associations, and prayed him never to employ it again with all the strenuousness of Oxonian adjuration.—A.

however a mere critic might be disposed to assign the palm to the one, it is to the Secretary for Ireland that a minister would always, I suspect, even independently of the weight of great rank and extensive connections, be inclined to give the preference.

Such is Mr. Stanley as a speaker, as far as I can judge of him from having seen him not unfrequently from the gallery of the House of Commons. But what is he, or will he be hereafter, as a statesman, and when he shall have been advanced to that leadership, which his abilities and his great location amongst the aristocracy entitle him to hold? As yet he has proposed no more than a single measure; but that single measure has not, it must be confessed by his warmest admirers, redounded to his fame.

In the year 1807 the Irish Arms Bill was first proposed in the Imperial Parliament. It was vehemently denounced by the Whig party. It was represented to be an infringement of the Constitution, and a proceeding of such harshness and severity, that nothing but an insurrectionary state of society could furnish its justification. The Bill, by which every Irishman was obliged to register his arms, by which a magistrate was empowered to break open the door, and search the house of every inhabitant within his jurisdiction, was passed. Thus the article in the Bill of Rights, which secured to every British subject the right of carrying arms, was declared to be inapplicable to Ireland. The penalty imposed for any violation of the law in this regard was ten pounds fine, or two months imprisonment for the first offence, and a graduated scale of penalty was introduced for every succeeding delinquency.

This statute was to last for three years. It was afterwards renewed by the 50th of George III, for a limited period, and has since that time been at different periods kept in existence for stated times. The Bill was about to expire, and Mr. Stanley came forward to announce his determination to renew it. It was a source of great pain to the Irish members, of liberal opinions, to learn that such a measure was deemed necessary by a government composed of that party which had originally made so strong a protestation against it. They were, however, prepared not to support it, indeed; but to yield to it, on the presumption that it was dictated by a sore necessity, a reluctant, and extorted assent:—but what was their astonishment, and what was the wonder of the English members who are in the habit of voting with government, when they heard Mr. Stanley announce with his ordinary fluency, that it was proposed in place of fining a delinquent Irishman ten pounds, or imprisoning him for two months, for having an old pistol in his possession, to transport him to Australia for seven years!

This declaration was not made with any prefatory intimation of the necessity of strong measures—no description was given of the calamitous state of Ireland. It was not said that murder and incendiarism took nightly walks through the island. It was not suggested that Ireland should be treated like a maniac, and that she should be denied the use of those privileges, which would have become a sounder and saner state of popular opinion;—but, without preface, without any preliminary extenuation, without any attempt to make the House of Commons susceptible of the proposition, at once, and almost as a matter of course, and (if the word be allowable)

with a sort of glib facility, the Secretary for Ireland expressed his resolution to introduce a clause for the transportation for seven years of any offenders in a proclaimed district, against the act.

At first there was a deep silence—it was succeeded by a simultaneous exclamation of "Oh! Oh!" from the Irish members on the ministerial bench. Mr. Stanley turned round, and looked half-angry and half-astonished. Mr. O'Connell started up on the opposite side, and cried out against this tyrannical measure. Mr. Stanley, in his vindication, declared that there never was a time at which "a *strong* government" was more necessary in Ireland. There was a feeble cheer from the Irish Orange members; the House was adjourned, and down Mr. Stanley came in a few hours after, and recanting all that he had said, receding from the lofty ground which he had occupied, in a tone, and with a look of deference and of depression, he humbly intimated that his mind had undergone a change, and that he should not press the adoption of a clause which had, to his surprise, created so much displeasure.

This speaks volumes. The incidents to this proposition rendered it still more important and illustrative. It afterwards came out, that not a single minister, not a man in office, even knew that this new scheme for the government of Ireland was in the Secretary's contemplation. Not a member of the Cabinet had been consulted—not one had even cognizance of what was intended; but without consultation, and, it should be added, without reflection, this measure, which has exasperated Ireland, and produced an universal reprobation in this country, was brought forward by the Whig statesman, who, in the opening of Parliament, had

expressed his conviction that it was only by conciliatory means that Ireland could be pacified, and reconciled to her junction with Great Britain.

Thus stand the facts, and they are of the greater importance because they are connected with a man who is likely hereafter to become the Prime Minister by whom the destinies of this mighty empire are to be controlled. What are we to augur from all this?*

The next step taken with regard to Ireland is scarcely of less consequence. A few days after this proposition had been made, and had been thus abandoned with a precipitation corresponding with the haste with which it had been thrown forward, Mr. O'Connell got up to move for liberty to bring in a bill to amend and to consolidate the laws respecting Juries in Ireland. This is of all others the most momentous measure, as it immediately affects the administration of justice. What does Mr. Stanley do? He who had directed the prosecutions against Mr. O'Connell, who had pledged himself that Mr. O'Connell should be prosecuted, who had brought before the House a Bill of a character far more despotic than any which had been contemplated by the Tory government, openly and before a full House advanced to the table of the House from the Treasury bench, and expressed his gratification that Mr. O'Connell had undertaken a task so important, begged of

* Mr. Sheil's prediction was strikingly realized in the late Derby Administration, the spirit and conduct of which were such as might well have been "augured" from the Irish beginnings of its chief. In England, as in Ireland, the necessity for "a strong Government" was the word; while no set of ministers that ever ruled either country ever exhibited more lamentable weakness or instability. Their instability, indeed, was the only quality they had with which the nation had reason to be pleased.

him to accept of the cooperation of the Solicitor-General for Ireland, and hoped that the Government would have the benefit of the Hon. Gentleman's assistance on every other occasion, where subjects with which he was so immediately conversant were concerned.

It must be confessed to be a system of anomalies: the Yeomanry are armed—the people are slaughtered—the magistrates who direct the proceedings still retain the commission of the peace,—a return of the evidence taken before the barrister deputed by the Government for the purpose is refused. An Arms Bill, containing the most irritating provision that could be devised, is introduced—it is at once abandoned, and Mr. O'Connell is selected to draw up Acts of Parliament for the administration of justice in Ireland.

The conclusion at first deducible from these illustrations of character, would be unfavourable to Mr. Stanley—and there can be no doubt that his reputation has sustained, in the House of Commons, no inconsiderable damage, but it would be unfair to form, on such grounds, an absolute and unqualified judgment of his qualifications for Government, and of his genius as a Legislator. It is probable that the obnoxious clause was suggested to him from Ireland by some of those underlings of office in whom too great a confidence is apt to be reposed. In the midst of the hurry of his official occupations, with his mind engrossed by imperial cares, preparing, as he must have been, to meet the Anti-Reformers upon matters of far more apparent (though not real) moment than provincial concerns of Ireland—engaged as the chief support of the Treasury Bench, and busy in the storing of his

mind with arguments and with sarcasms to be levelled against Mr. Peel, it is not quite unnatural, and it is to a certain extent, perhaps, excusable, that he should have at one or two in the morning, after a long debate, have produced this his new scheme for the government of Ireland.

It is therefore reasonable not only to hope, but to expect, that such errors will not be of early or frequent recurrence, and that he will correct the first mistake which he committed with regard to the Church, and the second with respect to the Country, which it requires so much skill and caution to govern with success. For my own part, I entertain a confidence that he will show a prudence and sagacity commensurate with his talents as a debater, and that, instead of being a mere disputant in the House of Commons, he will approve himself worthy of the highest trust which his Sovereign and his Country can repose in him, and not only rise to the first dignity, but keep a firm and lofty occupation of what Cowley calls,—

> "The slippery tops of fate,
> The glittering pinnacles of state."

THE END.

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